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Miniature design for
colossal fresco commemorating
the International Advertising Convention (Wembley, July 1924) and the truly
wondrous torrents of cant and bunkum that were outpoured from it.

m.p.

**"THEY SPOKE NOT AS TRADESMEN; THEY SPAKE AS CRUSADERS,
AS KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL."**

I. BEERBOHM (Max).

Miniature Design for a colossal fresco commemorating the International Advertising Convention (Wembley, July 1924) and the truly wonderful torrents of cant and bunkum that were outpoured from it.

380 x 305 mm within mount. Titled and signed "MAX", lower left. Framed and glazed, with labels on verso of Leicester Galleries, and later of the Piccadilly Gallery. 1924.

£7,500

A hideous gallery of ten advertising men with stick-on haloes are tearfully proclaiming their sincerity, before a figure making obeisance, representing "The Press". A work Beerbohm later referred to as "the nefarious thing".

Max told the story of this satire later in one of his BBC broadcasts, read in September 1942, and reprinted in *Mainly on the Air*. Describing the Wembley advertising convention "They spoke not as tradesmen; they spake as Crusaders, as Knights of the Holy Grail. I rather wondered they hadn't had a marching song composed for them. They ought to have come tramping from Wembley to London, four abreast, under flying banners, chanting a song with that almost sacred refrain: 'All for Each, and Each for All'. I am sorry to say that I presently struck a jarring note. I was having an exhibition of caricatures at the Leicester Galleries; and one of these, hung in the middle of one of the walls, was a group of strong, stout, square-jawed business men, with hands piously folded and brass haloes attached to their heads, and with a very rude inscription by me beneath them. I have often wondered who bought the nefarious thing. I am sorry to say that on the opening day it was one of the first drawings sold." It was in fact (according to the LG label on the verso) bought by L.J. Cadbury, chocolate millionaire and Beerbohm collector (15 drawings identified in Hart-Davis), who presumably knew a thing or two about advertising.

Published in *Observations* of 1928. RHD 2026.



**"EXCUSE BAD WRITING AND CONFUSED THINKING"
AN AMICABLE RELIC OF AN 1890S FRIENDSHIP**

2. BEERBOHM (Max).

Autograph Letter Signed ("Max") to "My dear Mrs Levenson" [almost certainly Ada Levenson (1862-1933)]

3 pages 8vo, 48 Upper Berkeley Street, Saturday n.d.

£495

Beerbohm writes to his good friend, writer Ada Levenson, who Oscar Wilde (another close friend) amicably nicknamed 'Sphinx'.

Fresh from a recent social together ("Enjoyed yesterday evening so much") Beerbohm writes how deeply sad he is to miss a Levenson-proposed event. He is doubly-double-booked and must forego the joy: "I do so wish I could come: it would be most delightful. Only I can't possibly, I have to lunch and dine out today and tomorrow. And I can't chuck it for nuts. The lunch today and the dinner tomorrow are such as I might chuck. But the other two are absolutely ineluctable. Such a pity." He concludes with "Very many thanks", makes an apology for "bad writing and confused thinking", explaining, "I am only just (and half) awake."

Levenson's work was oft-published in Punch in the 1890s, and her "Kensington home became a meeting-place for writers and artists, particularly those associated with the Yellow Book" (J. W. Speedie, ODNB). Her friends included Beerbohm and Wilde, George Moore and Aubrey Beardsley. "When the Wilde scandal broke in 1895, Ada Levenson stood out against public opinion and took him into her home when he was released on bail, an act of courage and loyalty for which she has become justly renowned. She was one of the few people who rose early in the morning to greet him on his release from prison in 1897" (ibid).

Very good condition.

I have to

and dine out

to day and

tomorrow - And

I can't chuck

it for nuts -

The lunch today
and the dinner

tomorrow are such as

a night chuck -

But the other two

are absolutely

infectious.

Such a fix -

Very many thanks -

Excuse bad writing and

confused thinking. I am

only just (and half) awake.

Enjoyed yesterday

evening so much -

Yours ever

next

ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT, BOUND FOR THE AUTHOR'S OWN LIBRARY

3. BENNETT (Arnold). The Pretty Lady.

Original autograph manuscript. 4to. 384 numbered pp, fine wove paper, watermarked "Walker's loose-leaf", with 2 blank leaves at front, six at rear, calligraphic title page, and author's manuscript epigraph. 245 x 190 mm. Contemporary half blue-green morocco over marbled boards, spine lettered in panels "The Pretty Lady A.B. Comarques 1917 - 1918" by Bagguley of Newcastle-under-Lyme.

£7,500

The complete composition manuscript, revised throughout of Bennett's "Feverish engagement with the violence and sexuality of modernity . . . charged with messages of primitivism, disintegration and sudden death" on the home front in the First World War, bound for Bennett's own library at his country house "Comarques".

The *Pretty Lady* is of one of Arnold Bennett's more interesting and substantial novels, a modern sexual morality tale, set in the climate of First War London. The central female character, Christine, is a second generation Parisian prostitute "the daughter of a daughter of joy", who is forced to set up shop in London by the war. She plies her trade discreetly, with a subtle professionalism, accepting money "as though she held these financial sequels to be a stain on the ideal, a tedious necessary, a nuisance, or simply negligible." She regularly visits the Brompton oratory to pray and seek guidance, but declines to take communion or to confess, for "though she had sinned, her sin was mysteriously not like other people's sin of exactly the same kind". She begins a relationship which at times has many elements of a "real" love-affair with a client, G.J. Hoape, a morally elusive Englishman, sophisticated, detached, emotionally costive but kind, who simultaneously profiteers from the war and devotes much energy and money to the organisation of medical care for injured soldiers.

The book divided opinion, predictably. George Moore described Christine as "the most famous cocotte in literature", (at the same time as trying to get Bennett to admit that the scenes between G.J. and her must have been based on first hand experience) and the German writer Rudolf Kommer said that "*Pretty Lady* was on a plane by itself, the finest war novel" (both these comments recorded by Bennett in his journals). It was duly banned by W.H. Smith, but the negative reviews were sufficiently outraged to compensate for any consequent loss in sales: *The Sunday Chronicle* wrote that it was "a work calculated to destroy the moral [sic] of the people. It is a book which will degrade any decent

"... PRECIOUSNESS MUST BE DODGED LIKE THE POX AND THE DEVIL"

4. [BOWEN (Elizabeth)].

The surviving archive of the proposed literary journal *Centaur*.

c.1938–1941

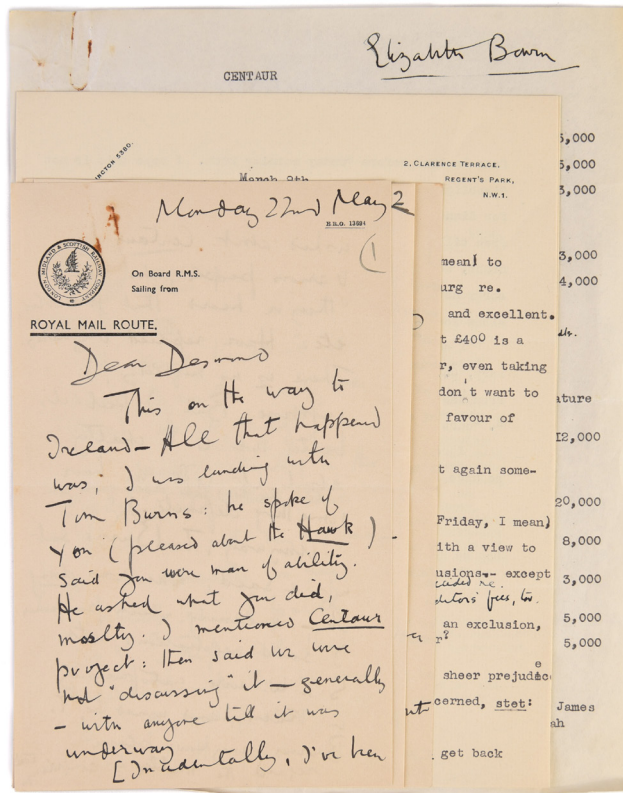
c. 17 letters (ALS & TLS), 1 typed sheet of proposed contents, 5 mss leaves, & 4 typescript poems."

Sold

This small archive relates to a proposed literary periodical, initially to be called *Prose*, to be edited by Desmond Hawkins, being arranged on the eve of war. Hawkins had assembled an editorial committee of Elizabeth Bowen, James Hanley and V.S. Pritchett, and there is further material from Morley Kennerly, Rayner Heppenstall and Hawkins himself.

Bowen is represented by two ALS, two TLS, and a typed sheet of proposed contents. Written from Clarence Terrace, London and on board ship to Ireland. March 8th and April 26th 1939, and undated. 17 pp in total. She was clearly very closely involved and discusses potential publishers and her current work: "I am deep in *Finnegans Wake* – have been reading it on the train – which is a good place to read J.J. The first time I looked at the book in London, 10 days ago, I thought I should cry. But it gets to be part of one's nature." She stresses that the journal needs to be sufficiently well funded to be able to pay its writers properly: "75% of the writers you suggest, and whom I should like to have, could only afford to write at straightforward commercial rates . . . Wives, families, gas bills make art for art's sake not exist." She has enjoyed his essay [in *Criterion*] in which he writes of Bowen "Her subjects are drawn from the gentry, her detail is compressed, her style is deliberate, acutely self-conscious, at times epigrammatic." She read it "with a mixture of objection & slightly morbid interest. You've gone in circles all around me. I take my hat off."

James Hanley has six letters, three autograph and three typed, and a typed sheet of suggestions making ten pages in total, all written from Corwen between September 1938 and April 1939. William Faulkner "seems to be going round in circles. This dizzies the reader as well as himself. His characters all 'bleed'" "I want Graham Greene in – Spender out. Sean O Faolain in – Madge out" "I don't like Connolly in it at all. I think what we have to steer clear of is this appalling undergraduate view of things. A live mind and a real humanity like Pritchett's is, as far as I'm concerned worth ten Connolly's and Madges etc. . . . preciousness must be dodged like the pox and the devil".



V.S. Pritchett writes six eloquent letters and provides the normal typed sheet of suggestions – inter alia he approves “everything except the title Prose. It will be called Pose at once by the wicked.”

Of Hawkins himself there are five manuscript leaves of plans for *Centaur*, and a carbon TLS to Tom Burns: “apart from the routine buyers of this sort of thing, the genuine enthusiasts and the ladies with expensive tables to be adorned, I think we might try to resuscitate the decaying patron: I mean the kind of person typified by Lady Ottoline Morrell and Eddie Marsh. I discussed *Centaur* with Eliot in the early days, and he said that if he were starting another *Criterion* he would circulate the plutocracy”, and a carbon of memorandum of meeting with Warburg.

Among other material Morley Kennerley writes from Faber in 1941 “I went through Pound’s book with Eliot this afternoon” and recommends various Pound titles; as does Rayner Heppenstall, with a plan for “a separate project . . . which perhaps became absorbed in my plans for *Centaur*”. Additionally there are four typescripts (probably by Hawkins) of poems by Dylan Thomas.

INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

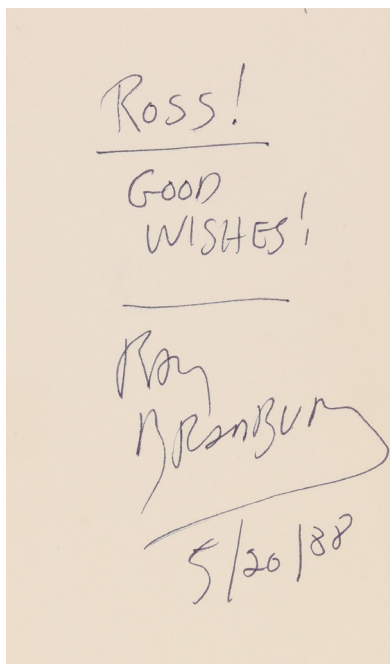
5. BRADBURY (Ray).
Something Wicked This Way Comes.

First edition. 8vo. Original yellow cloth, spine and cover lettered in black, dust jacket. New York, Simon Schuster. 1962.

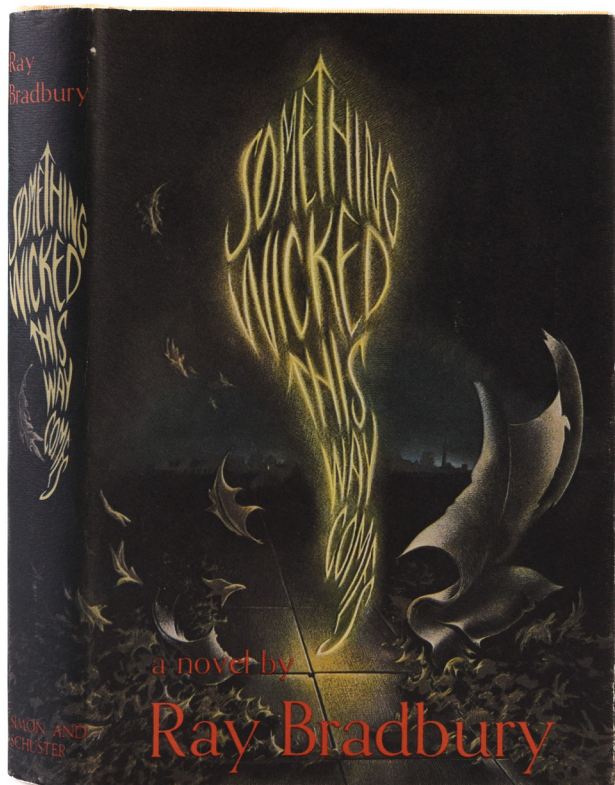
£2,500

Inscribed by the author to the front free endpaper: "Ross! Good Wishes! Ray Bradbury 5/20/88".

A near fine copy, edges of jacket very lightly rubbed, and linear mark along the top and bottom of the front and rear boards.



Ross!
—
GOOD
WISHES!
—
Ray
Bradbury
—
5/20/88



**"I BELIEVE IN A PERPETUAL SEQUENCE ACCORDING TO GOD'S WILL,
& IN WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED A 'CORRESPONDENCE' BETWEEN
THE NATURAL WORLD & THE SPIRITUAL."**

- 6. BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett; BROWNING, Robert**
Autograph letter signed ("Elizabeth Barrett Browning") and with a
postscript signed ("RB") to John Ruskin.

8 pages, 43 Bocca di Leone, Rome, 1 January 1859.

£18,000

A detailed, fond, and friendly letter from Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Ruskin, which opens with Browning's sympathy for Ruskin's low mood ("the sadness of that letter struck me like the languor after victory"), and her own deep "metaphysical" contemplation of the corporeal and the eternal ("I am what many people call a "mystic)"). The latter part of the letter meanders pleasantly between light summaries of recent travels and events ("We have been very happy & found rooms swimming all day in sunshine"; "I was able to go out on Christmas morning [...] and hear the silver trumpets in St Peters"; "We talk of seeing Naples before we turn home to our Florence"); how their son, Pen (nine) is getting on with his studies, and reading the Count of Monte Cristo; and her unrivalled love for Italy ("I never feel at home anywhere else").

The main meat of the letter, however, is in her empathy for the feelings expressed in Ruskin's previous letter ("this evil will pass like other evils"); in her well-wishings to him for the New Year ("I wish you from my heart a good, clear, noble year, with plenty of work, and God consciously over all to give you satisfaction"); as well as deeper, spiritual contemplation of the worthiness of doing things in this world, and their repercussions in the eternal (worth quoting, at some length):

"What would this life be, dear Mr Ruskin, if it had not eternal relations?! For my part, if I did not believe so, I should lay my head down & die. Nothing would be worth doing, certainly. But I am what many people call a "mystic" & what I myself call a "realist" because I consider that every step of the foot or stroke of the pen has some real connection with & result in the hereafter. "This life's a dream, a fleeting show"? "No indeed" [...] I don't think that nothing is worth doing, but that everything is worth doing... everything good of course ... & that everything which does good for a moment does good for ever, in art as well as in morals."

She adds how "It is fatal [...] to write letters on New Year's day – one can't

help moralising, - one falls on the metaphysical vein unaware."

She concludes, "I must leave a little space for Robert". In which space, Browning adds a paragraph of his own, mentioning 'Aurora Leigh': "we [...] have just sent off a corrected 'Aurora Leigh'; which is the better for a deal of pains, we hope - & my wife deserves." He also adds his own well wishes for the year ("dear Ruskin [...] only the best wishes for this & all other years: go on again like the noble & dear man you are to us all, and especially to us two out of them all"); and mentions how glad he is when he sees Ruskin's work in print ("Whenever I chance on an extract, a report, it lights up the dull newspaper stuff wrapt round it and makes me glad at heart & clearer in head.")

The Brownings met Ruskin in 1852 during their second visit to England after their marriage; Elizabeth Barrett Browning described the meeting in a letter to Mary Russell Mitford "I like Mr. Ruskin much, and so does Robert. Very gentle, yet earnest -- refined and truthful. I like him very much. We count him among the valuable acquaintances made this year in England".

Folds, with some light wear along the centre folds, otherwise near fine.

Published: *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1897, vol. 2, pp.299-302.

Provenance : Sotheby's, 17 December 1979, lot 142.

Rome. 43. Bocca di Leone - Jan'y. 1 - 1859.

My dear Mr. Ruskin there is an impulse upon
me to write to you - and as it ought to
have come long ago, I yield to it, & am
glad that it comes on the first day
of a new year to inaugurate the time.
It may be a good omen for me - who
knows?

get not unminously dear - I was able to
go out on Christmas morning (a wonderful ^{early}
for me) and hear the silver trumpets in St Peter's
well - it was very fine. I never once
thought of the Scarlet Leaf nor of the Mortara
case nor anything to spoil the pleasure -
Yes, & I enjoyed it both artistically &
devotionally, putting my own words to the
music - Was it wise, or wrong?

But we have had & are having some
cold, some Tramontana, & I have left
home ever since - Only in Rome, there's
always hope of a good, warm scirocco -
We talk of seeing Naples before we turn
home to our Florence, to keep feast for Santa.

It is delightful to hear of all you are
permitted to do in England meanwhile
in matters of art; - & one of these days
we shall go north to take a few happy

**A MUTUAL LITERARY APPRECIATION: LETTERS TO
THE YOUNG WRITER, DINAH CRAIK**

7. BROWNING, Elizabeth Barrett

Six autograph letters signed ("Elizabeth Barrett Browning") to [Dinah] Mulock (later Craik)

Paris and London, 21 January – 17 August [1852] with three associated envelopes.

£37,500

A mutual appreciation, a mysterious voice whispered on the air, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's views on marriage. EBB thanks Mulock for dedicating her recent book to her, *The Head of the Family*, 1852: "I hear from England that you have dedicated a book to me with too kind and most touching words". Although she has yet to see the book, she thanks her warmly ("thank you from my heart"), and recalls seeing another work of Mulock's and the effect it had on her: "I read a book of yours once at Florence, which first made [me] know you pleasantly, and afterwards [...] there came a piercing touch from a hand in the air – whether yours also, I cannot dare to guess – which has preoccupied me a good deal since. If I speak to you in mysteries, forgive me" [21 January 1852]. She had planned to wait until receiving the book to write again, but "But the misfortune is that Mssrs Chapman & Hall waited too". Having intended to wait "till we get the book" so she "can speak of it with knowledge" she decides she can wait no longer to reply. Mentioning how Craik's letter had brought tears to her (and her husband's) eyes, she confirms their mysterious, almost psychic, connection: "The voice which called "Dinah" in the garden" was hers - "certainly I did call from Florence with my whole heart to the writer of those verses – (how deeply they moved me!)"

She writes that she had made earlier enquiries after the anonymous author who had dedicated 'Lines to Elizabeth Barrett Browning on her Sonnets', but it had been in vain; and so she is especially glad to have made Dinah's acquaintance at long last [27 April 1852]. In the third letter, after *The Head of the Family* finally reached them, EBB praises Dinah's "undeniable talent and faculty, combined with high and pure aspiration". She calls the book "a clever book, a graceful book, & with the moral grace besides", but offers a criticism of the hero's marriage: "I am romantic about love – oh, much more than you are, though older than you. A man's life does not develop rightly without it" [2 June 1852]. The final letter sees her trying to arrange a meeting in London between other engagements: "If you knew how I am turned round & round in London in perpetual gyration – like a fakir, without his prospect of ultimate inspiration by giddiness. It's the effect of

138 Avenue des Champs Elysées
April - 27 - 1852

I am really afraid - You must think me .. what can you have thought of me for not immediately answering a letter which brought the tears both to my eyes and my husband's - ? I was going to write just so - but he said "No, do not write yet - wait till we get the book and then you can speak of it with knowledge" - And I waited -

But the misfortune is that Mrs^{rs} Chapman & Hall waited too, and that up to the present time the "head of the family" has not arrived - Mr Chapman is slow in finding what he calls his "opportunities". Therefore I can't wait any more, no, indeed. The voice which called "Dinah" in the garden, which was true, because certainly I did call from Silence with my whole heart to the writer of those verses - (how deeply they moved me!) will have seemed to you by this time as fabulous as the garden itself -

coming home for a few weeks only, you see" [17 August 1852].

A wonderful ardent correspondence illustrating the mutual appreciation between two generations of writers.

Letters 1, 2 and 3 are published in *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, 1897, vol. 2, pp.44, 67 and 72.

Full description available on request.

ANTHONY BURGESS CANCELS GRAHAM GREENE

8. BURGESS (Anthony). Devil of a State.

First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Heinemann. 1961.

£1,000

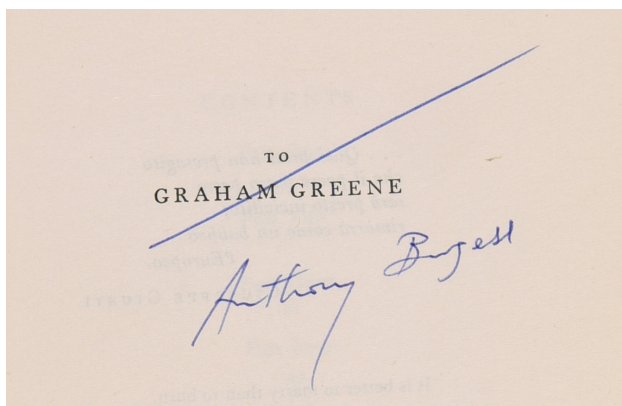
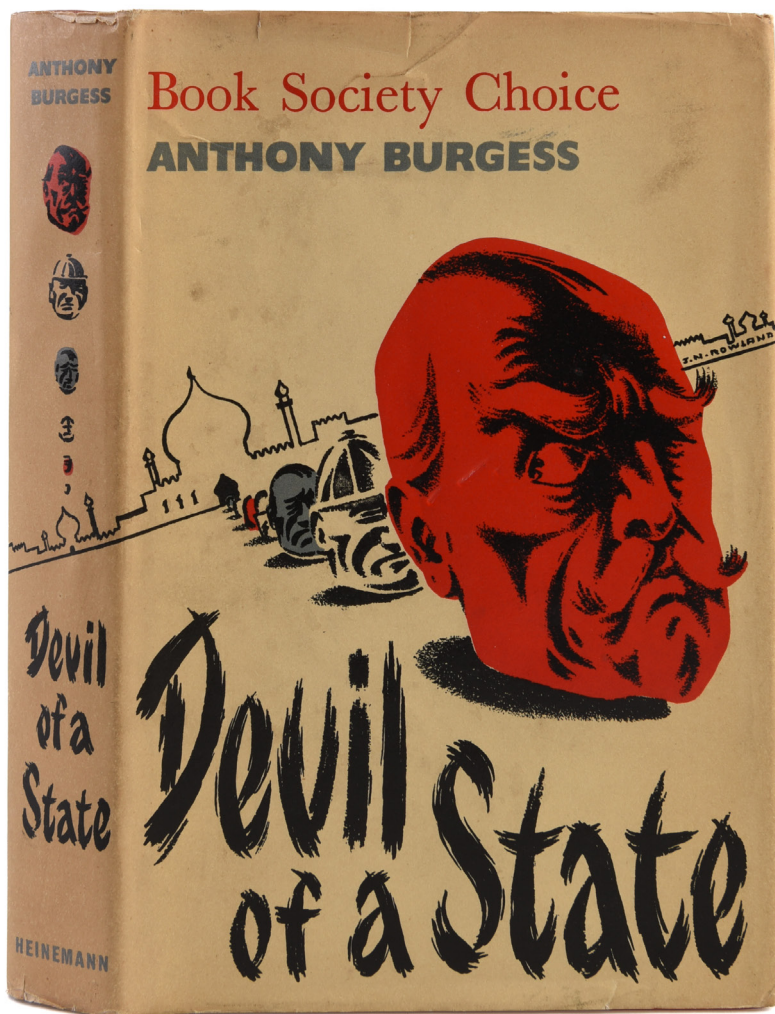
A presentation copy, inscribed by the author "To David – Anthony Burgess 4.11.89" to the front free endpaper, and signed again below the printed dedication to Graham Greene, which Burgess has cancelled with a single sweeping stroke.

Burgess and Greene's friendship decayed over the years, as Burgess came to believe that Greene felt he had a monopoly on "the questions of mystique and politique which inflame those regions where dictators arise and white men go to pieces" (Anthony Burgess, "Graham Greene: A Reminiscence" in *One Man's Chorus. Uncollected Writings* 1998).

An interview in *The Observer* outraged Greene: "Burgess puts words in my mouth which I had to look up in the dictionary"; in 1988 "[I] was asked on a French television programme how old Greene now was, and I overestimated his age by a couple of years. This drove him into a fury whose excess was not matched by the exquisite small handwriting in which it was couched. Later I was indiscreet to a reporter about the Greene menage. The fury now modulated to an urgent recommendation that I see a doctor" (ibid.)

The present copy was inscribed by Burgess the following year. The loosely inserted A.L.S. from the recipient, David Talbot, explains "he huffed and puffed when he realised that he had dedicated the book to Graham Greene. 'We can't have that' he said as he crossed out Greene's name and wrote in his own. I asked him if he had fallen out with Greene but he didn't reply".

A very good copy, with some wear to extremities of jacket, small tear to upper right corner of rear cover, and some faint dust marks to front cover.



INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

9. BURGESS (Anthony).

Nothing Like the Sun.

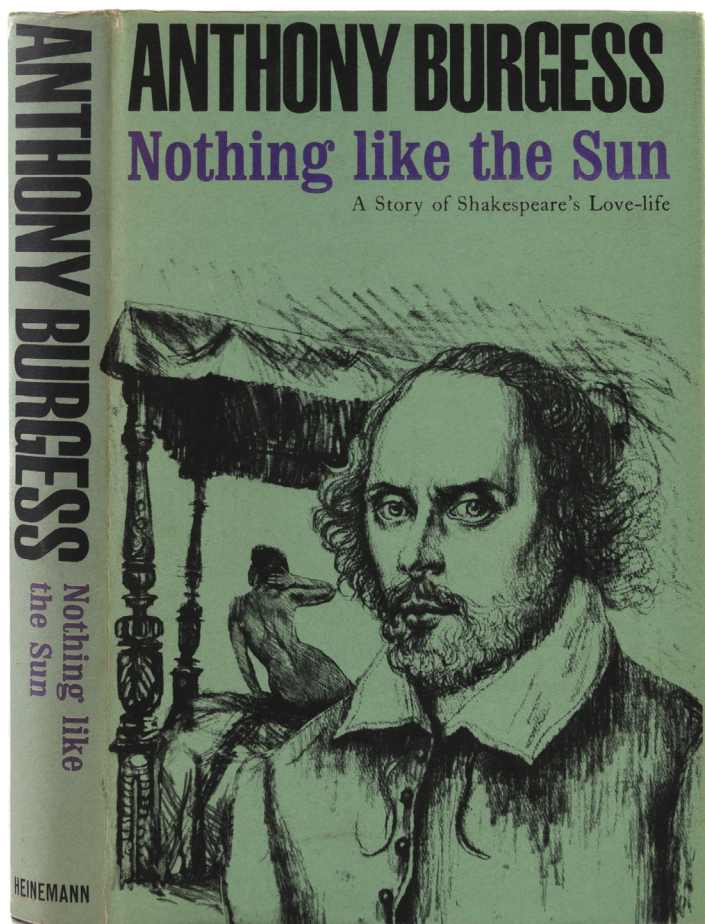
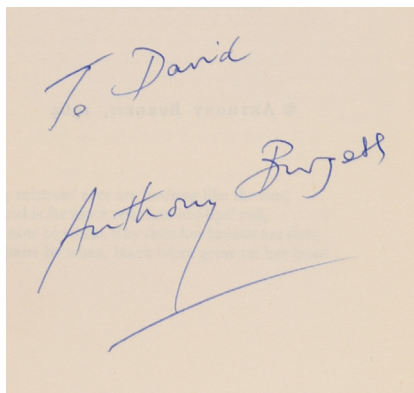
First edition. 8vo. Original blue cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket.

London, Heinemann. 1964.

£350

Inscribed by the author to the title page: "To David Anthony Burgess".

A near fine copy, jacket price clipped with light wear to the extremities.



"I MUST PAY THE PRICE OF MY NEW KNOWLEDGE"

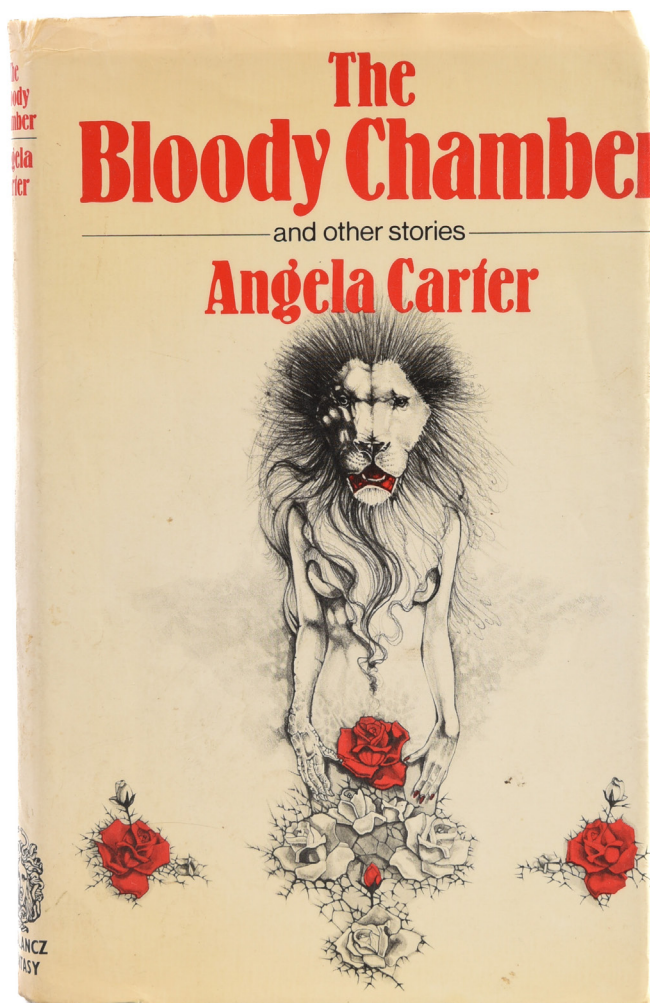
10. CARTER (Angela). The Bloody Chamber.

*Uncorrected Proof copy. 8vo. Original printed blue paper wrappers, dust jacket.
London, Gollancz. 1979.*

£550

Carter's re-tellings of popular fairy tales, injecting the 'latent content' back into the traditional stories.

A very good copy, some wear to dust jacket edges, and a little creasing along the top edge.



ANGELA CARTER ON CREATIVITY, SCHOOLING, AND THE IMPORTANCE OF TEACHING BLACK BRITISH HISTORIES

II. CARTER (Angela).

Typed Letter and Postcard Signed “Angela” to “Dear Humphrey”.

1 Autograph Postcard Signed and 1 Typed Letter Signed with holograph corrections (both signed “Angela”). The postcard undated [but December 1979], the letter, 3 pages 4to, 15 April [1980].

Sold

An “incoherent and passionate letter” about her time as a Writer in Residence at Vauxhall Manor School, in which she is enthusiastic about the students but sceptical about the system, questioning whether it is for the benefit of the students or the glory of the school, and whether it can be of any use when “racial prejudice” is going unanswered.

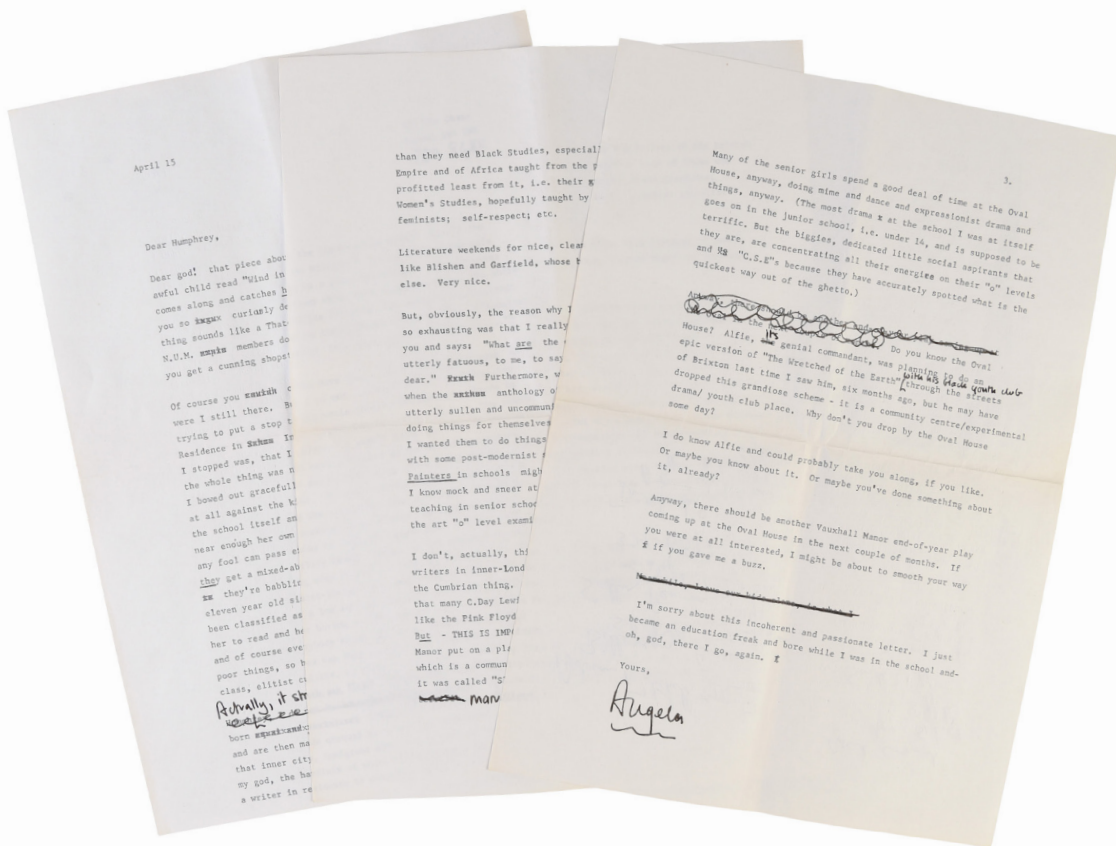
The postcard serves as an introduction “I’ve spent the autumn term in an inner-London comprehensive; *a saison en enfer, je t’assure*, a whole generation of teachers into creative de-schooling – the kids would show me their wonderful stories/poems & shyly, as if it were a dirty word, ask me to explain about full stops & commas. I am very tired.”

By her second letter Carter is no longer a ‘Writer in Residence’ – Her main gripe is the fact she believes that the students “need a writer in residence to encourage their “creativity” a good deal less than they need Black Studies, especially the history of the British Empire and of Africa taught from the point of view of those who profitted [sic] least from it, i.e. their great grandadas; Women’s Studies, hopefully taught by heavy Jamaican socialist feminists; self-respect; etc.”

She continues, “But, obviously, the reason why I found my term at Vauxhall Manor so exhausting was that I really got into it; when a kid looks at you and says: “What are the causes of race prejudice?” it seems utterly fatuous, to me, to say, “Why don’t you write a nice poem, dear.””

She also writes about an important success story of Vauxhall Manor, which is their collaboration with “Oval House, which is a community centre (at the Oval, in Lambeth)”. “THIS IS IMPORTANT – every year, the girls of Vauxhall Manor put on a play they make up themselves at Oval House ... Last year it was called “Slave Girl”. It’s always absolutely marvellous...”

James Proctor, in *Ambit* 91 (‘Motherland’ (1982), Caribbean special issue),



talks about this collaboration between Oval House and Vauxhall Manor pupils thus: "Its aim was to use drama as way of representing and memorialising the history of black women. The project relied heavily on oral testimony. The first play *Slave Girl* ... focussed on women slaves in nineteenth-century USA. *Wicked Women* (1980) looked at the plight of women in medieval Europe. Their third, and best known production, *Motherland* (1982), was more heavily autobiographical and was structured around accounts by local West Indian women who came to live in England in the 1950s." (James Procter, *Ambit* 91, p. 203.)

A manuscript interpolation by Carter - "it struck me that 'creativity' is a con" - addresses the contradiction that the 'Writer in Residence' project attempts to inspire creativity in a structured way, while ignoring the innate creativity of the girls in their annual play.

A substantial short correspondence. Full description available on request.

FIRST EDITION IN DUST JACKET

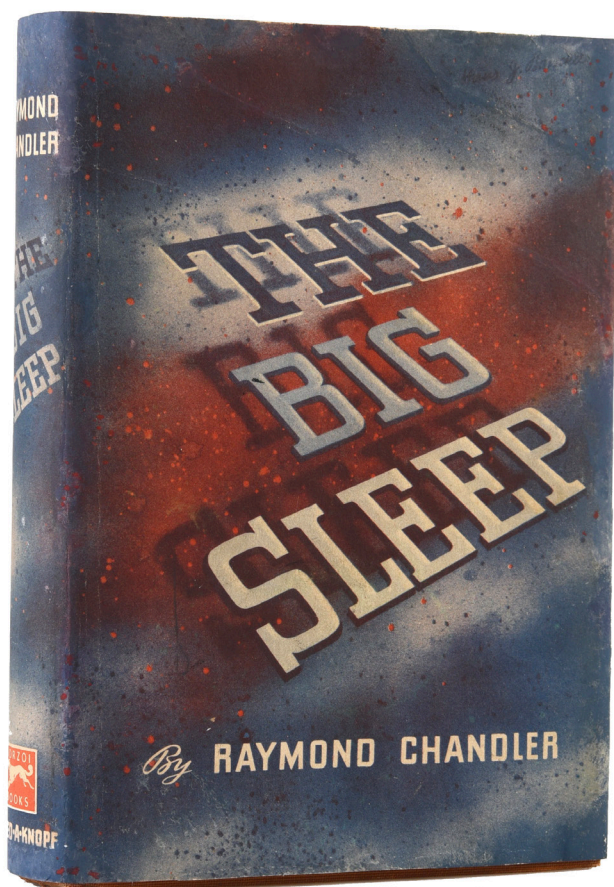
12. CHANDLER (Raymond). The Big Sleep.

First edition. 8vo. Original orange cloth, spine and front cover lettered in black, in restored dust jacket. New York, Knopf. 1939.

Sold

Detective Philip Marlowe attempts to solve a case with a nefarious bookseller, A. G. Geiger, at its centre. Legendary crime novel, first adapted for the silver screen in 1946 and starring Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

A very good copy, in a sympathetically restored dust jacket. Dust jacket expertly repaired, more visible from the verso, largely to the top and tail of the spine, and tips. A touch of wear to the extremities of the boards, and some offsetting to the endpapers.



13. CHRISTIE (Agatha).

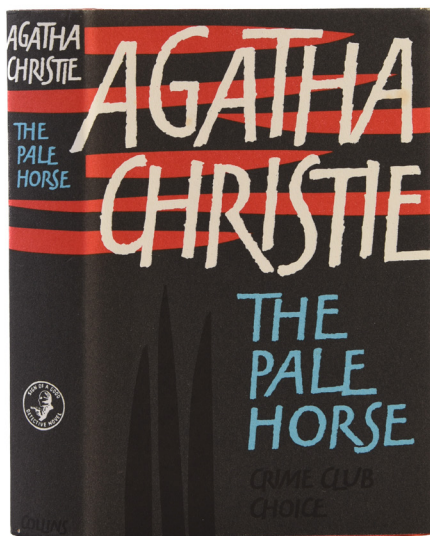
The Pale Horse.

First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in black, dust jacket. London, Collins. 1961.

Sold

“The title, a biblical synonym for death, is the name of an organization which kills by black magic” (Wagstaff & Poole). The ‘Queen of Crime’ is also said to have saved two lives through this novel, as readers have recognised descriptions of thallium poisoning from the book. Christie’s knowledge of poison was extensive, and came from her work during the First and Second World Wars in dispensaries.

A near fine copy, with light rubbing at tips of jacket, and two small age spots to the rear panel.



14. CHRISTIE (Agatha).

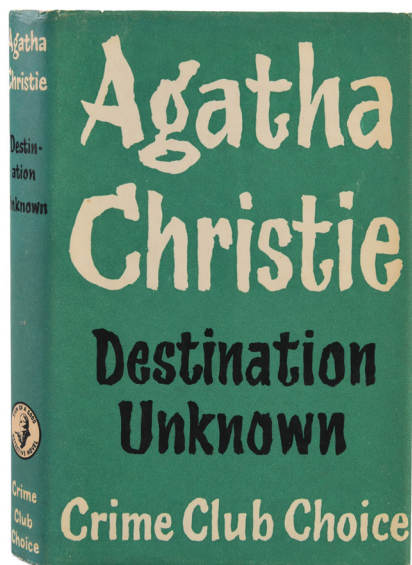
Destination Unknown

First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in black, dust jacket. London, Collins. 1954.

£350

Spy novel in which a woman, Hilary Craven, is persuaded by the British Secret Service to infiltrate a secret scientific laboratory in the Atlas Mountains.

A very good copy, some wear to the edges of the jacket.



**"I HOPE TO HAVE ANOTHER PLAY ON SOMETIME
BUT PLAYS ARE VERY UNCERTAIN THINGS"**

15. CHRISTIE, (Agatha)

Typed Letter Signed ("Agatha Christie") to Frederick Bason about Murder on the Links and her recent play, unnamed, but certainly 'Alibi' (based on *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*); with a programme for 'Alibi',

1 page 4to Ashfield, Torquay, Devon, 12 January 1929.

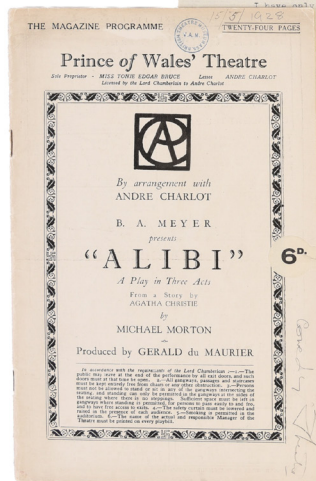
WITH: programme for 'Alibi'. A Play in Three Acts. From a Story by Agatha Christie by Michael Morton. Produced by Gerald du Maurier. 24pp. Prince of Wales' Theatre. No. 699. 16 July 1928.

£2,000

A pleasant letter written to 'cockney bookseller' Fred Bason. Christie thanks Bason for his "most kind letter" and "for all you say about my books", adding, "It is always nice to know that one's work is appreciated". Bason, an enthusiastic theatre-goer, had clearly asked when another play of Christie's would be reaching the London stage ('Alibi', her first play, a success, had just closed); as Christie writes that she "hope[s] to have another play on sometime", but indicates she does not know when, as "plays are very uncertain things". Little did she know that a play of hers would one day become the longest running play in the West End ('The Mousetrap' has been running (almost) continuously since first opening in 1952). This letter originally accompanied a gift (sadly no longer present): "I have the pleasure in enclosing an autographed copy of *The Murder on the Links* which you say you like best of my novels."

Fred "book barrow boy" Bason (so called by Arnold Bennett) was a bibliophile, autograph enthusiast, and cockney' bookseller based off the Walworth Road in Camberwell, called by one biographer "one of the great bookmen of the century" (see Paul Robinson's *Amazing Books*, 'Fred Bason Cockney Bookseller'). He was known for his broad capacity for friendship, both casual and deep, and befriended a number of famous authors in his time (not just for the perks of their friendship (in the shape of letters and signed volumes) although those were certainly bonuses). He was later known for his articles written for various publications, and for his diaries, which he kept throughout his life, and were published in four volumes in the 1950s; "a treasure house of good humour and anecdotes about some of the great writers of our time." (ibid).

The 'Alibi' programme is an interesting piece of ephemera, and a piece



of Hercule Poirot history. It was the first of Christie's works to reach the stage. The cast list includes recognisable names including Lady Tree (as Mrs Ackroyd), Henry Daniell (as Parker), Henry Forbes-Robertson (as Geoffrey Raymond), and Charles Laughton (as Hercule Poirot). This was the first appearance of Poirot off the page, but was a far-cry from the more faithful portrayals that audiences would be treated to later. In his portrayal of the Belgian detective Laughton brought his own particular skill-set (and fame) to the role, rather than attempting to bring Poirot, as Christie had written him, to life. However, even if barnstorming Laughton was quite different to the neat, fastidious detective of the page, it was certainly preferable (to Christie, and history) to another mooted possibility; that Poirot be introduced as Beau Poirot, a young and attractive detective, liable to turn heads and break hearts. To prevent this, Christie permitted another favourite character Caroline Sheppard (an inspiration for Miss Marple) to be transmogrified into a young belle, Caryl Sheppard, who was played by Gillian Lind.

The play was a success, running from the 15 May to the 7 December 1928. It was revived for a Broadway production in 1932 with Laughton reprising his role, and a film in 1931, in which Austin Trevor played the part.

Letter with light folds, otherwise in excellent condition.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

16. [CHURCHILL (Winston S.)] DAVIES (Joseph E.)

Mission to Moscow.

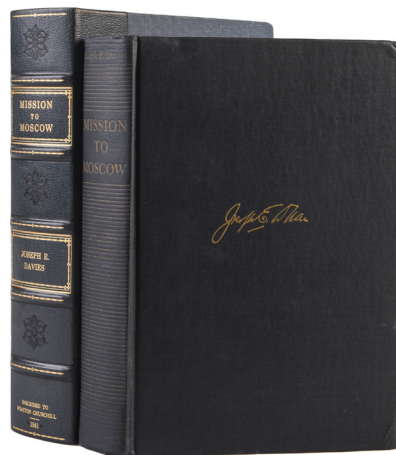
Tenth printing. 8vo. Original black cloth, spine lettered and ruled in gilt, top edge in red. Housed in a custom cloth chemise and half blue morocco slipcase. New York, Simon and Schuster. 1941.

£3,500

A magnificent presentation copy, inscribed by the author to Winston S. Churchill in pencil on the front free endpaper and with Churchill's posthumous bookplate, and that of his son Randolph S. Churchill, to the front pastedown. The lengthy and rather grandiose inscription reads:

‘To the Greatest Englishman of these or any other times –
Prime Minister Winston Churchill, upon whom now rests
the Terrifying responsibility of now salvaging from Victory
in War, the Security of Peace for at least a generation or two
in a sick world. With great respect and the long standing
admiration of one who is “serving in the ranks.” Joseph E.
Davies. May 26th, 1945.’

Ambassador Joseph E. Davis served as the United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union until 1938, when he was recalled to serve as Special Assistant to Secretary of State Cordell Hull. During World War II, he served as Special Envoy of President Truman to the Potsdam Conference, meeting frequently with Prime Minister Winston Churchill. This book was inscribed to Churchill during the preparatory sessions for the Potsdam Conference, which began in July of 1945.



To The Greatest Englishman
of these or any other times -
Prime Minister Winston Churchill
upon whom now rests
the Terrifying responsibility
of now salvaging from
ruin in War, - the security
of Peace for at least a
generation or two. in a sick world
With great respect and the
long standing admiration
of one who is serving in
the ranks".

Wm. C. Price
May 26th. 1945

CHURCHILL, AS HOME SECRETARY

17. CHURCHILL W. S.

Autograph Letter Signed ("Winston S. Churchill") to "My dear Mallet" (Charles E. Mallet, Liberal Politician),

1 page 8vo, with integral blank leaf, on *The Home Secretary* headed paper. 21 October 1910.

£3,000

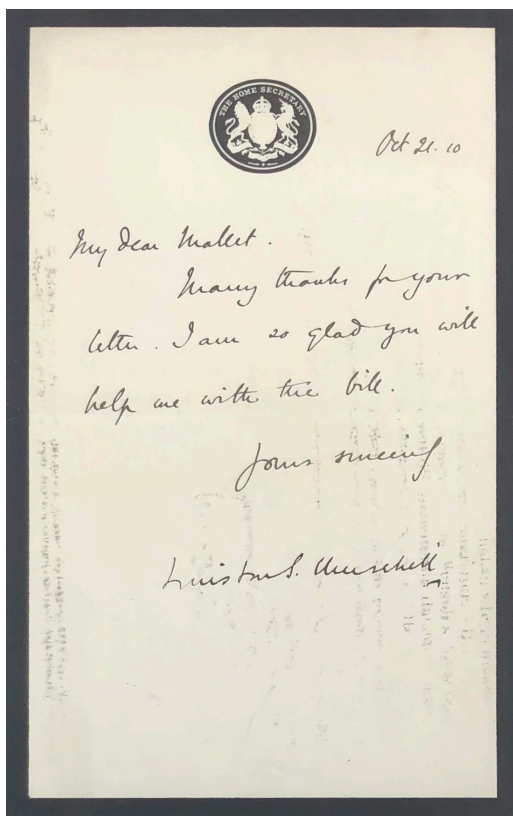
Letter written while Churchill was Home Secretary thanking Mallet for his letter and for his support: "I am so glad you will help me with the bill."

Churchill was appointed Home Secretary by Asquith after the 1910 general election, which the Liberals won but were reduced to a minority government. It was a busy year for Churchill: "After the general election of January 1910 Asquith promoted Churchill ... his many responsibilities ranged from the supervision of the Metropolitan Police to the regulation of prisons, borstals, factories, coalmines, and shops. Churchill was eager to pursue an agenda of social reform." (ODNB).

Charles Mallet (1862-1947), Liberal politician, was Financial Secretary to the War Office at this time of this letter.

With ink transference from another (typed) letter, not affecting legibility. Otherwise in very good condition.

Provenance: Mallet family, by descent.



INSCRIBED TO JOHN CLARE TO HIS FRIEND AND PATRON ELIZA EMMERSON

18. [CLARE (John).] BYRON (George Gordon, Lord).

The Works of Lord Byron.

Volume one only, of four, containing Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Frontispiece after Thomas Phillips. 8vo. Modern (late 20th century) quarter calf over marbled boards. London, John Murray 1823.

Sold

The copy of John Clare's friend and patron Eliza Emmerson, with his gift inscription to her on the half title "To Mrs. E.L. Emmerson from one who admires her Talents & values her Friendship These Works of an Immortal Genius are affectionately presented by John Clare", and his transcription on an initial blank leaf of three of the five stanzas suppressed in all early editions and first published by Dallas in 1824. With Emmerson's name and address ("Stratford Place, London") on the front blank, and a later note in Mrs. Emmerson's hand "Bequeathed to Tom Collison Dec 1869". Collison is Emmerson's maiden name, so Thomas is presumably a nephew or cousin.

Eliza Emmerson, whose husband Thomas was a collector/dealer of pictures (an auction of his collection/stock included pictures attributed to Correggio, Rubens and Rembrandt), was pre-eminent among the society grandees who befriended and supported Clare: her letters to him survive and are an important source, although his to her remain lost, presumably in a putative box in a putative attic, from where they haunt the imagination of booksellers.

As to the choice of gift, Clare was obsessed with Byron and identified closely with him, even though "Byron was everything that he himself was not" (Bate, Jonathan. *John Clare a Biography*, London 2003). Clare identified particularly with *Childe Harold*, which occupies this entire volume, and he composed additional stanzas for it while in the Epping Forest asylum in 1841, shortly before his escape. Bate offers further evidence of Byron's importance to Clare in drawing our attention to Clare's account of bumping into Byron's funeral: "I was wandering up Oxford Street on my way to Mrs Emmerson's when my eye was suddenly arrested by straggling groups of the common people collected together & talking about a funeral I did as the rest did though I could not get hold of what funeral it could be but I knew it was not a common one by the curiosity that kept watch on every countenance. By & by the group collected into about a hundred or more when the train of a funeral

suddenly appeared on which a young girl that stood beside me gave a deep sigh & uttered 'Poor Lord Byron' I looked up at the young girl's face it was dark & beautiful & I could almost feel in love with her for the sigh she had uttered for the poet." J.W. & Anne Tribble (Eds) *The Prose of John Clare*, London 1951.

To Mrs F. L. Emerson
from one
who admires her Talents
& values her Friendship
These Works
of an Immortal Genius
are affectionately
presented
by John Clare

WORKS

OF

L O R D B Y R O N .

A COLERIDGE FAMILY COPY

19. COLERIDGE (Sara). *Phantasmion. A Fairy Tale. With an introductory Preface by Lord Coleridge.*

Second edition. 8vo. Original green pictorial cloth, ruled in gilt. London, Henry S. King, 1874.

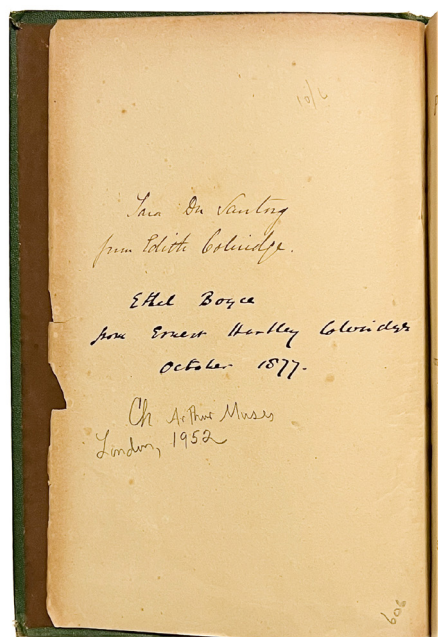
£2,500

A family copy of Sara Coleridge's important prose and poetic fantasy tale, doubly inscribed on the front free endpaper, firstly by her daughter "Sara Du Sautoy from Edith Coleridge" and then by Edith's first cousin "Ethel Boyce from Ernest Hartley Coleridge October 1877." The double inscription is a little mysterious. Ethel Boyce (1863 - 1936), musician: her mother Anne had been a friend of Ernest Hartley Coleridge, who wrote and read the appreciation at her funeral; Sara du Sautoy is harder to pin down but may have been connected to the Rev. W.S.O. du Sautoy, a correspondent of the Coleridges.

The book was written "during a period of Sara's most intense illness" (Mudge), which left her addicted to opium, and is a fantasy inspired by her memories of growing up in the Lake District amongst the literary friends and family of her father, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Jeffrey W. Barbeau in his recent book on Sara Coleridge described it as her "most influential contribution to fiction" and it has long been identified as an important early work in the fantasy genre. She later said of *Phantasmion*, "I should never had put together such a string of waking dreams ... if I had not been confined to my couch indoors, withdrawn from those sights of natural objects which I had been taking in, during my whole childhood and early youth, incessantly" (Swaab p.16).

Extremities slightly rubbed, a little shaken.

Barbeau, J. *Sara Coleridge her Life and Thought*, New York, 2014; Mudge, B., *Sara Coleridge A Victorian Daughter*, New Haven, 1989; Swaab, P., *The Regions of Sara Coleridge's Thought ...* New York, 2012.



PHANTASMION.



A SLIGHT, BUT NICE RELIC OF AN IMPORTANT ROMANTIC FRIENDSHIP

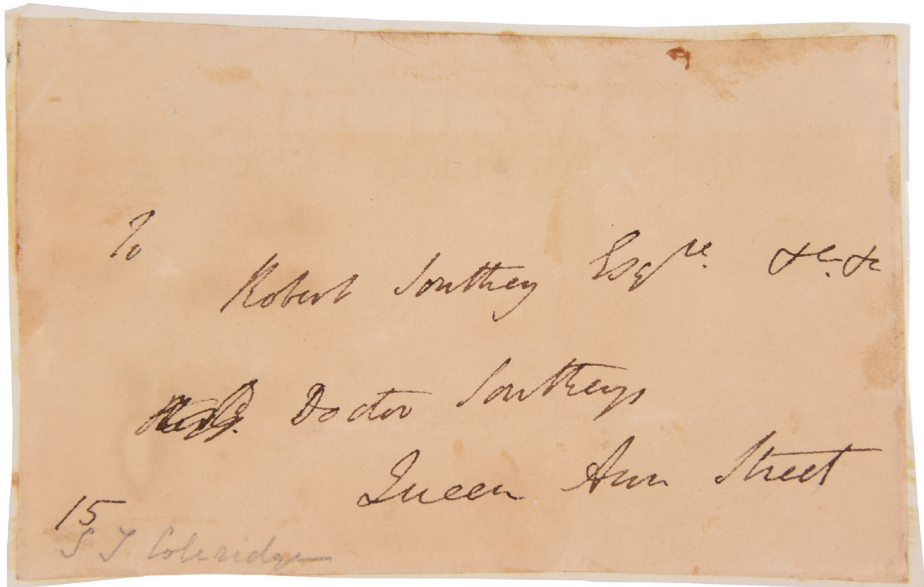
20. COLERIDGE, S.T

Autograph Address Panel (unsigned) to his friend, Robert Southey, addressed to Southey at his brother, Doctor Southey's, home on Queen Ann Street, London. n.p., n.d.

£950

A slight, but nice relic of an important Romantic friendship. Coleridge and Southey met in Cambridge in 1794. Their friendship was one founded on shared utopian ideas - particularly relating to social justice and civil liberty - which led to their attempt to start a Pantisocratic community in New England. Although this idea never came to fruition, the pair did marry sisters, Edith and Sara, who aligned with their beliefs. After the failure of their scheme the pair fell out, but, remained life-long friends, even living together with their wives for a time. "To Southey" or "To Robert Southey" was written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge and published in the 14 January 1795 Morning Chronicle as part of his Sonnets on Eminent Characters series.

With Wordsworth the three are known as the Lake Poets. Coleridge met Wordsworth in 1795, introducing him to Southey soon after.



INSCRIBED BY DAHL

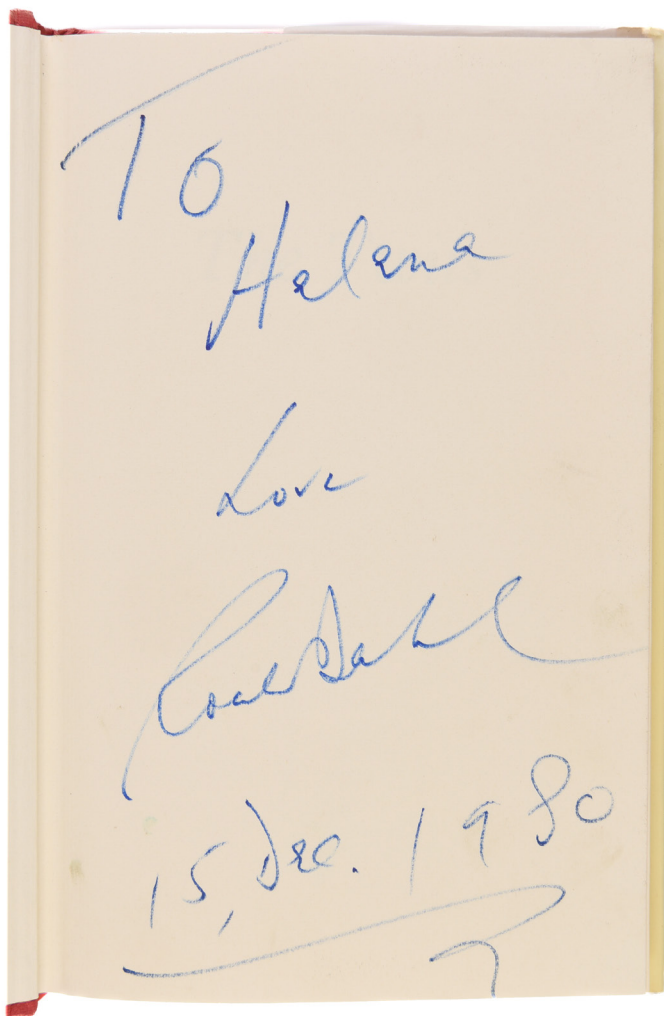
21. DAHL (Roald). The Twits.

Illustrated by Quentin Blake. First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Jonathan Cape. 1980.

£3,000

Boldy inscribed by the author in the year of publication "To Helena, love Roald Dahl 15, Dec. 1980" in blue ink on the front free endpaper.

A very good copy, some fading to the spine panel, and a little wear and creasing to the extremities of the jacket.



PRESENTATION COPY, WITH LETTER MENTIONING SASSOON

22. DE LA MARE (Walter). The Veil and other Poems.

First edition, third printing. 8vo. Original black binding, paper label on spine, paper covered boards with a gold marbled effect. London, Bombay, Sydney, Constable and Co. Ltd. 1922.

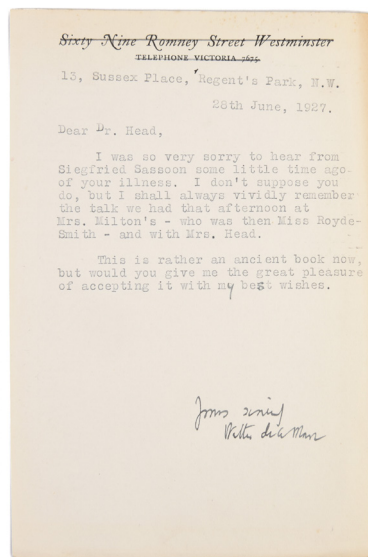
£350

A presentation copy, inscribed to Henry Head “with warmest remembrances June 27 1927” and with an inserted TLS from Walter de la Mare and an ALS from Elfrida de la Mare.

Sir Henry Head was a giant of neurology who, both independently and with his research partner W.H.R. Rivers, made great strides in the field of clinical neuroscience. The pair worked with soldiers with brain injuries in London during WW1 and during that time became close friends with Siegfried Sassoon. Head inherited a deep love of literature from his mother, moved in artistic as well as scientific circles, wrote poetry (including *Destroyers and Other Verses*, poems inspired by the First World War, which was published in 1919). His wife, Ruth (née Mayhew), wrote both fiction and non-fiction, and they had many literary friends: Virginia Woolf consulted him in 1913.

De la Mare’s letter (1/2 page 8vo, 13 Sussex Place, 28 June 1927) mentions Sassoon (“I was very sorry to hear from Siegfried Sassoon some little time ago of your illness”), talking with them (“I shall always vividly remember the talk we had”), and the book (“This is a rather ancient book now, but would you give me the great pleasure of accepting it with my best wishes”). Elfrida de la Mare’s letter is to “Lady Head” (2 pages 8vo, 13 Sussex Place, 6 July [likely 1927]), mentioning de la Mare’s health and recent operation. She also writes how “yours was the first letter that I was able to read to him & he was wonderfully cheered by it”.

Label faded, corners and edges bumped and rubbed, light foxing to endpapers.



"A FELLOW - WITH THAT GREAT BIG F"

- 23.** DE LA MARE (Walter). Autograph Manuscript verse addressed to
"Dear S.C.R." [Sydney Castle Roberts].

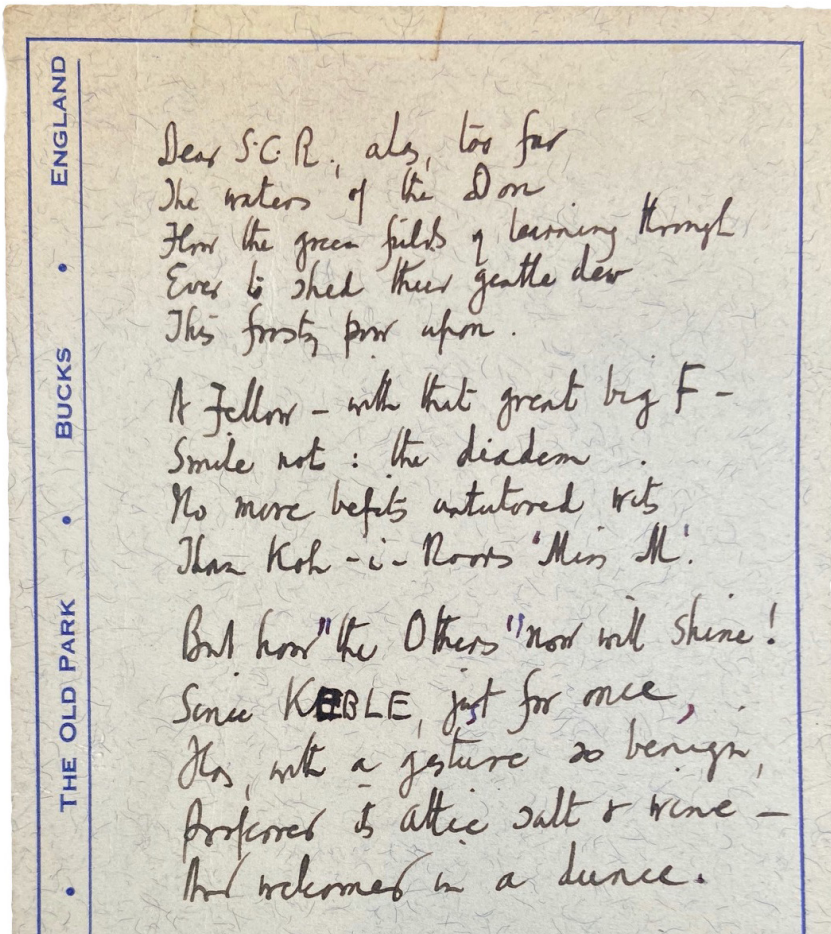
*Written on one of the author's [mis]printed postcards (the name of the village,
Penn, omitted). [late 1940s].*

£150

14 lines (not in sonnet form). Its meaning somewhat opaque but apparently written to mark an academic appointment, and mentioning Keble College, Oxford.

"But how "The Others" now will shine! / Since KEBLE, just for once / Has, with a gesture so benign / Professed its attic salt & wine - / And welcomed in a dunce."

Roberts, a senior figure in Cambridge academic circles and great Sherlock Holmes expert, contributed to the book of tributes for de la Mare's 75th birthday (1948).



DE LA MARE WRITING ABOUT CHARLOTTE MEW

24. DE LA MARE (Walter). Typed Letter Signed (two lines in holograph)
about Charlotte Mew and her poetry,

11/4 pages oblong 12mo with associated typed envelope, *The Old Park, Penn*, 5 May 1947.

Sold

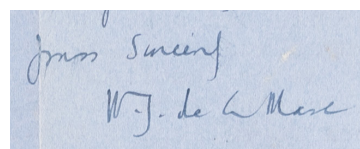
De la Mare writes to Miss Nancy Bowden of his “particular pleasure” in receiving her previous letter in which she had written how she “discovered and with so much delight and interest Charlotte Mew’s poems”. He offers a few lines about Mew’s life and poetry: “As Mr [John] Masefield says, it is possible that her [Mew’s] two Collections were not reprinted because she did not wish them to be, but I think this unlikely. She suffered desperately - the grief and affliction of her sister’s death, though I cannot say how long after the appearance of her poems this occurred...”

De la Mare also mentions Mrs Harold Monroe (Alida Monroe (née Klamantaski), co-owner of the Poetry Bookshop) and Wilfrid Gibson (British Georgian poet).

Charlotte Mew had her first collection of poems, *The Farmer’s Bride*, published in 1916 through the efforts and encouragement of Alida Monroe and the Poetry Bookshop. Through Monroe she made literary friends who also became her champions, including Sydney Cockerell and Thomas Hardy (who thought Mew one of the great poets of her time). In spite of such friends and the success of *The Farmer’s Bride*, Mew, along with her mother and sister (with whom she lived), experienced increasingly straitened circumstances. The united efforts of Cockerell, Hardy, Masefield and de la Mare, saw her granted a Civil List pension of £75 pounds, which helped alleviate the strain of poverty, but barely. A string of additional tragedies in the 1920s - her mother’s death, the death of her sister, and the decline of her own health - resulted in her suicide in 1928.

Hardy’s belief “that Charlotte Mew would still be read long after other women poets were forgotten” (Penelope Fitzgerald, ODNB) has been borne out. Interest in Mew’s work has only increased over time. Faber published a Life of Charlotte Mew in 2022, titled *This Rare Spirit*. Appreciation for her poetry, its essentialness, its articulation of a “cri de coeur” (ODNB); as well as interest in her life, self, friendships, hardships, and her queerness, has ensured that hers is not a voice or a life that will soon be forgotten.

Letter near fine.

A photograph of a handwritten signature in blue ink on a light blue background. The signature reads "W.J. de la Mare" and is written in a cursive, slightly slanted script. Above the main signature, there is a smaller, less legible mark that appears to be "J. de la Mare".

SIGNED FIRST EDITION OF DICK'S SECOND PUBLISHED NOVEL

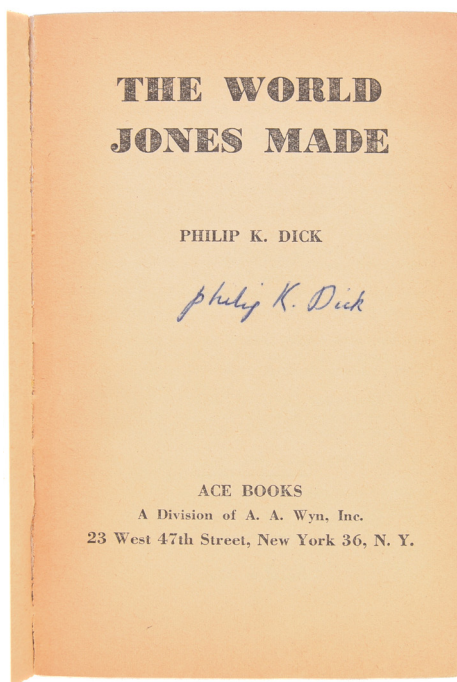
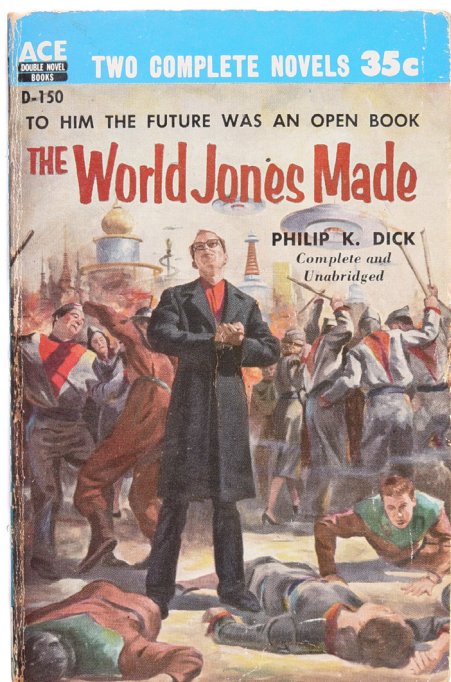
- 25.** Dick (Philip K.) **The World Jones Made.** [with] Agent of the Unknown, by Margaret St. Clair.

First edition. Small 8vo, bound tête-bêche. Original printed wrappers. New York, Ace Books. 1956.

£2,000

Signed by the author on the title page.

All of Dick's early novels were first published in paperback only by Ace Books. In an interview he explained that Ace Books were the only market for Science fiction novels in the 1950s: "there was one market and one market only, and that was Ace Books. And that books were 'Doubles,' two novels for 35[cents]. And that you had no latitude. It had to be 6,000 lines and it had to be an adventure novel. There was no latitude. You were told exactly what to write. And if we didn't write it for Don Wollheim [science fiction editor at Ace Books], we didn't sell it." His first novel to be published in hardcover was *Time Out of Joint* in 1959 published by Lippincott as "a novel of menace". A very good copy, with some rubbing to extremities and spine.



SIGNED

26. DICK (Philip K.)

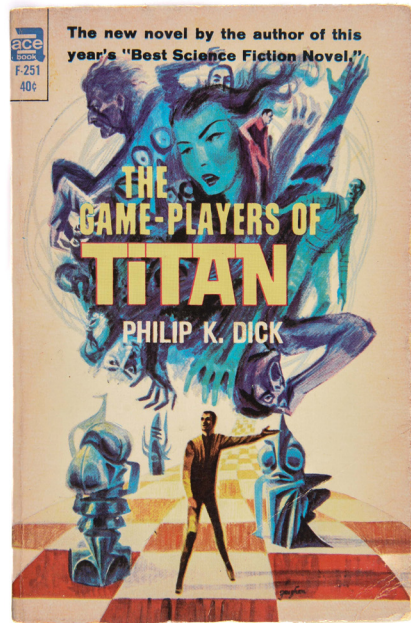
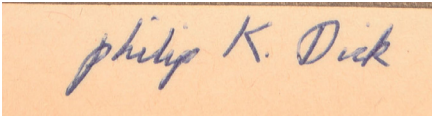
The Game-Players of Titan.

First edition. Small 8vo. Original printed wrappers. New York, Ace Books. 1963.

£1,800

Signed by the author on the title page.

A very good copy, with some rubbing to extremities and spine.



**FIRST HARDBACK EDITION OF DICK'S
SECOND PUBLISHED NOVEL**

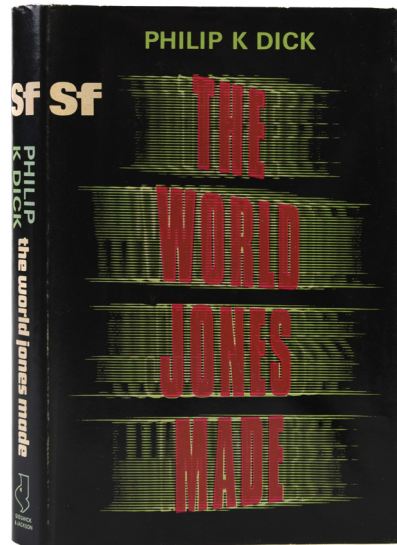
27. DICK (Philip K.)

The World Jones Made.

First UK, and first hardback edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Sidgwick & Jackson. 1968.

£2,000

The first hardback edition of Dick's second published novel: it was originally published by Ace Books in 1956 as a paperback tête-bêche with *Agent of the Unknown* by Margaret St. Clair. A near fine copy, dust jacket price clipped, and extremities slightly rubbed.



No. I.

PRICE 3d.

MASTER
HUMPHREY'S
CLOCK
BY "BOZ."

~~~~~  
SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1840.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

G. CAYE  
CROWNE



LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND;

J. MENZIES, Edinburgh; J. FINLAY & Co., Glasgow; S. J. MACHEN & Co., Dublin; G. SIMMS, Manchester; WALKING WEAVER, Liverpool; WHITSTON & WEAVER, Birmingham; S. SIMMS & SON, Bath; LIGHT & RIBBLE, Bristol; E. JOHNSON, Cambridge; H. FLATTER, Oxford; BROWN & Co., Salisbury; J. SHILLITO, York; and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.

## THE MOST FAMOUS ITERATION OF THE SERIAL NOVEL

**28. DICKENS (Charles).** Master Humphrey's Clock.

[Embracing] Barnaby Rudge [and] The Old Curiosity Shop.

*Illustrated by G. Cattermole and H. K. Browne. First edition, first issues. Original 88 weekly parts. 8vo. Original printed wrappers. Housed in black cloth folding box. London, Chapman and Hall. 1840-1841.*

£3,500

*Master Humphrey's Clock* contains both *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*. It was an experimental production, intended as a series of loosely connected "essays, tales, adventures, letters from imaginary correspondents, and so forth", published in weekly parts rather than monthly. Sales for the series began to drop off disastrously and by the fourth part, a novel serialisation was begun under the "well-known title of *The Old Curiosity Shop*". (Eckel). The novel was necessarily written in a great rush, written in real time, to reach the printers before his now weekly, rather than monthly deadlines. Adversity created triumph, and the success of *The Old Curiosity Shop* is one of the highpoints of Victorian popular publishing, as the public's emotional investment in the fate of Little Nell became feverish: when the ship carrying the final part arrived in New York, fans stormed the dock asking the sailors if Little Nell survived.

A very good set, minor browning and spotting, creasing, some with wrappers expertly restored, with neat restoration at backstrip, a few with wrappers detached, some soiling to wrappers (particularly parts 7 and 32), parts 51, 60, 66, 69, 80, with three small pinholes through inner margins, parts 51 and 69 with loss to inner margin of one leaf, part 51 with more concentrated chipping including minor loss to leaves and lower wrapper.

Gimbel, A49. Eckel. Hatton. House & Storey, *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Norman & Jeanne Mackenzie, *Dickens A Life*.

**A RICH ARCHIVE OF AN EFFORT TO RESTORE ENGLISH LITERATURE**

- 29. DOUGHTY (C.M.)** Correspondence with Doughty's publisher "Messers Duckworth", and specifically George Milsted, regarding Doughty's epic poem *The Dawn in Britain*,

13 Autograph Letters Signed "C.M. Doughty"; "Chas. M. Doughty"; "Charles M. Doughty". 2opp 8vo, 5pp 4to. Various locations, including Illawarra, Beulah Rd, Tunbridge Wells; 1 South Cliff Avenue, Eastbourne; Theberton Hall, Leiston, Suffolk; 4 Wilmington Terrace, Eastbourne; 26 Grange Road, Eastbourne; Mount St. Mary, Totland Bay, Isle of Wight. 1905 to 1909.

£8,500

"D. in Britain has been in my mind for now 37 years." A significant correspondence of one of England's great literary outliers, principally regarding the evolution and publication of his epic poem *The Dawn in Britain*. Twice the length of *The Iliad*, three times that of *Paradise Lost* – some 30,000 lines – it still divides opinion, many dismissing it as unreadable and others considering it as an unacknowledged masterpiece, attempting singlehandedly to restore English literature to an uncorrupted earlier state.

The letters continually refer to problems with printers (the present cataloguer, having struggled with Doughty's hand, sympathises with them), and Doughty is always promising that the next batch of manuscripts will be easier to read ("regards the Compositors' work, I should do my utmost to keep down correcting expenses. I am painfully aware that my handwriting is bad to read."). He offers his thoughts on various aspects of production: what type should be used ("a beautiful old [...] Roman letter, not too light, but which is pleasant to the eyes & clear to read."); how large the edition might be ("recommend [...] an Edition of 500 copies"); and his thoughts on cost ("The cost for printing & paper in this form would be, I think, £110-130, or allowing for contingencies £150 & [...] with advertisement & unforeseen expenses call it £200. Such an edition [...] would [...] I hope earn a good business profit" (it did not).

There is much on Doughty's intellectual and poetical ambitions, and he aligns himself with Chaucer and Spenser more than once: "Obscure or obsolete words I think are not many. A work of this kind, after all, presupposes a Reader who has some patriotic acquaintance with his own language or the tradition of Chaucer & Spenser."

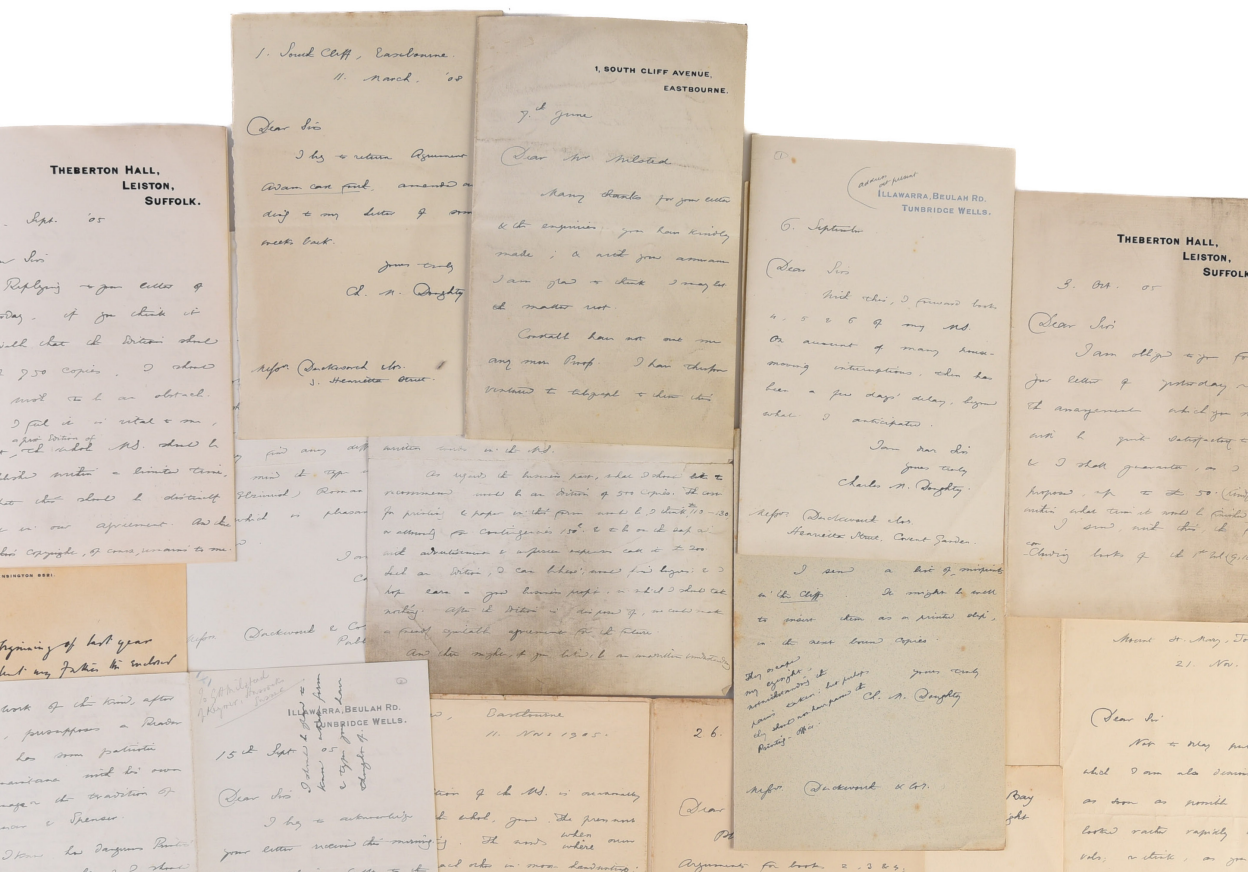
Doughty also discusses the name of the work, considering *The Utmost Isle*,



*Utmost Britain, & Britain's Dawn*, as well as the final choice. On publication reviews were at their kindest baffled by the book. Edward Thomas and Edward Garnett were the only sympathetic voices, and Doughty writes "Thank you for kindly sending on our friend E. Garnett's article, which I should otherwise have missed. Whatever he writes is sure to be large-minded, well considered & worthy of the profession of Literature. To me it is my pleasure at last to read something so friendly in tone." In the same letter he rails against the ignorance of other critics: "with the other Reviewers, Homer, the fountain of all Art, Chaucer and Spenser are not so much as mentioned, nor English philology; as if with all these they were unacquainted, as well as with any sound Canon of criticism." On the practical side the financing of *The Dawn in Britain* evolves, from being roughly neutral to Doughty, through Doughty sacrificing his royalties, to his guaranteeing Duckworth to the tune of £50.

A rich and involved fistful of correspondence about an outstanding, if outlying, work, from the author best known for *Arabia Deserta*. Doughty manuscript material is rare, with only two appearances at auction since the early 1980s.

Letters all in very good order. Full description available on our website.



## "THE END OF ALL THINGS"

**30. DOWSON (Ernest).** Autograph Letter Signed to Charles Sayle.  
2 pages, Bridge Dock, Limehouse. No date, but mid to late August 1893.

Sold

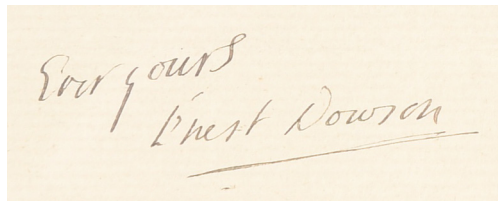
A previously unknown and unpublished letter from Dowson to his friend and fellow poet Charles Sayle. Dowson thanks Sayle for sending a copy of his *Musa Consolatrix*, which includes an untitled sonnet dedicated and addressed to Dowson.

Dowson writes to say it was "charming of you to think of me, and to count me worthy of a dedication" and to praise the book. He flatters its modesty compared to John Gray's *Silverpoints*, (which he elsewhere praises with the faint damn of being "indescribably dainty") and Lord de Tabley's *Poems Dramatical and Lyrical*, both published that year in bindings designed by Ricketts. "I like the book much, not only what is in it, but its general, French aspect. The simplicity of format is an agreeable change after the lavish bindings of Ricketts."

Dowson continues, to say that his collaborative novel *A Comedy of Masks* is "at last in the lists" and makes a characteristically etiolated complaint that "This hot weather has exhausted me as Italy in July and Paris in August have never done yet: I think it is the end of all things. I can write nothing: as you will perceive, not even a letter."

Sayle's book ends with a couplet from Verlaine, and Dowson's letter ends with a footnote "If you come across the book of one José Maria de Hérédia read it. It is made up chiefly of Sonnets, but some of them are superb. He is, I think, the most original of Verlaine's following."

There are seven letters from Dowson to Sayle published in Flower & Maas, held in a variety of collections including the William Andrews Clark Library, the University of British Columbia and the Berg Collection at NYPL. Full description available on our website.

A photograph of a handwritten signature on a piece of aged, cream-colored paper. The signature is written in a cursive, slanted script. The first line reads "Ever yours" and the second line reads "Ernest Dowson". A horizontal line is drawn under the signature.

Do you think "Folia Rosarum" is too  
presumptuous a title for a book of verse?

Bridge Dock,  
Limehouse. &

My dear Sayle,

What must you think of me?

My people have let their house; & "Musa  
Consolatrix" was forwarded to them, <sup>at Blackheath</sup> &  
only thence, after some delay to me, here,  
where I am now established.

It was charming of you to think of me,  
and to count me worthy of a dedication.

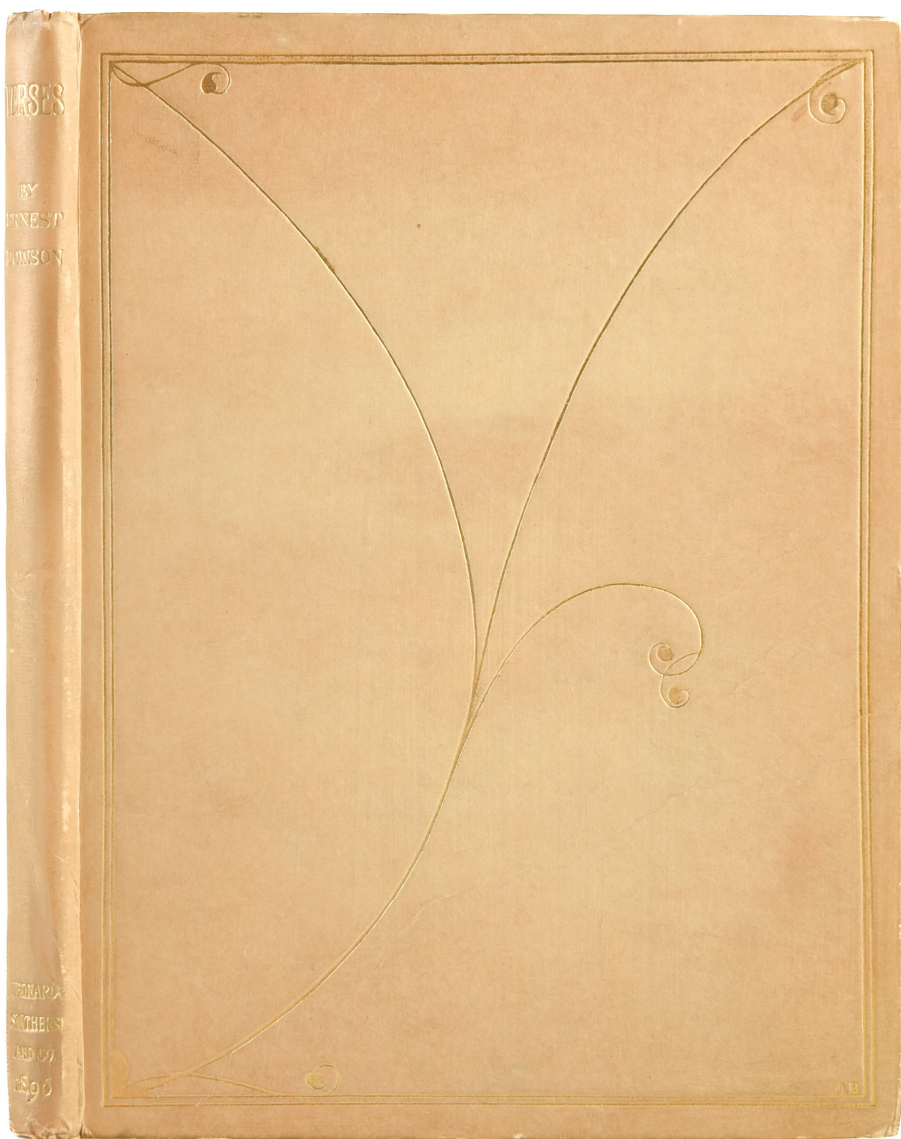
I like the book much, not only what is in  
it, but its general French aspect.

Its simplicity of format is an agreeable  
change after the lavish trappings of

Rickell's. Once more very many thanks.

Are you likely to be in town again,





MAGGS BROS. LTD.



## A QUINTESSENTIAL EXAMPLE OF DECADENT POETRY

### 31. DOWSON (Ernest). Verses.

*First edition. One of 300 ordinary copies, with an additional 30 printed on large paper. Small 4to. Original publisher's imitation vellum boards decorated in gilt to a design by Aubrey Beardsley of a sinuous line terminating in curled leaves, spine titled in gilt. Housed in a later green cloth folding case and slipcase. London, Leonard Smithers. 1896.*

£2,000

Ernest Dowson's first published volume of poetry, which had a lasting influence on contemporaries such as W.B. Yeats. A quintessential example of decadent poetry, from a quintessentially decadent poet, whose "febrile, sordid and lonely, pathetic and tragically short life was in strictest harmony with fin de siècle aestheticism. Influences from Swinburne, Verlaine, Catullus, and Propertius are intertwined in his poetry with others from the Catholic liturgy and hymnology..." The poems possess a quality of permanence because of their sincerity of passion and their individuality that sets them apart from the ephemeral sensualities and sadnesses of the other 'Decadents'" (*Literary History of England*, ed. Baugh.) Oscar Wilde put it more succinctly, "poor wounded wonderful fellow that he was, a tragic reproduction of all tragic poetry, like a symbol, or a scene. I hope bay leaves will be laid on his tomb, and rue and myrtle too, for he knew what love is."

A very good copy, covers unusually bright and clean, with faint crease to lower foredge corner of covers and tail of spine, edges lightly rubbed, internally bright with some light thumb soiling, the ghost of Arthur A. Houghton Jr.'s bookplate to top foredge corner of pastedown and prelims, and a small closed tear to p. 17.

## A.A. MILNE MENTIONING CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, LORD DUNSANY, AND J.M. BARRIE

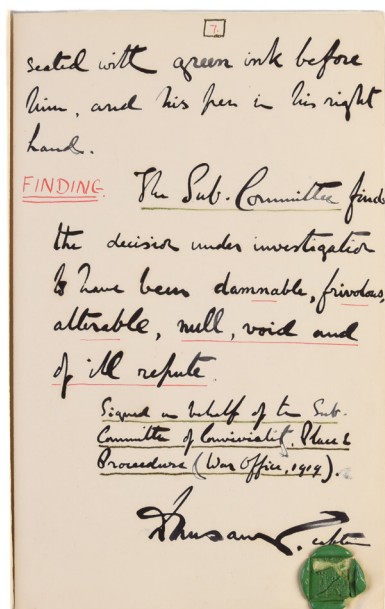
- 32. DUNSANY** (Edward John Moreton Drax Plunkett, 18<sup>th</sup> Baron Dunsany).  
Small archive of correspondence relating to his work at the War Office,  
in M.I.7B

£4,500

A lovely little archive, including a spectacular bit of Dunsany nonsense – a huge parody of a memorandum ridiculing military paperwork and celebrating drunken-ness - two ALS by Dunsany, one ALS from J.M. Barrie, and two from A.A. Milne, one of them mentioning his son Christopher Robin.

Dunsany took glee in tall tales and “abundant absurdity”, in life and in work. War, which for him included being wounded in Dublin street fighting during the Easter Rising and a spell on the Western Front, must have offered modest fuel for his absurdist tastes, but he was compensated when joining M.I.7B (I), the branch of the Ministry of Information (press liaison and propaganda) that dealt with food.

As evidenced by this little archive, this backwater of the war effort allowed more opportunity for his fancy, and he gives a very entertaining account in his memoir *Patches of Sunlight*, (“Why have you not provided the information as to how many tins of marmalade your battery consumed during the preceding month?” “Because of the great war that is raging”.) MI7B (I) was well staffed with “characters”. It was headed by Peter Chalmers Mitchell, later to lead the London Zoological Society, there was the polymath Edward Heron-Allen, the writers J.M. Barrie and A.A. Milne, the detective writer Cecil Street, and the legendary journalist J.B. Morton, who in 1924 took over the “Beachcomber” column in the *Daily Express*. Under him it became one of the founts of modern English humour, and the strain of bizarre juxtaposition that he made his own may have had roots in the corridors of MI7B. Dunsany wrote that “J. B. Morton was another of us, and readers of his column over the name of Beachcomber will be surprised to





hear that I often heard him talk good sense, as I often heard J. W. G. Tomkin talk good sense, an officer who sometimes visited us from further along the passage; and yet there must have been something in the conversation of each of them that blended badly with that of the other; for, whenever they met, the purest nonsense used to sparkle from them perpetually."

Dunsany wrote in *A Patch of Sunlight* of the recipient of these letters: "We each had a room to ourselves, but there was also a library in which we could all meet, a room over which C. D. Stelling presided . . . I never knew exactly what Stelling's work was; but I clearly remember the day when he made a remark about conditions in Austria, the details of which were so startling, that I knew at last that the end of the war must be near." Stelling edited a celebration of M.I.7B called *The Green Book*, a book of legendary rarity.

## FINE COPY OF THIS CORNERSTONE OF MODERNIST POETRY

### 33. ELIOT (T.S.)      The Waste Land.

*First edition in book form, first issue, number 337 of 1,000 copies. 8vo. Original black cloth over flexible boards, spine and front cover lettered in gilt, edges untrimmed, with the original printed dust jacket and the publisher's glassine. Housed in a green cloth slipcase and chemise. New York, Boni & Liverlight. 1922.*

**£140,000**

An exceptionally fine copy of this cornerstone of modernist poetry, arguably the single most important poem of the twentieth century, originally published in the inaugural issue of Eliot's quarterly journal *The Criterion* in October 1922 and published in this book edition two months later on December 15.

The present copy is the correct first issue, with the number stamped approximately 5mm high on the colophon and 'mountain' spelt correctly on line 339 (p. 41), bound in black cloth over flexible boards, one of the first 500 copies bound thus, with later copies bound in stiff black cloth. With the publisher's four page prospectus for the Modern Library loosely inserted.

A genuinely beautiful example. The initial gathering roughly, albeit partially, opened with thin strip torn away at head of p. iii (no loss of text), the rest of the gatherings remain completely unopened, engraved bookplate of the American poet Coman Leavenworth to the front free endpaper, just the faintest hint of partial offsetting to front and rear endpapers, single faint spot of foxing to opening three leaves, small mark to fore margin of p. 56, text block very slightly cracked at pp. 32-33, in all other respects internally clean and fresh; spine panel of jacket just a shade toned, two tiny abrasions to front panel, but otherwise virtually unworn and completely unmarked, the glassine with some trivial wear to lower edge of front panel, but still in remarkably excellent order.

A really magnificent copy, as close to pristine as one could hope for.

Gallup, A6.



# THE WASTE LAND

By  
T. S. ELIOT

Winner of The Dial's 1922  
Award.

This prize of two thousand  
dollars is given annually to  
a young American writer in  
recognition of his service  
to letters.

## ELIOT WRITES TO A FELLOW POET, DUNSTAN THOMPSON

### 34. ELIOT (T.S.)      Typed Letter Signed ("T. S. Eliot") to "My dear Thompson" (Dunstan Thompson, poet)

1 page 4to, Faber and Faber Ltd Publishers, 10 February 1948.

£1,250

A convivial letter thanking Thompson for his "kind letter of January 4th" - "I have been slow in thanking you ... but I assure you that I have still other letters unanswered and have been answering them by fits and starts" - and expressing his surprise to learn Thompson was "living in St. John's Wood" ("how is it that you have been in the neighbourhood without having let me know?"). Eliot concludes with a hope to meet, "I hope you can come and have a meal with me again soon and should like to be assured that you are still here and staying put."

Both Eliot and Thompson were American transplants, explaining Eliot's final sentence about "staying put". Eliot settled in London in 1915 "after marrying Vivien Haigh-Wood on impulse at the Hampstead register office" (ODNB). Eliot and Thompson also both had Harvard connections, although they attended some 30 years apart. The younger man was stationed in London in 1943, where, "despite the war, the gregarious Thompson moved with ease in literary circles meeting T. S. Eliot, Cyril Connolly, the Sitwells—finding, as Aiken observed, 'all the Right People in two seconds flat'" (Gioia, 'Two Poets Named Dunstan Thompson', in the *Hudson Review*, Spring 2015). Thompson met his partner Philip Trower in 1945, with whom he would spend the rest of his life. The pair travelled to the Middle East together but settled in England; Thompson was indeed "staying put."

Thompson achieved a level of fame in the 1940s - his first book, *Poems*, was published in 1943, and his second, *Lament for the Sleepwalkers*, shortly before this letter, in 1947. Though largely forgotten to history, in spite of his fame during this period, Thompson is still remembered and appreciated by two distinct groups, as Dana Gioia has written in their excellent article on Thompson:

"For one group, Thompson stands as a pioneering poet of gay experience and sensibility. He was one of the first poets—and certainly the best of the World War II era—to write openly about homosexual experience ... An heir to Walt Whitman and Hart Crane, Thompson stood, to quote Jim Elledge, as "a kindred soul" to contemporary gay poets.

To the second group, Thompson ranks as one of the important English-language Catholic poets of the twentieth century. A neo-classical writer of cosmopolitan sensibility, he cultivated an austere and formal style to explore themes of history, culture, and religion ... He burned brightly for a few years, and then disappeared from public view... His voice remains vital and genuinely expressive. Thompson occupies a unique place in both Catholic and gay American letters, as well as in the literature of World War II." (ibid.).

Light folds. In very good condition.

Geoffrey Faber, Chairman Richard de la Mare Morley Kennerley (u.s.a.) T. S. Eliot W. J. Crawley P. F. du Sautoy

## FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON  
MUSeum 9543 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

10th February 1943.

Dunstan Thompson, Esq.,  
6 Norfolk Road,  
St. John's Wood,  
London, N.W.3.

My dear Thompson,

I have been very slow in thanking you for your kind letter of January 4th, but I assure you that I have still other letters unanswered and have been answering them by fits and starts. It came as a surprise to me to learn that you were living in St. John's Wood. How is it that you have been in the neighbourhood without having let me know? I hope you can come and have a meal with me again soon and should like to be assured that you are still here and staying put.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

T. S. Eliot



Richard de la Mare, Chairman. P. F. du Sautoy, Vice-Chairman  
Lady Faber, T. S. Eliot, Morley Kennerley (U.S.A.), Alan Pringle, David Bland, Charles Monteith, Peter Crawley

## FABER AND FABER LTD

PUBLISHERS

24 Russell Square London WC1  
Fabbaf London W.C.1. Museum 9543

TSE/PB

22nd October, 1963.

Miss Winifred Myers,  
Messrs. Winifred A. Myers Ltd.,  
80, New Bond Street,  
London, W.1.

My dear Winnie,

What a very generous birthday present you have given me and how much pleasure it gives to both of us. You know how we feel about Coleridge and all associations to do with him. I think we shall have to have this one framed like the others to hang on our walls. I do appreciate this very generous and particularly welcome birthday present.

We leave for New York on the 30th November and proceed thence to the warmer climate of Nassau in the Bahamas where I know at least that there is good bathing and sun-bathing as well. I hope to return to London in March completely restored.

After my severe illness of last winter I was unable to get away in time for us to go so far south as it would have been too hot and we went instead to Bermuda which is not nearly so clement or suitable and where sea bathing was out of the question. But, I hope this year to return to London quite restored in health.

Thank you again for your most generous and appropriate birthday present.

Yours affectionately,

Pom

P.S. I do not in the least object to Southey on the same page with Cottle's reference! Indeed, I think it adds to the interest of the documents.



**ELIOT THANKS BOOKSELLER WINIFRED MYERS FOR  
A LITERARY BIRTHDAY PRESENT**

- 35. ELIOT (T.S.)**      Typed Letter Signed (“Tom”) to “My dear Winnie”  
(Winifred Myers, bookseller), thanking her for “very generous and  
particularly welcome birthday present”,

*1 page 4to, Faber and Faber, 24 Russell Square, 22 October 1963.*

**£1,200**

Winnie Myers, legendary bookseller who took over her father, Ike Myers', business on his death in 1944, was head of the Antiquarian Bookseller's Association in 1950-2 (the ABA's second female President), and by the 1960s was selling predominantly autographs and manuscripts from her shop at 80 New Bond Street, trading as *Winifred A. Myers (Autographs) Ltd.* She was known to be very generous with her gifts, for instance it was “Winnie's custom to present the school [North London Collegiate, her school] with some choice and appropriate autograph item on each Founder's Day in April” (Robin Myers, ‘Winifred A. Myers’ <https://aba.org.uk/page/winifred-myers>). Her gift to T. S. Eliot on his 75th birthday was evidently an autograph item related to the Romantics: “What a very generous birthday present you have given me and how much pleasure it gives to both of us. You know how we feel about Coleridge and all associations to do with him. I think we shall have to have this one framed like the others to hang on our walls ... thank you ... for your most generous and appropriate birthday present.” His postscript also mentions Robert “Southey” (and “Cottle's reference”) - “I think it adds to the interest of the documents.”

Eliot signs his name familiarly, “Tom”, and the rest of the contents of the letter indicate their amicable friendship - he writes about his health, recent illness and travels, and imminent travel to “New York on the 30th November”; proceeding “thence to the warmer climate of Nassau in the Bahamas where I know at least that there is good bathing and sun-bathing as well. I hope to return to London in March completely restored.”

Folds, otherwise near fine.

**A SKETCH BY CODNER OF ELIOT SPEAKING AT THE GARRICK, 1950**

**36.** [ELIOT, T. S.] CODNER, Maurice. (1888-1958) Artist.

Pencil sketch of T. S. Eliot speaking at The Garrick by Maurice Codner on a Garrick Club menu,

*Double page pencil drawing on recto and final verso of menu, 4 pp 8vo with all edges green, Garrick Club, 25 April 1950.*

**Sold**

A sketchy but distinct Eliot is drawn standing in front of the dense hang of the paintings that adorn the walls of the Garrick, one hand in pocket, one hand at his lapel; a table strewn with glasses is in the fore, an apparently rapt audience of five seated men (and one standing) surround him.

Menu includes Smoked Scotch Salmon, Creme St. Germain, Faisan d'Ecosse Roti, Pommes Liar, Bread Sauce.

Maurice Codner was a prolific and successful portrait painter; in 1951 he painted the last portrait of George VI, in Field Marshal's uniform and Garter robes, for the Honourable Artillery Company.



## NOVELISATION OF THE FAMOUS FILM

**37.** [FEARN (John Russell)] as Vargo STATTEN.

**Creature from the Black Lagoon.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original blue cloth, spine lettered in gilt, pictorial dust jacket. Luton, Dragon. [1954].*

£7,500

The first edition of the novelisation of the famous film, rare to find in such excellent condition.

Vargo Statten was one of the pseudonyms of the author John Russell Fearn, who was a prolific writer especially in the genre of speculative and science fiction.

An exceptional copy, near fine, with light wear to edges of jacket, offsetting to endpapers, and tear in the bottom corner of the gutter of the final few leaves, likely caused by a manufacturing fault.



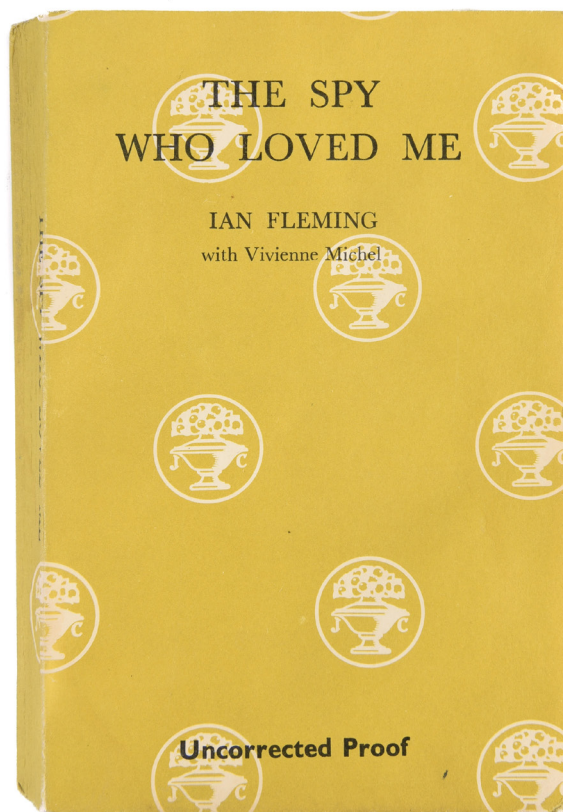
**UNCORRECTED PROOF COPY IN RARE PROOF DUST JACKET**

**38. FLEMING (Ian).     The Spy Who Loved Me.**

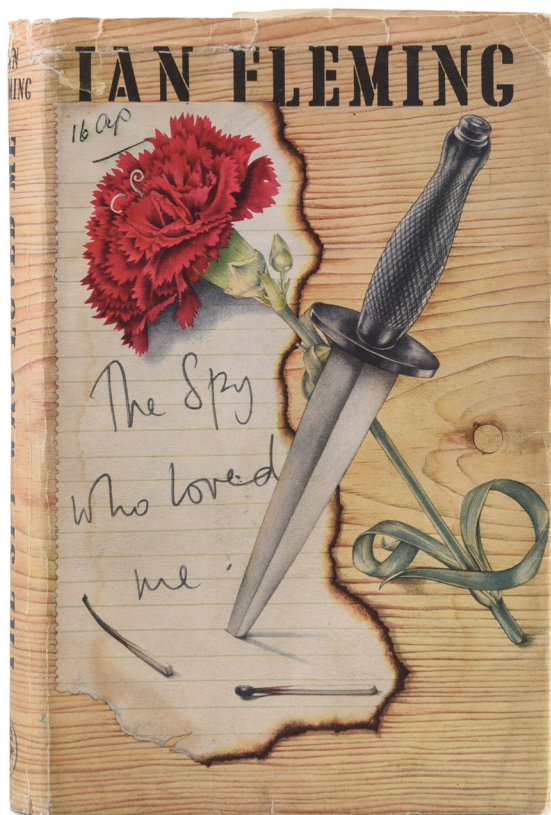
*Uncorrected proof copy. 8vo. Original printed paper wrappers, and rare proof dust jacket. London, Jonathan Cape. [Issued September 1961] 1962.*

**£7,500**

Richard Chopping was late with his cover design, and only a limited number of proof copies were issued with a dust jacket. Jon Gilbert, in *Ian Fleming the Bibliography* quotes a letter from Michael Howard to Chopping "I understand from Ian that as you had upped the price, you had undertaken in return to do the job quickly, and, if we have to wait until November for the original picture, it will be the end of the year before we get colour proofs, and this will halve the chances of getting a good pre-publication sale. Proofs of the book are already being distributed... libraries suppliers' travellers can only carry jackets on which to elicit orders... We shall do Ian a great dis-service if we can't get his jacket out during the next month or two".







The proof dust jacket differs to that on the first edition in a number of ways; “proofs are more red in colour [...] the copyright to the front flap is markedly different and there is no ‘Wilkinson Swords’ credit. The front flap also features the misspelling ‘Adirondacs’ for ‘Adirondacks’ (line 6). The corners of the flaps are unclipped and the rear flap is much wider. The rear panel does not feature ‘THE TIMES’ newspaper reference in capitals which therefore gives a different meaning to the phrase ‘Verdicts of the times!’ (Gilbert).

A very good copy. Water staining to the inside of the dust jacket, only affecting the recto in a small area of the front cover, some rubbing and small tears to extremities and especially to the top and tail of the spine, contemporary note to front panel “16 ap”. Paper wrappers in exceedingly good condition, and internally fine, although with slight lean to text block. With a custom made folding solander box.

Gilbert, *Ian Fleming the Bibliography*, A10a. Uncorrected Proof Copy.

## JAMES BOND VS SOVIET SUPER-SPY AVAKOUM ZAHOV

### 39. [FLEMING (Ian).] GULYASHKI (Andrei).

Sreshtu 07. Roman. [Avakoum Zahov versus 07.]

*First edition. 8vo. Original printed wrappers. Sofia, Bulgarski Pisatel. 1966.*

£2,000

The true first edition of this important milestone in the reception of James Bond within the Soviet Union.

Shrestu 07, by the experienced Bulgarian spy-fiction writer Andrei Gulyashki, pits James Bond against the Soviet super-spy Avakoum Zahov. It was one of the first novels depicting the character of James Bond to be published after Ian Fleming's death in 1964, and its English language publication the following year by the obscure Australian sleaze publisher Scripts triggered a major debate over copyright law.

The reception of James Bond in the Soviet Union was predictably hostile and both books and films were banned. The Izvestia review of the film of Dr No derided Fleming as "a retired spy who has turned mediocre writer" and posed the question "Who's interested in this rubbish?": Fleming was delighted, and tried to persuade Jonathan Cape to print the review in its entirety on the rear cover of his next Bond book, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. In response the KGB commissioned Sreshtu 07, hoping that a spy story written from a 'Marxist-Leninist point of view' would be useful "in furthering their political philosophy, and in countering the attractions of Bond" (Michael Connick). Gulyashki was already established as a writer of spy fiction in the Soviet bloc and at the time was "editor of Plamuk [Flame], a well-respected literary journal issued by The Union of Bulgarian Writers." Bond's opponent Avakoum Zahov, who in his pipe-smoking deductive manner owes something to Holmes, was a pre-existing character for Gulyashki, first introduced in 1959.

Cassells bought the English language publishing rights and entered a long dispute with Fleming's company: "Bondmania was sweeping Europe and the USA as a result of the success of the films. Much was at stake. Both Glidrose and Cassells had by then taken legal advice . . . Glidrose were unbending and when Cassells sought to challenge them, Ann Fleming told Gentry fair and square that she would do everything in her power to prevent publication of Gulyashki's book. Moreover, she said, Eon Productions, the producer of the Bond films, was also strongly opposed to the book and would support them financially in any lawsuit. After havoring for six



months, Cassells backed down” (Fleming).

The affair triggered intense debate concerning use of the character of James Bond after the death of Fleming “and how new life could be breathed into Bond so as to keep control of the business.” Bond’s old agent Peter Janson-Smith “went to work and in 1968 the first faux Bond was published, Colonel Sun, by Kingsley Amis writing as Robert Markham. This was an inspiration that still has legs: nearly forty Bond novels have been published since the death of his creator.”

The Bulgarian State department gave up on the project and this is the only printing of the book in Bulgarian. The fugitive Australian edition now “has the reputation of being the scarcest of all Bondiana.” (Fleming). This original edition is also rare, with both OCLC and Library Hub listing a copy each in the UK (BL) and North America (California State, Sacramento Library). KVK adds a copy in Germany (Staatsbibliothek zu Berlin).

Fleming, James. *Bond Behind the Iron Curtain* (Cheltenham, The Book Collector. 2021.)



West Hail Hunt

Alger Hanner

Dorling

6-9-39

Dear A. J. A. Synon

You will be astonished to receive a  
letter on a sensible subject in such language  
these, but before the clouds of imbecility and  
barbarity finally close down I should like  
to record how intoxicated I was, in the  
highest sense of the word, by the Chateau  
d'Yquem which you so generously sent me.

What a sentence! Not a model one,  
and I have an uneasy notion that imbecil-  
ity should only have one 'i'. However I  
shall learn soon enough in the future, as for



SHORTLY AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WW2, FORSTER THANKS SYMONS  
FOR HIS GIFT OF CHATEAU D'YQUEM

40. FORSTER E. M.

Autograph Letter Signed ("E M Forster") to A J A Symons,  
11/4pages 4to. West Hackhurst, Abinger Hammer, Dorking, 6th September 1939.

Sold

Writing five days after the outbreak of World War II, Forster writes to thank A J A Symons for a superlative bottle of wine.

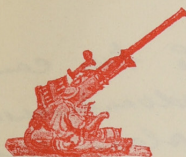
"You will be astonished to receive a letter on a sensible subject such times as these, but before the clouds of imbecillity [sic] and barbarity finally close down I should like to record how intoxicated I was, in the highest sense of the word, by the Chateau d'Yquem which you so generously sent me."

He also agonises over his spelling, "What a sentence! Not a model one, and I have an uneasy notion that imbecility should only have one 'L'." And expresses his gratitude for the wine, and "for the present [time], which mercifully still exists."

Symons was a dandy and an epicure, and no stranger to 'living it up'. He was a co-founder of the Saintsbury (wine) club in 1931 and the Wine and Food Society in 1933. After war broke out in 1939 food rationing began once again, and Symons published *The Unration Book*, a parody of an official publication. Soon after, in November 1939, two months after this letter, Symons fell ill, possibly after having suffered a stroke. He died two years later, at the age of 41. He "lived a financially precarious life to the full and, in his own phrase, 'no one so poor has lived so well' (Symons, *Life*, 268)" (Giles Barber, ODNB).

Written from West Hackhurst, the house built and designed by Forster's architect father; Forster lived there from 1925 with his mother, until her death in 1945.

Folds. Light foxing to both sides; and light age toning to recto, corresponding with letter previously being framed. Tear at right edge, neatly repaired.



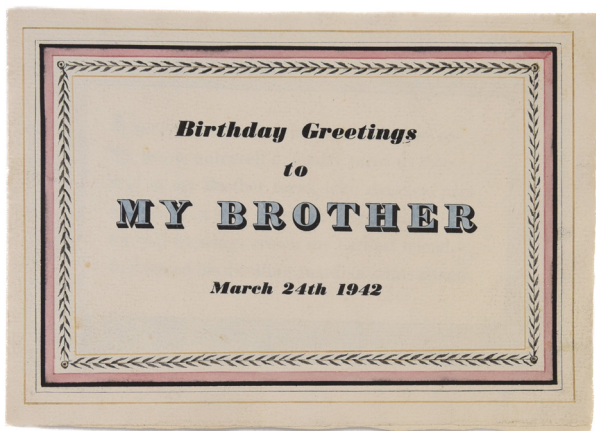
C.

53rd Lt. A.A. Regt., R.A.

Don't laugh too scornfully at my sad attempt at perspective. The room is not so big as it looks here. It's a bit longer, quite a bit, but slightly narrower than the Southwood study room. The two uprights from the - centre cross beam are not so tall as they look here. The outside front is something like this:-



Main Road The whole front is old red-brick & in summer covered with creepers.



## A QUINTESSENTIAL ENGLISH ARTISTIC FAMILY

41. HASSALL (Joan and Christopher). Correspondence and artwork, being John Schroder's archive of his friendship with Joan and Christopher Hassall.

*Mounted in 3 large 4to., blank books, bound in half blue morocco, and half red rexine. Covering the late 1930s to the mid 1960s.*

Sold

John Schroder's archive of Joan and Christopher Hassall, principally consisting of correspondence from Christopher to Joan, and from them and their circle to Schroder himself.

It is a significant biographical resource for this quintessential English artistic and literary family, and although it's principally epistolary, it has a few very fine examples of Joan's work, including two watercolour variants of her 1942 birthday card for Christopher. Schroder's main interest was in Rupert Brooke, and there are interesting reflections of Brooke scholarship, with Eddie Marsh always in the background, and Geoffrey Keynes sometimes in the foreground.

Christopher had an interesting war, serving at home in the anti-aircraft regiment of the Royal Artillery. He notably befriended the architect Denys Lasdun and the publisher John Guest – their army friendship was memorably described in John Guest's minor masterpiece *Broken Images* – and the correspondence includes significant references to both of them. Christopher's unguarded letters offer a moving picture of life in the services, the moments of misery, comedy and camaraderie, and also offer an insight into Joan's personal life, with frequent reference to her depressive illness - what the family described as her "visits to Slough" - the "occasional visit to Slough is your destiny, just as much as wood-cutting, painting and other manifestations of Genius is your destiny."

Among the other correspondents we find Frances Cornford, who initially introduced Schroder to Hassall. We also find, almost as an aside, a picture of patronage, in which the collector's acquisitive instinct (aided by his wealth) is balanced with the creators' genuine friendship and kindness.

Full description available on our website.

**"THESE PAMPHLETS ARE VERY VALUABLE"**

**42. HEANEY (Seamus). Eleven Poems.**

*First edition, first issue. 8vo. Original printed wrappers. Belfast, Festival Publications, Queen's University of Belfast.*

[offered with:] **LONGLEY (Michael). Ten Poems.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original printed wrappers. Belfast, Festival Publications, Queen's University of Belfast. [1965].*

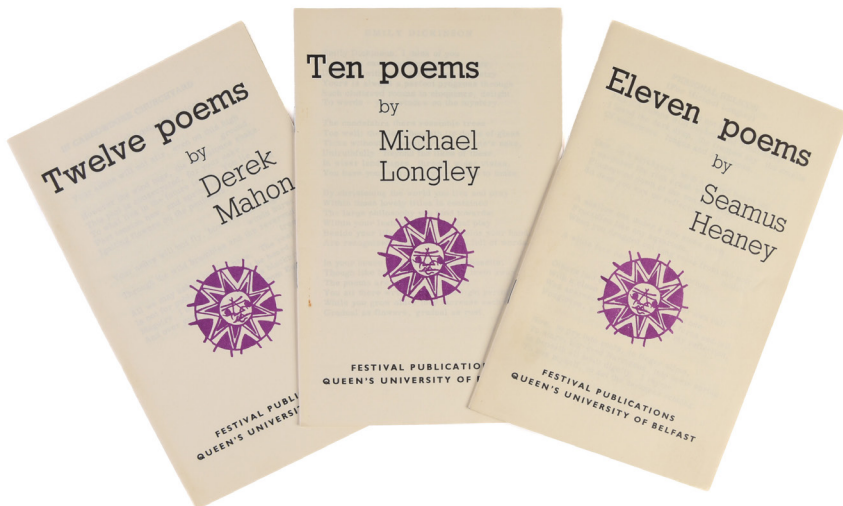
[and:] **MAHON (Michael). Twelve Poems.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original printed wrappers. Belfast, Festival Publications, Queen's University of Belfast. [1965].*

**£7,500**

A pristine copy of the correct first issue of Heaney's scarce first book, from the library of Jon Stallworthy, in its original mailing envelope (with Stallworthy's endearing post-it note "These pamphlets are very valuable. JS 2/2/02") and with a covering letter from Mary Mills of the Festival Office, thanking him for his cheque for £1, and sending the "series to date", which consists of the Heaney, Michael Longley's Ten Poems and Derek Mahon's Twelve Poems. The Longley and Mahon are also included for context. The Longley has a just-discernible rust mark, otherwise they're both equally fine.

Stallworthy and Heaney, who initially met as students of Yeats, were to become close friends, with Stallworthy describing him as "prince of men and poets" [from his memoir by Peter France, published online by the British Academy].





**RARE PROOF COPY**

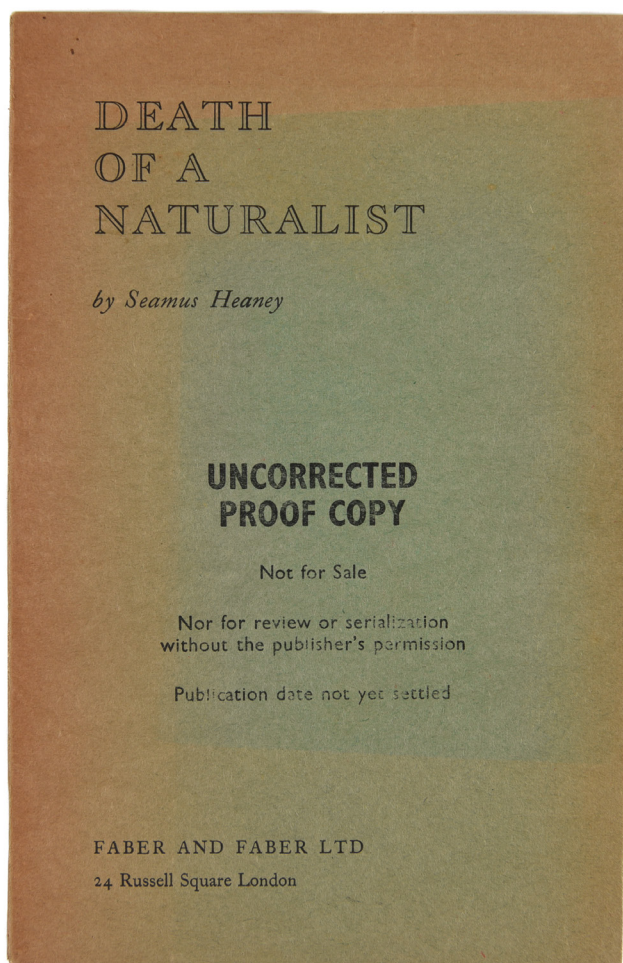
**43. HEANEY (Seamus). Death of a Naturalist.**

*Uncorrected proof copy. 8vo. Original green wrappers. London, Faber and Faber. 1966.*

**£3,500**

Loosely inserted is a publisher's compliments slip, with a typed note on the verso from the Faber poetry editor, Rosemary Goad, saying that she had "... failed to get hold of Seamus Heaney; but I enclose a proof copy. Publication date not yet finally settled but it will probably be around June 2nd, 1966".

Slightly browned overall, otherwise an excellent copy.



## SINGED IN THE YEAR OF PUBLICATION

### 44. HEANEY (Seamus). Death of a Naturalist.

First edition. 8vo. Original green cloth, dust jacket. London, Faber and Faber. 1966.

£5,000

A presentation copy of Heaney's first regularly published collection, inscribed by the author in the year of publication with a quotation from James Graham's "To his Mistress": "For E.R. Patton - He either fears too much/ or his deserts are small/ who will not put it to the touch/ And stand to lose it all. Seamus Heaney, October 1966".

An earlier owner has identified the recipient as Elsie R. Patton, who appears to have grown up as a daughter of the manse in Cloughwater, Co. Antrim, and later taught at Bangor Grammar School (a prize for poetry is given in her memory). She was sister in law of Leopold Richardson, Hon. Professor of Classics at TCD, described on an inserted note as a friend of Heaney's. Heaney's inscription has been added to, presumably by Patton, to include 'his fate' to read: 'He either fears his fate too much'. On the front pastedown in the same hand is a lengthy note quoting variants of the poem.

A very good copy, spine sunned as usual, some wear to extremities of jacket, and small chips to head and tail of spine. Brandes & Durkan A2a.

For E.R. Patton -  
He either fears, <sup>his fate</sup> too much  
or his deserts are small  
who will not put it to the touch  
And stand to lose it all.  
  
Seamus Heaney,  
October 1966

## "SHIFTING BRILLIANCES" SIGNED BY HEANEY AND FELIM EGAN

**45. HEANEY (Seamus). Squarings. Twelve Poems. Lithographs by Felim Egan.**

*First edition, one of 100 copies signed by author and artist, 60 of which were for sale. Frontispiece and four further lithographs by Felim Egan. Printed on handmade Velin Arches Blanc paper. Square large 4to. Original full cream natural calf with title in blind on upper cover, pale green endpapers. Dublin, Hieroglyph Editions. 1991.*

£6,000

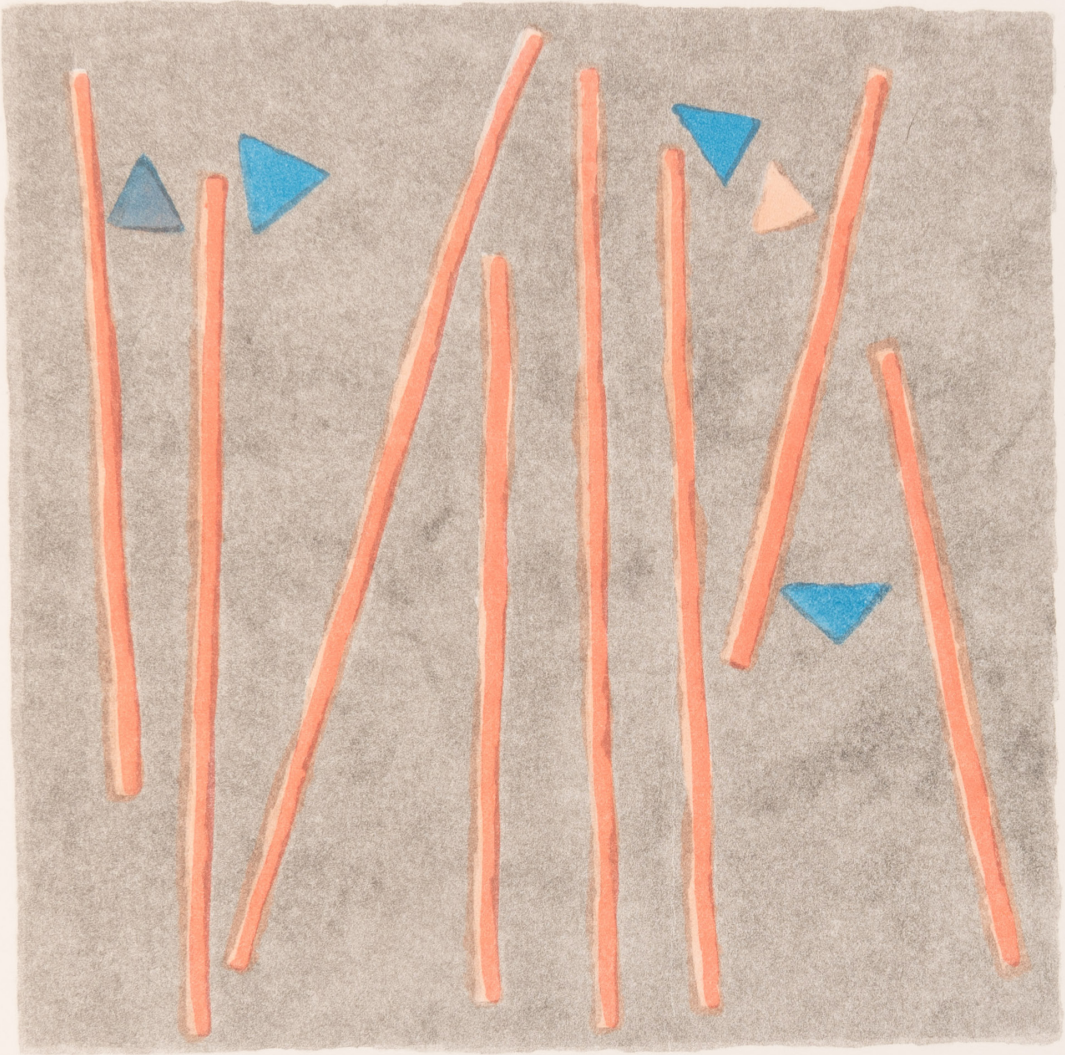
A fine copy in a mid-blue Solander box, with title in silver on the spine and upper cover.

The first separate printing of one of Heaney's most well-loved sequences which display "an astonishing imaginative freedom, wholly unpredictable from Heaney's past work" (Lachlan Mckinnon, TLS). The series of twelve line poems, essentially sonnets which have been squared off by excision of the final couplet, "make as real as possible the represented sensory experiences of the child, conveying their aromas and textures as though at first hand. Perhaps no poet has ever been better at this one thing... The minute and crabbed always opens out into 'infinity,' whose dimensions are only glimpsed from the confines of a room, the arbitrary boundaries of a game of marbles or a short poem in regular stanzas" (Dan Chiasson, *The New Yorker*).

Heaney described his collaboration with Felim Egan, one of Ireland's leading abstract artists, as "an attempt to catch at something fleet and promising", and on reading Egan's artist's statement, one can see exactly why his work caught the poet's eye: "soft squares and wobbly circles, plotted arbitrarily as the stars appear to be, working on a way to make these incongruous icons and fragments blend but never completely . . . in many ways, a reflection of the chaotic world we live in, trying to make a sense of it all through the language of painting".









INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

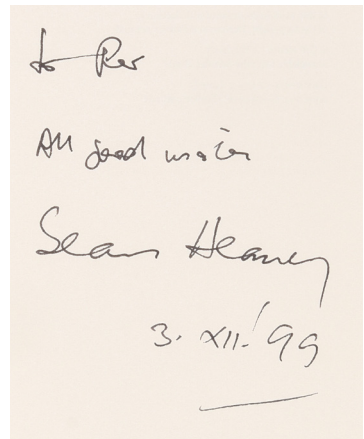
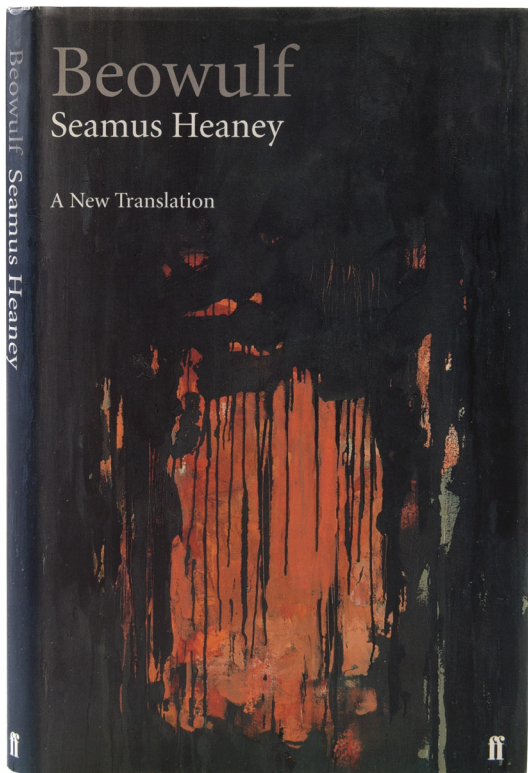
**46. HEANEY (Seamus). Beowulf.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original dark blue boards, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Faber and Faber. 1999.*

£1,750

Inscribed by the author to Peter Nijmeijer, his Dutch translator, 'To Per, All good wishes Seamus Heaney 3. XII. 99' in black ink to the title page.

A fine copy in dust jacket.



**"AS THE YEARS WENT ON, I'D SAY I LEARNED TO DO THAT SECOND THING,  
TO GIVE THE POEM BREATHING SPACE, MAKE ITS MEDIUM THE AIR.  
I LISTEN OUT ON THE LINE..."**

**47. HEANEY (Seamus). Correspondence with Harry Thomas**  
(of Davidson College, North Carolina)

*A characteristically generous small archive, consisting of three ALS, three TLS, six APcS, eight envelopes (7 in holograph, one typed), three faxes, two copies of the transcription of the interview (one, 17 pages, annotated by Heaney), two typed copies of Heaney's poem 'Oedipus at Colonus' (adapted from Sophocles), and a colour photograph of Heaney at the podium. 191 Strand Road, Harvard University, and two with Seamus Heaney / Seamus and Marie Heaney headed cards. 9 November 1993 to St Patrick's Day 2004.*

**£8,500**

Harry Thomas, poet, translator, teacher and publisher, was teaching a course called 'The Art of Poetry' at Davidson College in North Carolina, when he organised a series of group interviews between his students and invited poets. Heaney's open-hearted thank you letter (written from the plane home) speaks of "the mood of welcome that prevailed all through the visit. The way your sponsorship of my work had worked was evident to me, and I want you to realize that I value the teaching that preceded the event and the good disposition that envisaged it in the first place."

Heaney's trip to North Carolina was in April 1994; by September he had received a copy of the interview as compiled by Thomas ("I am stunned by the act of transcription and grateful for the huge effort you put in."). Due to current commitments ("the Paris Review transcript"), an upcoming Antipodean visit, and his opinion that "there are far too many interviews of mine in print", he declines the opportunity for the interview to appear in a "national magazine". In spite of this, Heaney does express enthusiasm for an "abbreviated version of the text" to appear, "for the sake of the students ... in their magazine." It is not clear whether the interview appeared in the Davidson College magazine in 1994, however, the interviews (with six poets, including Heaney) were edited by Thomas and published together in book form in 2003, almost 10 years after Heaney's interview, under the title *Talking with Poets*. One of the other featured poets, David Ferry, is mentioned by Heaney in his second letter to Thomas (12 May 1994): "it was a refreshment to read your review of David Ferry", "where learning and ear and integrated literary intelligence made the thing so reliable and salubrious".

The present 17-page transcript of Heaney's interview was sent to him in 2001,

Fax: (353-1) 260 0807

2007

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un in poem) -  
for the  
killed her  
taught

034230



A thousand thanks  
for sending on the  
book. Just the kind  
of special delivery  
this faster of these  
needs in early summer.  
And, yes, I'm afraid  
"scholarship" is  
part of my edition  
BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD  
Abune Gebre Menfes Qidus flanked by St.  
Michael and Fanuel. Miniature in the archaic  
manner, mid 17th century, Lalibela, Ethiopia.  
From a private collection in Oxford. Copyright  
Bent Juel-Jensen  
C.164  
of commemoration. Elevated but well-intended. E



Harvard University  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN  
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LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE  
WARREN HOUSE, 11 PRESCOTT ST.  
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS 02138

Harry Thomas

Harry Thomas  
Department of English  
Davidson College

POST CARD



PARAVION  
AERPOSTAL  
OE 76

PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Harry Thomas  
English Dep  
Davidson College  
Davidson  
North Carolina  
U.S.A. 28

7.X.198 POST

The Dear is spot on,  
I think. The one line  
that isn't near the  
wind is the hamstring  
one, but all the rest  
have that objective yet  
serene inwardly statementary  
force. "The facts are  
all known". It comes  
through strong, and clear -  
a good holding, love to A. Strong  
Centenary of A Shro  
The Housman Society, 80, New Road, Br  
Maybe the 'not juggling' line c

BOLOGNA - Basilica di S. Stefano  
Gruppo dei Magi - Scultura in lignea  
(Simone dei Crocifissi 1370)  
Groupes des Mages - Sculpture en bois  
(Simone dei Crocifissi 1370)  
The three Magi group - Wood carving  
(Simone dei Crocifissi 1370)  
Die heiligen drei Könige - Holzschnitzerei  
(Simone dei Crocifissi 1370)

Many thanks for the  
James Henry material  
the book will be full of  
interest. And thanks you  
also for the Bradsky poem,  
sent long ago. I thought  
the telemachus was  
wonderfully firm and for  
and the Chantrell, Pittman, etc.  
good + fine material for it's in  
dark times - but well in B





Interview with Seamus Heaney: April 30, 1994

SH: I really appreciate you all allowing me a morning off yesterday down in Greensboro. I got some things done that I couldn't have got done this morning.

Stephen Faller: Sleep?

SH: No, letters. Some letters.

Nathan Ligo: To whom do you write?

SH: I write letters to friends occasionally, but I do correspondence all the time. I'm at the stage of life where lots of people I know are unfortunately getting ill and some people dying. A lot of what I would call letters--as opposed to correspondence--arises out of those situations. Tomas

Tranströmer, the Swedish poet, who is another person who has had his distress--he had a stroke, <sup>so can hardly speak</sup>

but before he had the stroke, ~~when he was merry and accurate he still is merry and accurate, but he can't speak~~ he said about letters, "Some letters, unless you answer them immediately, they keep putting on weight." So I had some weighty correspondence to deal with yesterday.

Chris Hass: Your poems have such life on the page, and then hearing you read them last night I was impressed by how much life, a different life, they have in the air. So I was wondering which medium, the page or the air, you think is the ideal place for them.

SH: Well, that's an either/or question and I find it hard to come down easy on one side or the other.

As a reader, certainly, in the beginning I think I heard poetry off and through the page. ~~But~~ I did hear it. ~~Yet when I was writing in the beginning, maybe I was sort of a page-writer, as you call it.~~

~~But as the years have gone on, I hear it into the air more.~~ I listen out on the line. I hear it as a spoken thing more, which is going against, of course, the trend of critical theory. I'm going in completely the opposite direction. As critical practice and critical theory tend towards thinking of

*Yet probably I was indeed what you call a page writer. I was inclined to load every rift with ore and to forget the other rule, namely that a poem needs breathing space inside it too. As the years went on, I'd say I learned to do the second thing, to give the poem breathing space, to make its medium the air.*

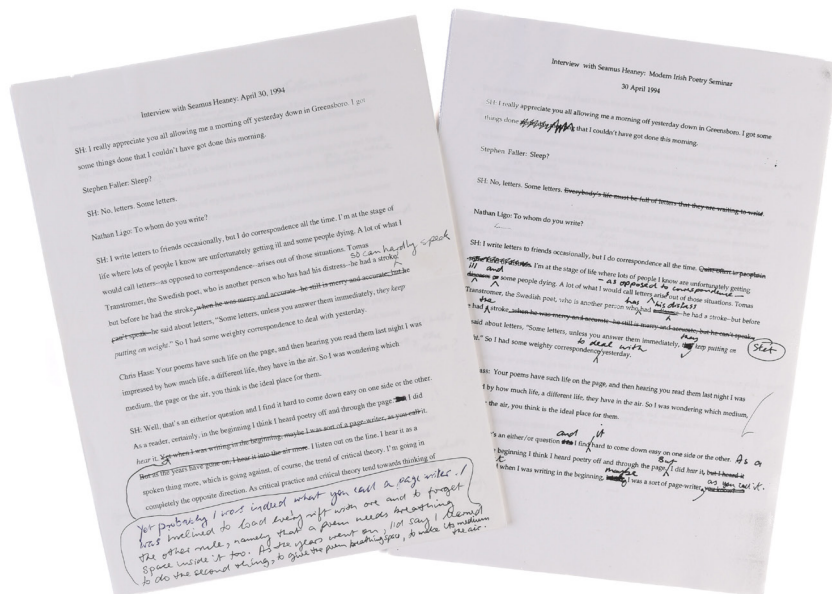


as Thomas begins to prepare this book for publication. Heaney extensively annotated it before returning it with a TLS that clarifies some of his notes. The revisions are largely clarifications but are not without substance: for instance, he removes his own comparison of his work to that of Whitman, and in a brilliant spiel on the Irishness of Irish writing suppresses a passage: “the doctrinal, confessional, faith, credibility aspect of Joyce, his questioning.”

Within the correspondence there are other bits and pieces about poetry (Heaney offers his comments on an Anglo-Saxon piece translated by Thomas), and other poets, include appreciation for Brodsky’s poem ‘Odysseus to Telemachus’ – “I thought [it] was wonderfully firm and forthright”. He mentions his own translation of Beowulf; thanks Thomas for some James Henry material; and notes that the upcoming edition published by Lilliput “will be full of interest”.

In early 2004 Heaney, the best of correspondents, writes two cards, a week apart, thanking Thomas for the book, enclosing the same translation of a speech in *Oedipus at Colonnus*. The first: “I had been waiting years to have go at it, but a while go a couple of things conspired to get me started, one being that beautiful ‘last look’ of Edward Thomas’s that Peter quotes in his introduction”. The second: “A quiet day in the cottage. Blackbird in the ivy, wife in the garden, scribe in the upstairs room...”

Full description available on our website.



## PASSING THE JEALOUSY TEST

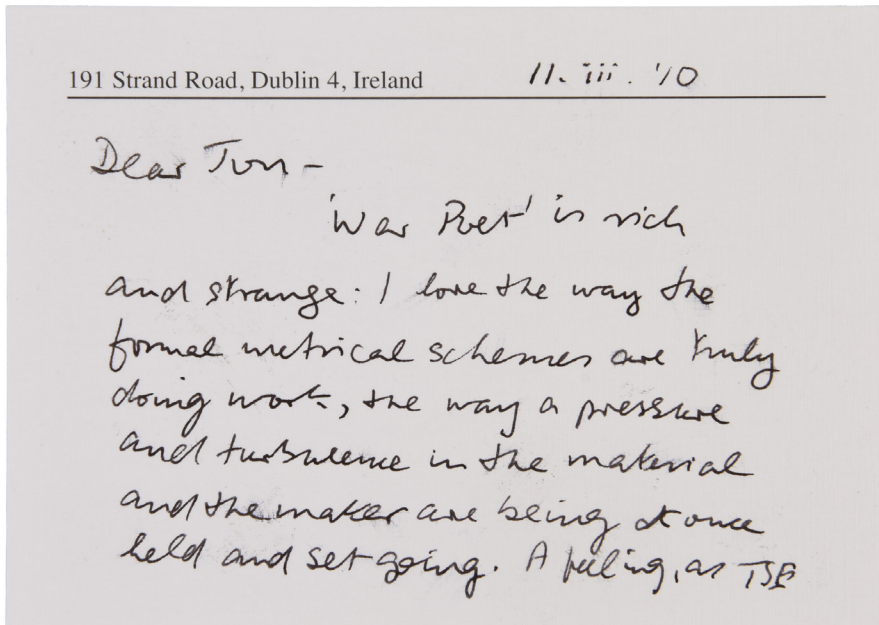
### 48. HEANEY (Seamus).

Autograph Card Signed to Jon Stallworthy.

2 pages oblong 4to on stationery of 191 Strand Road, original mailing envelope with holograph address in Heaney's hand. 2 March 2010.

£500

A rich and dense card congratulating Stallworthy on his poem "War Poet" (not then published) - the card moves toward a climax of enthusiasm, mirrored by the increasingly small and cramped hand: "A feeling, as TSE might have it, of acute personal reminiscence informing the phantasmagoria . . . The Dante Terza and the Orphic form and the general 'grief and reason' all coming together in poetry. Passing the jealousy test. Making one believe in the art. You have done the Labour and deserve the opus that has come of it. Gaudeus gaudeo. Gratias argo."



**"TO ARTHUR - THE HOUR IS APPROACHING  
- PULL UP YOUR SOCKS. WINSTON"**

**49. [HOUGHTON (Arthur A.)] CHURCHILL (Winston S.)**

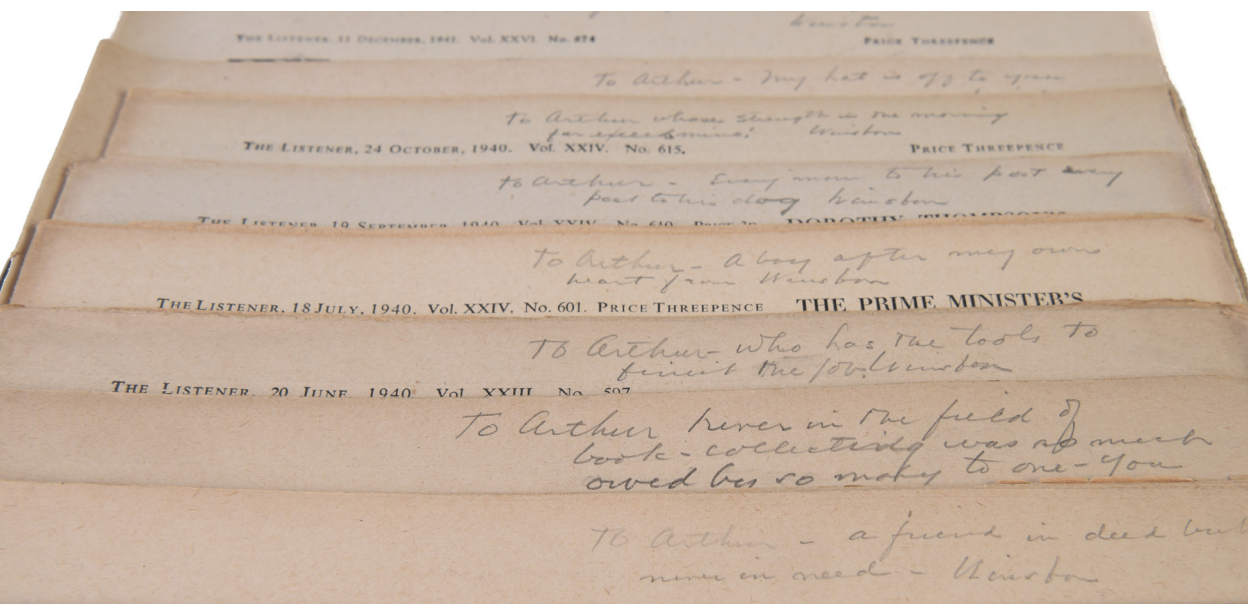
**The Listener.**

18 issues of *The Listener*. Many illustrations. 4to. Original printed wrappers, stapled as issued. In an early stout cloth folding box with chemise. London, Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation. 5 October, 1939 to 7 June 1945.

Sold

Eighteen issues of *The Listener* each including one of Churchill's wartime speeches, and each bearing an inscription from William A. Jackson to Arthur A. Houghton impersonating Churchill. A humorous and remarkable souvenir of bibliophily in wartime, as two titans of a golden age of rare book culture cheerfully subvert it.

The inscriptions all relate to the individual *Listener* issue: among them we find "To Arthur, never in the field of book-collecting was as much owed by so many to one - you. Winston"; "To Arthur - who has the tools to finish the job. Winston"; "to Arthur - every man to his post every post to his dog. Winston"; "to Arthur - my hat is off to you. Winston"; "To Arthur, on my second anniversary as the King's minister - hi! Winston"; "To Arthur, a first class mate. Winston"; "To Arthur - the hour is approaching - pull up your socks. Winston". In the issue of 17 May, VE Day is celebrated with "To Arthur - We did it again - you and I. Winston." The reality of post war life is marked in the issue of 7 June 1945, in which Churchill began his election campaign: Jackson inscribes it "To Arthur - see where I am now - p 629. I wonder if all the blood, sweat and tears were worth it. Winston"



Arthur Amory Houghton Jr, businessman, numismatist, cattle breeder and bibliophile, had an unusual war. From 1940 - 1942, while still with a major involvement in his substantial family firm, Corning Glass, he was Curator of Rare Books at the Library of Congress, and established the eponymous Library at Harvard, before joining the United States Air Force. Bill Jackson (1935 - 1964) played a central role in establishing the library and was its first librarian, having already had a distinguished career as bibliographer. Houghton and Jackson had a famously good relationship, bookish and cocktail-fuelled. The keeper of Books at the British Museum, Sir Frank Francis, quoted in *The Book Collector*, described how “for all his phenomenal bibliographical learning [Jackson] was a very lovable human being, friendly, generous and rather boyish both in his appearance and in his enthusiasm for his work and for his own outstanding achievements in it.”

An excellent set housed in an early stout cloth folding box with chemise.





**ASSOCIATION COPY - LANGSTON HUGHES & HIS FRIEND  
AND COLLABORATOR, DOUGLAS GEOFFREY BRIDSON**

**50. HUGHES (Langston). DECARAVA (Roy)., photographer.**  
**The Sweet Flypaper of Life.**

*Black and white photographic illustrations throughout. First edition, first printing, paperback issue. 8vo. Original printed stiff paper wrappers. New York, Simon and Schuster. 1955.*

**£1,500**

Inscribed by Langston Hughes "Happy Holidays" in green ink to a printed presentation label tipped-in to the inside cover above the elegant book label of the British poet and radio producer Douglas Geoffrey Bridson (1910-1980).

Langston Hughes had met Bridson in a bar in Hell's Kitchen in late 1943 and their shared politics and love of poetry and jazz sparked a strong and lasting friendship. In 1944 they produced together one of the most extraordinary Anglo-American collaborations in broadcast history, *The Man who went to War*, a ballad opera telling the story of a family in the Blitz, in which all the parts were played by African-Americans and the music included spirituals and blues. They would not collaborate again until the early 60s, when Bridson recorded a series of interviews with Hughes which culminated in 1964 in an epic 19-part series for the BBC's Third Programme, *The Negro in America*.

DeCarava's intimate portraits of daily life in Harlem were produced under a Guggenheim fellowship (he was the first Black photographer to receive the grant). From 500 images, Hughes had free reign to select, and he carved a touching and entirely fictional narrative, the musings of a Harlem grandmother: 'It is one of the most successful collaborations between a great writer and a great photographer ever published' (Roth, 138). There was also a hardback issue, but the more fragile paperback issue was both more radical in design (the text flowing from front cover directly onto p.1) and more influential.

An unusually well preserved copy of a fragile publication, edges very slightly rubbed.

# THE SWEET FLYPAPER OF LIFE

**Roy DeCarava and Langston Hughes**

**W**hen the bicycle of the Lord bearing His messenger with a telegram for Sister Mary Bradley saying "Come home" arrived at 113 West 134th Street, New York City, Sister Bradley said, "Boy, take that wire right on back to St. Peter because I am not prepared to go. I might be a little sick, but as yet I ain't no ways tired." And she would not even sign for the message—since she had read it first, while claiming she could not find

(continued on page 3)



INSCRIBED BY HUGHES TO BRIDSON

51. HUGHES (Langston).

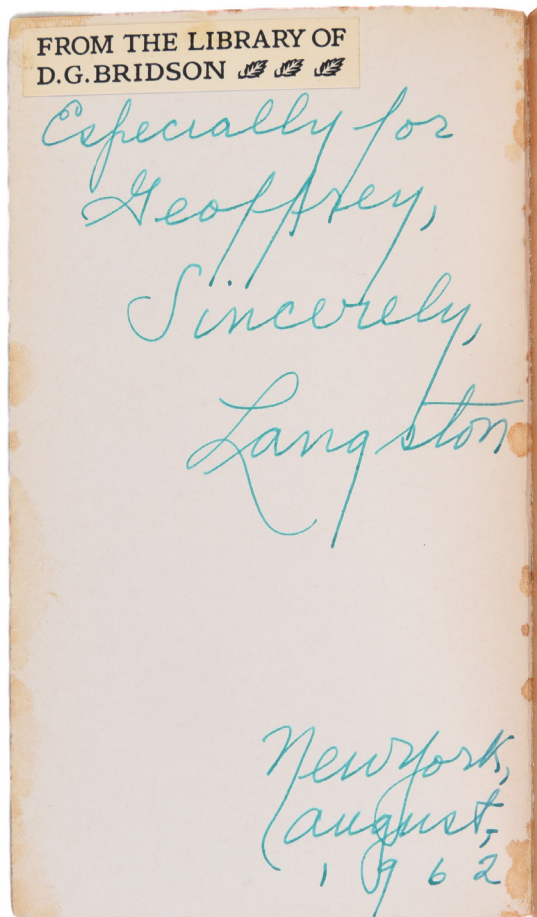
**Fight for Freedom. The Story of the NAACP.**

*First paperback edition. Small 8vo. Original printed wrappers, red edges. New York, Berkley Medallion Books. 1962.*

£950

With a bold presentation inscription from Langston Hughes to the British poet and radio producer Douglas Geoffrey Bridson 'Especially for Geoffrey, Sincerely, Langston New York, august, 1962' in green ink to the inside front cover with Bridson's elegant book label above.

Spine slightly rubbed and creased, otherwise very good.



## A MAJOR SOURCE FOR A MINOR LIFE

### 52. HUTCHINSON (A.S.M.)

Correspondence with Henry Charles Shelley.

65 ALS, 7 TLS and 4 APCS. Two fine original portrait photographs, 4 x 6 inches, both inscribed on their versos by Hutchinson. September 1911 to April 1926.

£2,500

These letters seem to be the only original source material for the life of the best-selling English novelist A.S.M. Hutchinson, (1879-1971) presenting a fascinating story of his progression from popular journalist to popular novelist, and the psychological toll that success took on him.

The story takes us from the breezy camaraderie of his early career as a hack journalist, to an onset of postwar depression, illuminating the complexity of people's responses to the First World War.

Hutchinson, as editor of the *Daily Graphic* commissioned Shelley regularly, writing with candour about this brand of war-time journalism: "The Board . . . have developed the sudden caprice that I should have a writer on the war of vigorous, vindictive, sledgehammer, ferocious Anti-German views. Something of the Maxse type . . . with a baldheaded fury that will make Daily Graphic readers sit up with a jerk and rub their hands with glee. In fact a Red Hot Stuff Man."

There is a gap in the correspondence when Hutchinson was away at the war, serving in the Royal Engineers, with no correspondence at all until after the success of *If Winter Comes* (which had been preceded by various short stories and three novels). Its success seems to have coincided with something of a breakdown, or at the least a very different demeanour from the bombastic Fleet Street journalist: Hutchinson begins to write of his aversion to publicity, and he declines into a solitary life. Shelley is "my only friend"; in the "desperately unsettled life – from pillar to post, from post to pillar – which I lead I am like unto a man at a railway station who has lost his ticket and his luggage & probably his train and in the midst of such a state of mind is asked to give decision on a momentous question." "My agony always is Do my very few old friends remember me? I should say no one has fewer friends than I have (the fault of my disposition), & I cling on to them desperately." "I just never go nowhere. I detest it, I shrink from it, utterly and all the time . . . I have had all the publicity I want for the rest of my life it hurts more than I can say that you should suggest I should meet you for that purpose."





A clue to the nature of the breakdown must lie in his novel *One Increasing Purpose* (1925). The correspondence makes it clear that he strongly identifies with the character of B.C.D. Ashe, a novelist who goes to pieces after success: at times in the letters the names of BCD and ASM are used almost interchangeably.

John Sutherland contextualises *If Winter Comes in his Bestsellers, a Very Short Introduction*. OUP, 2007.) “Anti-war sentiment combined with postwar disillusionment in A. S. M. Hutchinson’s phenomenally successful *If Winter Comes* (1921) - a prime example of what the Germans called *Heimatkehrliteratur* (returned-home novels). Hutchinson’s book, which sold 100,000 copies in its first year in Britain, was the #1 title of 1922 in America. Clergymen gave sermons on ex-officer Mark Sabre’s plight in a postwar world of cads, lounge-lizards, soft-faced profiteers, scrimshankers, and shrewish, less than faithful wives.”

The correspondence ends in 1926, which was also the date of his marriage to the wonderfully named Una Bristow-Gapper. A fuller catalogue listing is available on request.

**A TRULY REMARKABLE EXAMPLE, SCARCE IN SUCH WONDERFUL CONDITION.**

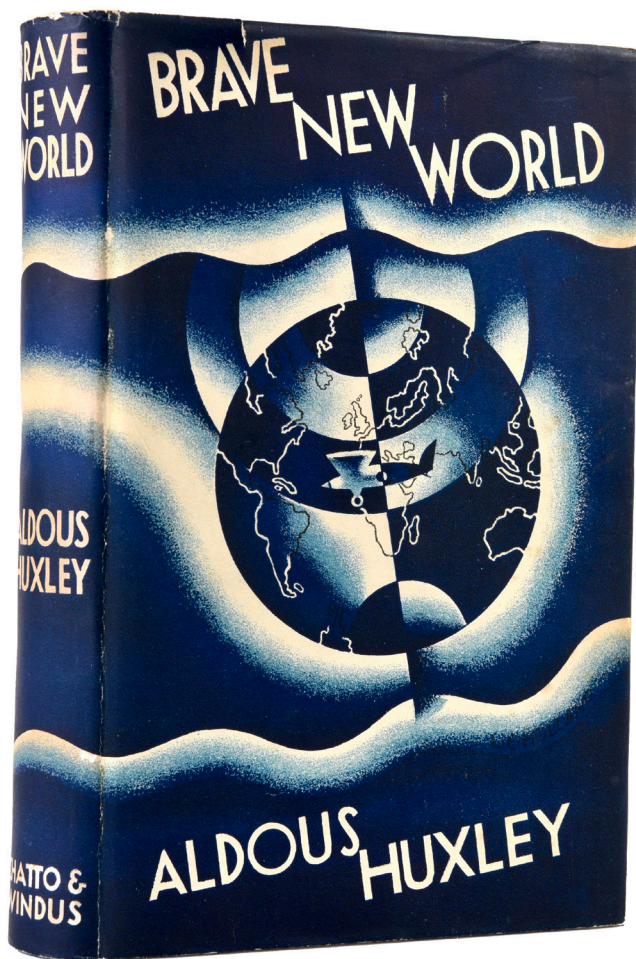
**53. HUXLEY (Aldous). Brave New World.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original blue cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Chatto & Windus. 1932.*

Sold

A truly remarkable example of one of the most important dystopian novels of the twentieth century, scarce in such wonderful condition.

An exceptional copy, with only minor wear to the extremities of the jacket, tiny tear to the jacket upper panel, and very light age-toning to spine panel. A truly remarkable example, scarce in such wonderful condition.



FROM THE LIBRARY OF A SCOTTISH TRUE CRIME WRITER

54. JAMES (M.R.)

**A Thin Ghost and Others.**

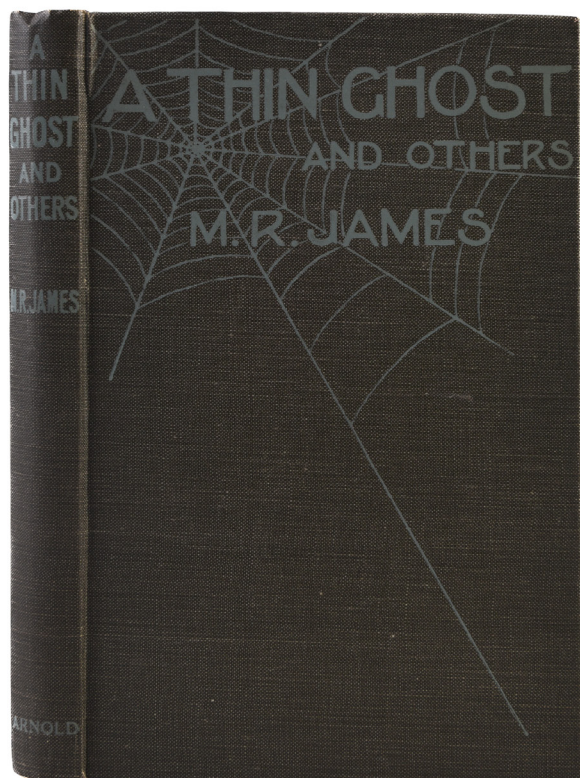
*First edition, first impression. 8vo. Original grey cloth, spine lettered in grey, front cover decorated with spiderweb design and lettering in light grey. London, Edward Arnold. 1919.*

£1,500

M.R. James' third collection of ghost stories, which features five tales, including 'The Diary of Mr Poynter' (which feature marvellously ominous haunted curtains) and 'The Story of a Disappearance and an Appearance'.

From the library of William Roughead, writer on Scottish criminal trials and good friend of the author, with his bookplate to the front free endpaper.

A near fine copy, very light wear to extremities, and offsetting to endpapers and half title.





**A DARK FAIRY STORY & JAMES' ONLY NOVEL**

**55. JAMES (M.R.)**

**The Five Jars.**

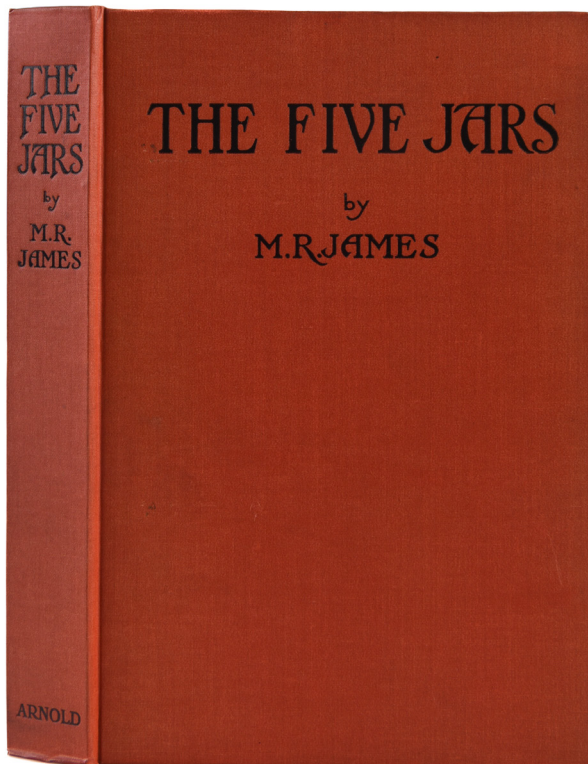
*Frontispiece and six full plate illustrations. First edition. 8vo. Original orange cloth, spine and front cover lettered in black. London, Arnold. 1922.*

£350

James' only novel; a fairy tale for children. Deep in a quiet wood the narrator finds a box containing five mysterious jars. These jars contain ointments with magical abilities, including the ability to speak to animals, and intersect with the fairy realm. Dark forces conspire to claim the jars for themselves.

From the library of William Roughead, writer on Scottish criminal trials and good friend of the author, with his bookplate to the front free endpaper.

A near fine copy, faint offsetting to endpapers, some trivial wear to extremities.





16 DAYS BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF ULYSSES,  
JOYCE WRITES ABOUT TRANSLATING DESIRE

56. JOYCE (James).

Autograph Letter Signed to Maurice Martin Du Gard.

1 page, Rue de l'Université 9, Paris, dated at foot 17 January 1921 (in error for 1922.)

£10,000

An important letter, addressing details of translation of the great short story "Araby".

This letter, written 16 days before the publication of *Ulysses*, is addressed to the French publisher Maurice Martin Du Gard, who had commissioned the translation by Hélène du Pasquier of Joyce's short story *Araby* (originally published in *Dubliners*). It was written to accompany the corrected proofs (now lost) and goes into considerable and revealing detail, supplying a new translation and amplifying the "especially poignant" (Gebler) sentence "All my senses seemed to desire to veil themselves and, feeling that I was about to slip from them, I pressed the palms of my hands together until they trembled, murmuring: "O love! O love!" many times."

The letter was the subject of an interesting essay by Richard J. Gerber in *Joyce Studies Annual*, 2012, which concludes "It is remarkable that Joyce took such care with the French translation . . . at the same time that he was most focused on the impending publication of *Ulysses*. As a result of his attention, and his letter to du Gard, we now have a clearer understanding of the intended meaning."

11  
2) la traduction littérale  
"Tous mes sens semblaient vouloir se voiler  
et comme le ventail que j'étais sur le  
point de m'esquiver d'eux (c'est-à-dire, m'échapper)  
de mes propres sens; me d'adonner le pressai  
mes paumes etc. - 46 fois ce geste pour  
le convaincre de son existence charnelle et  
y réfléchir.  
3) acquis de conscience on acquit ?  
Salutations cordiales  
James Joyce

## THE MOST HANDSOME EDITION OF ULYSSES

### 57. JOYCE (James) Ulysses.

*First edition to be printed in Britain, one of 100 copies on handmade paper (this copy number 38) signed by the author. Quarto. Original vellum over boards, binding design by Eric Gill with large gilt bow on each cover, top edge gilt, others uncut. London, John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1936.*

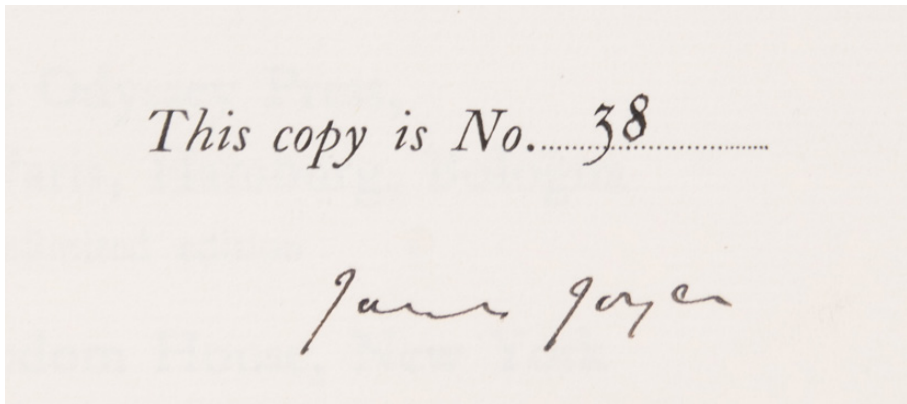
£27,500

A really fine copy, all but perfect, with a little foxing to the fore-edge, but otherwise unthumbed, un-bowed, and unmarked, lacking the original slipcase.

This signed limited Bodley Head issue of *Ulysses* is certainly the most handsome edition of the text published in Joyce's lifetime. Its publication followed the legal success of the 1934 Random House *Ulysses* trial, which established the principle that a "classic" text was allowed greater leeway in the matter of morals. The "classic" argument was backed up by the luxuriousness and expense of the Bodley Head edition, for experience had proved over years that expensive books were much less likely to be attacked for obscenity, and it was published with no public scandal.

A touch of creasing to head and tail of spine, some variation to the tone of the vellum binding, faint marking to covers, very light spotting to edges of text block, endpapers and margins of preliminary and terminal leaves.

Slocum & Cahoon, A23.





## MAMMOTH RESEARCH FOR HIS NATURAL HISTORY BOOK FOR CHILDREN

### 58. KINGSLEY, Charles

Autograph Letter Signed ("C. Kingsley") to "Lubbock" [John Lubbock (baronet, philanthropist, scientist and friend of Kingsley's)]. 1 1/2 pages 8vo, Kings Parade, Cambridge, Friday, n.d. [between 1864-1869].

£295

"Can you send me back (by return post) the details about the carved bone with the sketch of a mammoth and of a reindeer on it, wh[ich] was found by [Eduouard] Lartet in France. Also in what periodical I can find a drawing thereof. I have seen one from a photograph. If you could do this it would be a great boon."

Kingsley, here doing research for his book *Madam How and Lady Why or First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children*, in which he introduces children to geology, ancient flora and fauna etc. In that book there is, on p.134, a charming image of a mammoth and elk, their faithful and accurate rendering made possible through recent discoveries and research by archaeologists such as Lartet, and the recipient Lubbock.

Edouard Lartet and his friend Henry Christy discovered the site of La Madeleine at the end of 1863; the importance of the site was immediately recognised as they discovered numerous ancient manmade artefacts: burins, flint blades, spear points, as well as items made from reindeer antlers and unknown bone. The following spring, workers made an exceptional discovery: five fragments of an ivory plate, which once reassembled, revealed an exceptional engraving of a mammoth. It is this which Kingsley is referencing in this letter, intrigued to locate this image of a mammoth from pre-historic times in order to render the illustration in his book as accurate as possible.

[With:] a copy of Kingsley's *Madam How and Lady Why or First Lessons in Earth Lore for Children*. London. Bell & Daldy, 1870.





Kings Parade

Cambridge. Friday.

My dear Lubbock

Can you send me back  
the return of post, for a last  
time? The details about the  
caned bone with the sketch  
of a Mammoth & of a rein-  
deer on it, we have found  
by Lambert? In France —  
Also <sup>in</sup> that periodical  
I can find a drawing of  
of a Mammoth seen once from  
a photograph. If you could do



MAGGS BROS. LTD.

**ELEGANT BIBLIOPHILIC PRODUCTION OF LARKIN'S  
GREAT REFLECTION ON DEATH.**

**59. LARKIN (Philip).      Aubade.**

*With an illustration by Kathleen Gray Schallock. First separate edition, number 169 of 250 copies signed with initials by the poet, and by the printer. 16mo., in landscape format. Original plain wrappers in original card envelope. Printed at the Penstemon Press for Charles Seluzicki, of Salem, Oregon. 1980.*

**£1,000**

A fine copy of this elegant bibliophilic production of Larkin's great reflection on death. The decision to sign with initials only was a financial one, Larkin accepting a lower fee for less wrist-work.





**THE SUBSCRIBERS, OR "CRANWELL" EDITION,  
ONE OF 170 COMPLETE COPIES INSCRIBED BY LAWRENCE.**

**60.** [LAWRENCE (T.E.)]      **Seven Pillars of Wisdom. A Triumph.**  
*Illustrated with initial letters by Edward Wadsworth and Blair Hughes-Stanton; 66 plates, mostly coloured, and 58 illustrations in the text, by Eric Kennington, Paul Nash, William Roberts, Blair Hughes-Stanton and others; folding maps and pictorial endpapers. Subscribers, or "Cranwell" edition, one of 170 complete copies, so inscribed by Lawrence. 4to., original red morocco gilt, the covers decorated with a sparse geometrical design of single gilt and blind rules, with composite corner panels of repeated quatrefoil tools, spine lettered in one of six panels, the other panels with a complementary design, by Robert de Coverly & Sons. T.e.g., fore and lower edges uncut. No Place, [London, Privately Printed]. 1926.*

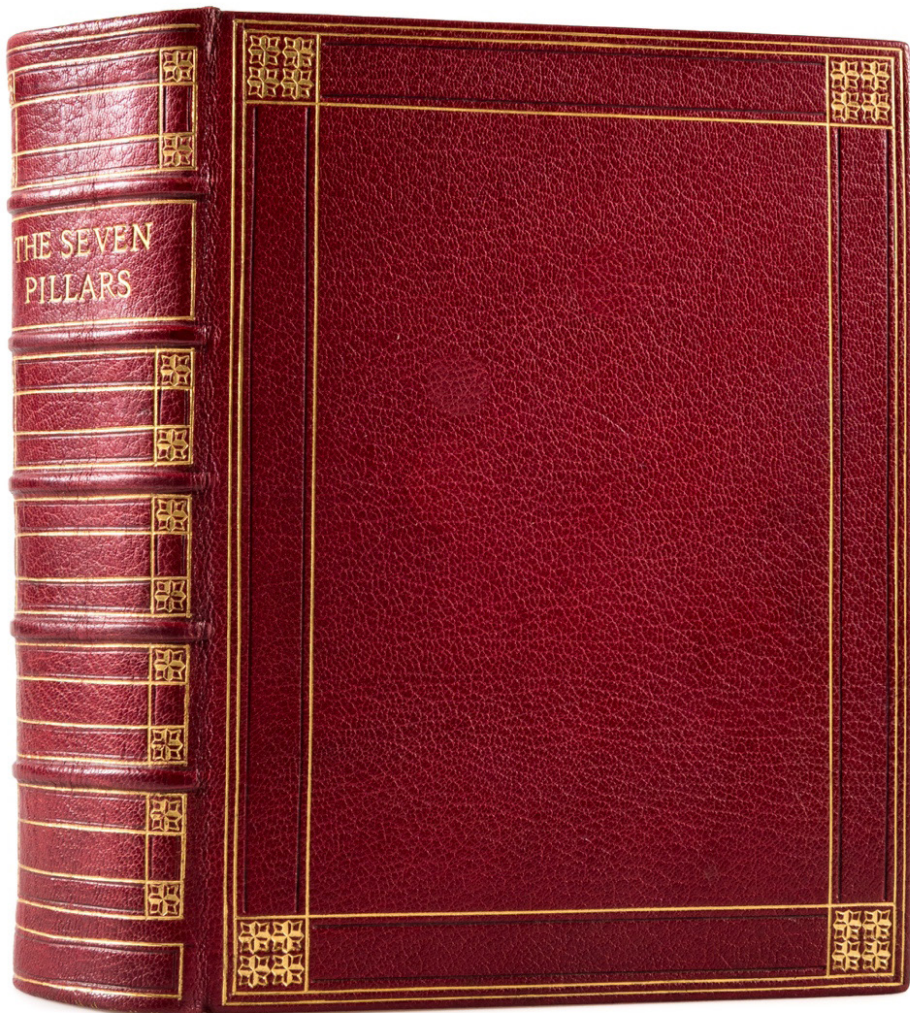
**Sold**

A near fine copy, with one blind bump (not evident under most light) on the middle of the front panel and minute wear to some extremities of the binding. With the neat inscription (presumably indicating his ownership) of William Roberts, Jan'y 7th 1927, on the front free endpaper. Roberts contributed some of the finest artwork to *Seven Pillars*.

*Seven Pillars of Wisdom* is Lawrence's literary masterpiece, described by Churchill as "unsurpassable. It ranks with the greatest books ever written in the English language" by E.M. Forster as a "masterpiece", and by Siegfried Sassoon as a "masterpiece . . . it is a GREAT BOOK". The story is unutterably romantic - the young and mysterious Englishman fights a fast, mobile and effective war alongside noble Arab chiefs in the heat of the desert - and it made a powerful contrast with the mud, trenches, cold and futility of the western front. In short, in a war with few heroes, Lawrence stood alone for the power of the individual.

The publishing history of *Seven Pillars* is fascinating in its own right. It was first published in an edition of eight copies only, printed very badly without any adornment by the Oxford Times in 1921: five of these eight copies survive. In contrast with the brutally functional look of the Oxford edition, for the 1926 edition Lawrence embarked on a self-publishing programme of unusual ambition and complexity. Rather than give the work to an established printer Lawrence hired a modestly experienced man called Pike, and designed and supervised the production himself: similarly he, with Eric Kennington organised the illustrators, an impressive list including many of the best book-illustrators in Britain. The work, predictably, took much longer than expected, and the costs rose





similarly, so that the subscription of 170 copies at 30 guineas apiece came nowhere near paying off Lawrence's debts over the book (which debts were settled by the publication of the abridgement *Revolt in the Desert*). The book was an immediate and huge success: within months of its completion a copy had been sold for £500, other offers of £600 had been rejected, and as much as £20 was being offered for a loan of the book.





10R

thor

space will be too  
black

Author







**CHEQUE MADE OUT BY T.E. LAWRENCE TO THE PRINCIPAL PRINTER OF  
SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, TWO WEEKS BEFORE ITS PUBLICATION**

**61. LAWRENCE (T.E.)** Autograph cheque signed ("J.H. Ross"), made out to Manning Pike for £100.

*Cheque drawn on the Bank of Liverpool & Martins, printed form with date perforation and deposit stamps, manuscript date ("23 Nov. 1926"), value and recipient's name ("Manning Pike"), signature of J. H. Ross [T.E. Lawrence] cancelled in red ink. 8 x 19cm. London. 1926*

**£2,500**

A cheque made out, as J.H. Ross, to the principal printer of *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, two weeks before its official completion.

Pike was a most unusual man, who prior to this commission, had no printing experience, and had to get assistance from the trained and skilful H.J. Hodgson. Lawrence wrote of him to Charlotte Shaw, as they were just getting stuck in: "Pike is an artist of great severity and carefulness, and . . . his pages are made as beautifully as he can encompass them. To him the balances of lines and paragraphs and passages are vital: they are the elements of which the physical book is made up . . . The translation from manuscript to metal is his work, and is as difficult as mine. My paragraphs and prose have to be arranged as well, in metal as they will go. . . . I've given him carte blanche to cut and change the text as he pleases (only refusing to let him add anything): this is fair, for words are elastic ideas, and type-metal isn't elastic at all. He has the harder job" (31 August 1924, *Letters of TE Lawrence*, ed. Brown pp.271-2)



No. C<sup>3</sup> 288401



London

23 Nov. 1926

Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited

Pay to Manning Pike

One hundred pounds

100

100-0-0

~~J. H. Ross~~



or Bearer

WESTMINSTER BANK LTD.  
23 HIGH ROAD (NORTH) (4)  
LONDON (W. 1) (CORRECT)  
REMITTED THROUGH LOMBARD STREET

Printed at the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited

INSCRIBED TO E. M. FORSTER BY VISCOUNT CARLOW

62. [LAWRENCE (T.E.)] LIDDELL HART (Basil) & Sir Ronald Storrs.

Lawrence of Arabia by Capt. Liddell Hart and Sir Ronald Storrs.

*First edition, one of 70 numbered copies signed by the authors on Barcham Green "Medway" paper from a total edition of 128. 4to. Original half linen, brown speckled paper over boards, gilt, by Sangorski & Sutcliffe, top edge gilt, others uncut, with the original plastic dust jacket. [London], The Corvinus Press. 1936.*

£2,000

Inscribed to E.M. Forster by Viscount Carlow "To E.M. Forster from Carlow. the printer of this book. Nov 22 1936."

Being addresses on Lawrence delivered by Liddell Hart ("The Artist in War and Letters") and Storrs ("Himself") at the 56th Foyles Luncheon in June 1935, at a luncheon in memory of Lawrence just a month after his death.

The original plastic jacket has shrunk a little as usual, and the boards are a little darkened around the edges as a consequence, and the paper turn-in flaps are also, as usual, slightly defective, but present.

To E.M. Forster.

from

Carlow.

the printer of this book.

Nov 22 1936.

INSCRIBED TO E. M. FORSTER BY DAVID GARNETT

63. LAWRENCE (T.E.)

The Letters of T.E. Lawrence.

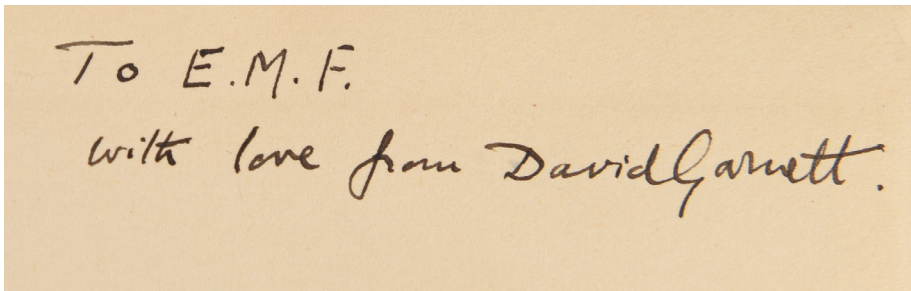
*Edited by David Garnett. First edition. 8vo. Original brown cloth, spine lettered in gilt, top edge in red, bottom edge untrimmed, dust jacket. London, Jonathan Cape. 1938.*

£1,250

Inscribed by the editor of record to the book's first editor E.M. Forster "To E.M.F. with love from David Garnett." The Preface acknowledges the contribution made by Forster, even though he "had decided that he could not go on with it. I have had his friendly interest and, even more important, the use of all the notes he had made on the letters he had read. These have been of great moral assistance to me, fortifying my judgment and fingerposting the way. Yet it would be unfair for me to suggest, under the guise of gratitude, that this book is in any way his. I have completely changed the plan which he sketched out ... "

Forster pulled out of the project neither on account of idleness, nor for lack of appetite for the subject, but for fear of libel. Shortly after beginning work on it, he was unexpectedly hit with a libel action resulting from a passage in *Abinger Harvest* (about flood engineering on the Nile, of all things). It cost £500 in damages plus costs, not to mention much psychic and actual disruption, and he was understandably fearful that Lawrence's lack of discretion might land him in further trouble (Furbank, *EM Forster a Life*).

Dust jacket a little faded and worn, spine of book a little faded, and other minor signs of handling.





Buck  
26.42

Philip  
Na...

High St  
Old Amersham Bucks  
17. July. 42

High St  
Old Amersham Bucks  
Dec. 2. 42

My dear Philip  
My con...

High St  
Old Amersham  
23. Dec. 1

High St  
Old Amersham Bucks  
Sept. 15. 45

My dear Philip  
I have this one and  
then done by the way.

High St  
Old Amersham  
Oct. 25

High  
Old

High St  
Old Amersham Bucks  
Sept 4. 46

My dear Philip  
I have been  
at about  
about 35 years or  
in a little niche, suite  
in the triforium. From  
turning my neck round  
found it possible to get  
half views of the  
of George, fifth of the  
le Conquestum. I  
so: at St Paul's, on  
the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs,  
and Councillors of the City  
formed a solid block between  
the eyes of the reporter.

High St  
Old Amersham  
Sun

My dear  
You  
piece of news  
heard for  
My  
- relations  
And I  
soon you  
to cry, is  
of Kipling  
Cariboon.  
"Love Got  
paid in

for being a very  
correspondent.

High St  
Old Amersham  
NOE  
mer de  
these  
for the  
Pension  
backlog  
beaut  
- how  
report  
not  
on



## WHY YOU CAN'T EXCOMMUNICATE A CAT

### 64. MACHEN (Arthur). Correspondence between Machen and the writer Philip Walsingham Sergeant

97 ALS, 1 incomplete ALS, 1 TLS, 10 APCS. The majority from Aylesbury, with one card from Dorset, where he was staying with Sylvia Townsend Warner. Dec 1925 to August 1947.

Sold

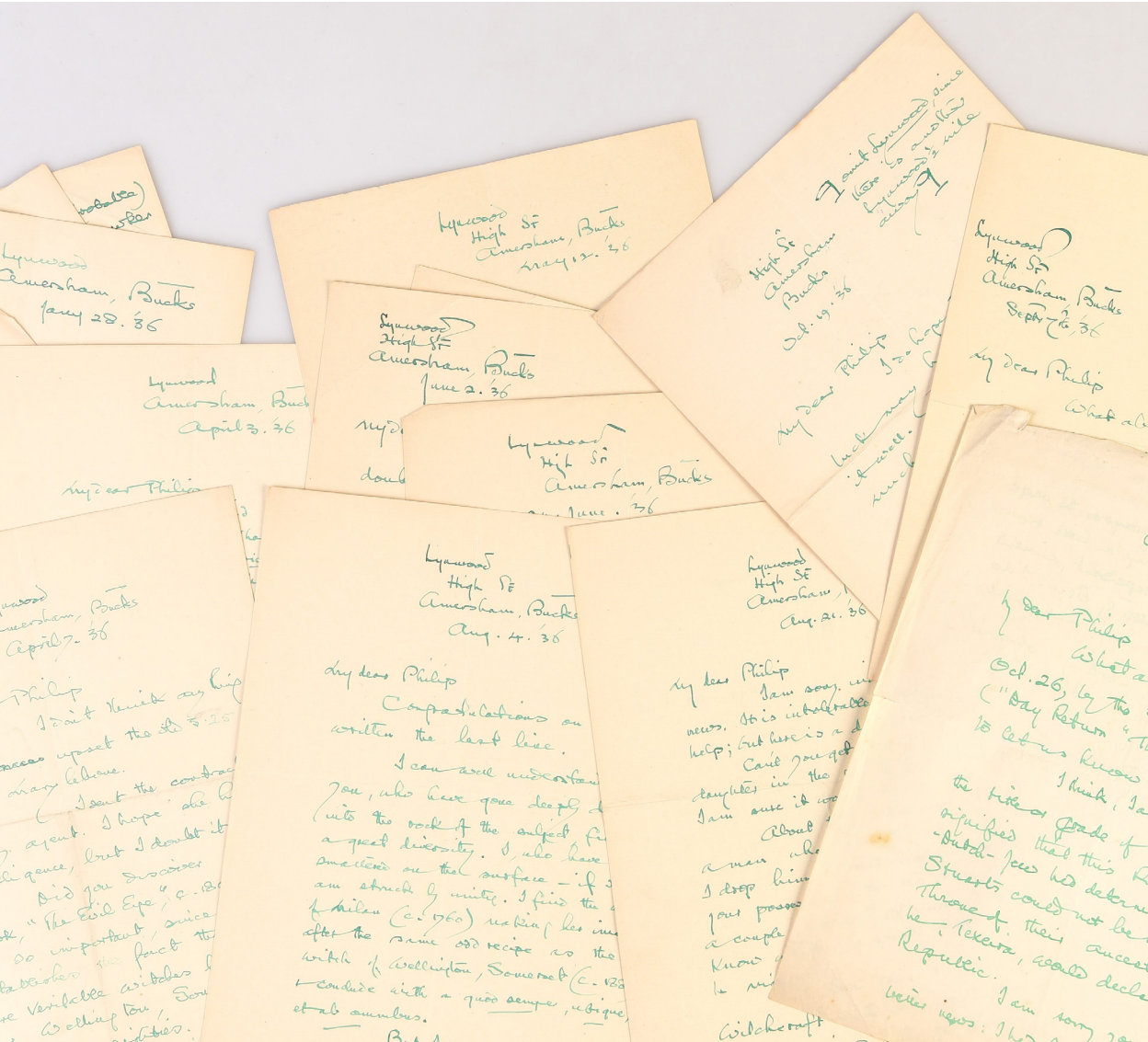
A really fine correspondence, full of literary gossip (he hates Conrad, thinks later Joyce is “very deplorable stuff, delirium or impudence, I know not which”), as he comforts his friend through the vicissitudes of a hack writer’s career, and coaches him through the writing of his two books *Historic British Ghosts*, and *Witches and Warlocks*, both published in 1936. Machen supplied prefaces for both of them, and his advice is entertaining, expert and opinionated, both recommending reliable sources and offering personal opinion: in effect he produces a running commentary on contemporary supernatural authorities.

He covers a lot of territory, including early witchery, which predated both Christianity and the creation of Satan - “Witchcraft and its sabbaths were the worship of Priapus” but “when witchcraft was established as the religion of the West there could be only one patron of the Witches”. He recommends Elworth’s *Evil Eye* which “is so important, since it establishes the fact that there were verifiable witches living near Wellington, Somerset, in the 1880s. It will take a good deal of evidence to upset the general belief that there never were any witches, & that there is not & ever was any such thing as witchcraft.” He also conveys from Sylvia Townsend Warner the recommendation of two witch books by Margaret Murray.

John Dee was “honest (though credulous)”, whereas Edward Kelley was “an unscrupulous knave; a ‘medium’ of the lowest order”: Sergeant should “disregard entirely anything that Montague Summers says, and anything that Crowley says. Neither is credible nor creditable.” Machen is sceptical of R.S. Hawker’s description of the Botathen ghost and describes Hawker as “eccentric, & perhaps a little more than eccentric”, brilliantly criticising his excommunicating church cats: “You can’t turn the man in the garden out of the house: because he isn’t in it.” He is less ambivalent about one of the creators of the mythical Berkeley Square haunting: “a necessary caution: Never to believe one single word on occult things uttered by an animal called Eliot O’Donnell”.

Whereas "I miss [A.E.] Waite a good deal more than I can say ... He was one of those people who are greater than their work ... an enviable life. He was never bored, never jealous, but perpetually interested & entertained", MacGregor Mathers is "another quack who was subject to conferred titles ... The last I heard of him was that he was telling cabalistic-astrological fortunes in a tent at Trouville." "I often said to him: "You remind me of Thiers' who said "je ne suis pas Chretien, main je suis Catholique Romain". [If you] Tell him that this Doctrine, that Rite was secret: he was at once strongly drawn, & apt to conclude that doctrine and rite must be of high importance."

A fuller description is available.



**INSCRIBED TO ELIZABETH BOWEN**

**65. MacNEICE (Louis). The Agamemnon of Aeschylus.**

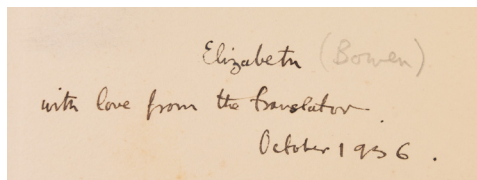
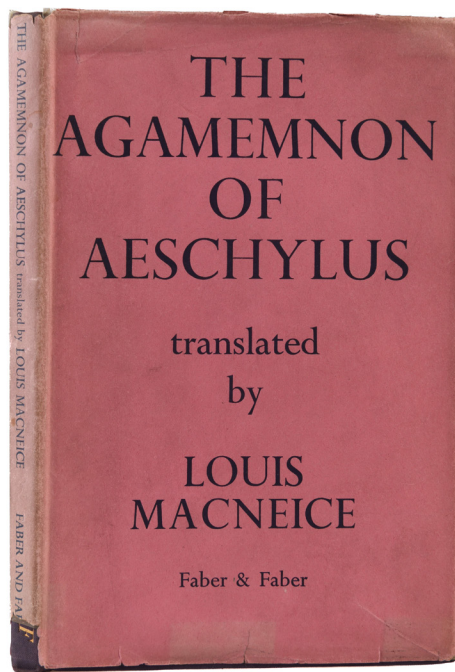
Translated by Louis MacNeice.

*First edition. 8vo., original burgundy cloth, dust jacket. London, Faber and Faber. 1936.*

Sold

Inscribed by the author to Elizabeth Bowen on the front free endpaper: 'Elizabeth, with love from the translator. October 1936.' A charming association between these two Irish writers. Within a few years they would both be working at the BBC and, indeed, MacNeice would later take over the lease of Bowen's property in Regent's Park.

An excellent copy in jacket, with some fading and loss on the spines, with various short tears at the edges, internally reinforced.





INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR

**66. MANTEL (Hilary).** Vacant Possession.

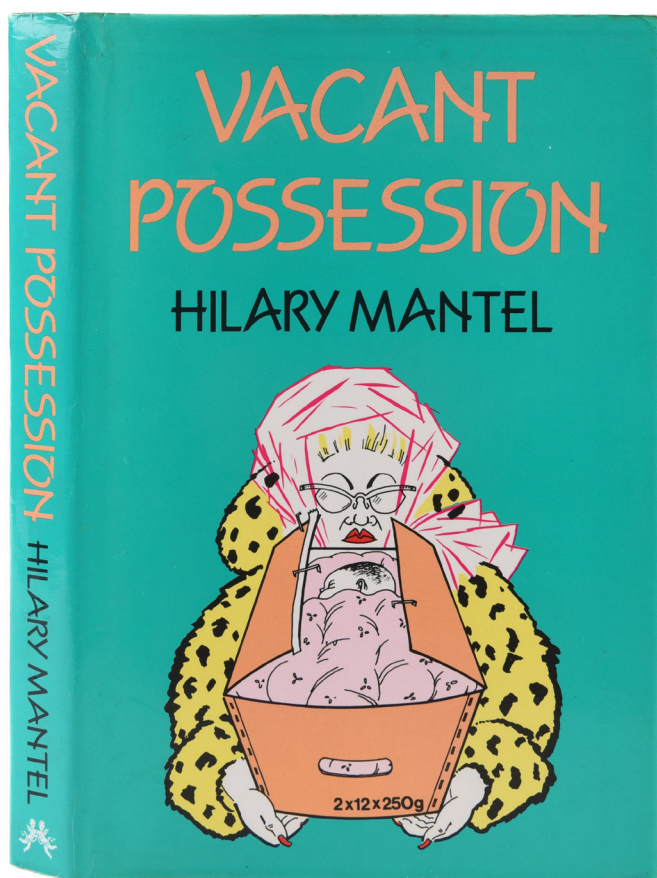
*First edition. 8vo. Original green cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Chatto & Windus. 1986.*

£1,200

Inscribed by the author to the title page: "Dear Clare - all love - Hilary".

Hilary Mantel's second novel, which continues the story of the first, *Every Day is Mother's Day* (1985).

A very good copy, dust jacket flaps foxed, and offsetting to endpapers.



ONE OF 50 COPIES, SIGNED BY ENID MARX

**67. MARX (Enid).** Nursery Rhymes.

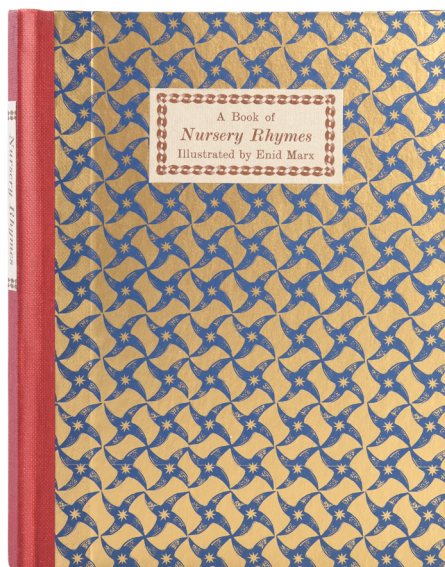
*One of 50 special copies numbered in Roman numerals and signed by Enid Marx, from a total edition of 310. Title page printed in red and yellow after a drawing by Enid Marx, two further drawings after Marx along with 29 wood engravings printed from original blocks, 17 of which are partly hand coloured, with additional three original wood engraved prints in folder at rear as called for, with additional sample of pattern paper in red. Set in Stephenson Blake's Modern No. 20 typeface. 8vo. Original publisher's quarter red cloth over blue and gold pattern paper boards by Alan Powers, paper label lettered in brown to upper cover. Oldham, Incline Press. 1993.*

£800

The first book from the Incline Press. A celebration of the life and work of Enid Marx, who in 1925 walked away from the Royal Academy without graduating, after being told that her work was too 'vulgar' for her examiners tastes. There cannot be any doubt that Marx had the last laugh; Inspired by both British folk traditions and Paul Nash's abstract modernism, she became one of the great decorative designers of the twentieth century, and had a lasting effect particularly on the development of patterned textiles. She was finally awarded an honorary degree from the Royal College of art in 1982.

The bold outlines of her illustrations for the 1938 Zodiac Book of Nursery Rhymes, from which the Incline Press took the present wood engravings, are reminiscent of early modern chapbooks, and perfectly summarise her belief in the significance of British folk art.

Fine.



МОЯ БИБЛИОТЕКА

№№ 108, 109, 110, 111 и 112.

# ЭГОИСТЪ.

РОМАНЪ

Д. МЕРЕДИТА.

Переводъ съ англійскаго

З. А. ВЕНГЕРОВОЙ.



С.-ПЕТЕРБУРГЪ.

Изданіе М. М. Ледерле и К<sup>о</sup>.

1894.



## THE AUTHOR'S COPY OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN TRANSLATION OF THE EGOIST

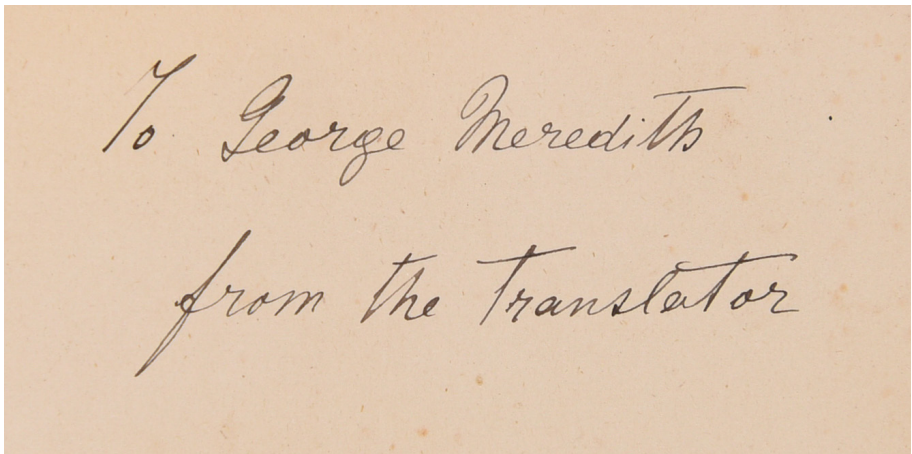
**68. MEREDITH (George).** [The Egoist].

Frontispiece portrait of the author with facsimile signature. Translated by Zinaida Vengerova. First edition in Russian. 8vo. Contemporary half calf with green cloth covered boards, spine with five single raised bands outlined in gilt, second panel lettered in gilt on red morocco label, the rest with simple floral gilt stamps, front cover lettered in gilt, marbled endpapers, marbled edges. St. Petersburg' Lederle & Co. 1894.

£1,250

The first Russian translation of *The Egoist*, with a contemporary inscription, presumably in a clerical hand, 'To George Meredith from the Translator' in black ink to the front flyleaf. Zinaida Vengerova was probably the most prolific Russian-language translator and commentator on contemporary world literature, and travelled widely throughout Europe. She was in London during the late 1880s, when she befriended the Stepniaks, Constance and Edward Garnett and Eleanor Marx.

Rare. OCLC and WorldCat both only note the British Library copy, which also has a personal association, having a letter from the translator enclosed. Slight wear to extremities of binding, corners heavily bumped, a little staining to boards, but still sound. Collie, *George Meredith a Bibliography*, p. 272: the first translation of *The Egoist*.



**THE AUTHOR'S SCARCE FIRST BOOK, SIGNED**

**69. MULDOON (Paul).      Knowing My Place.**

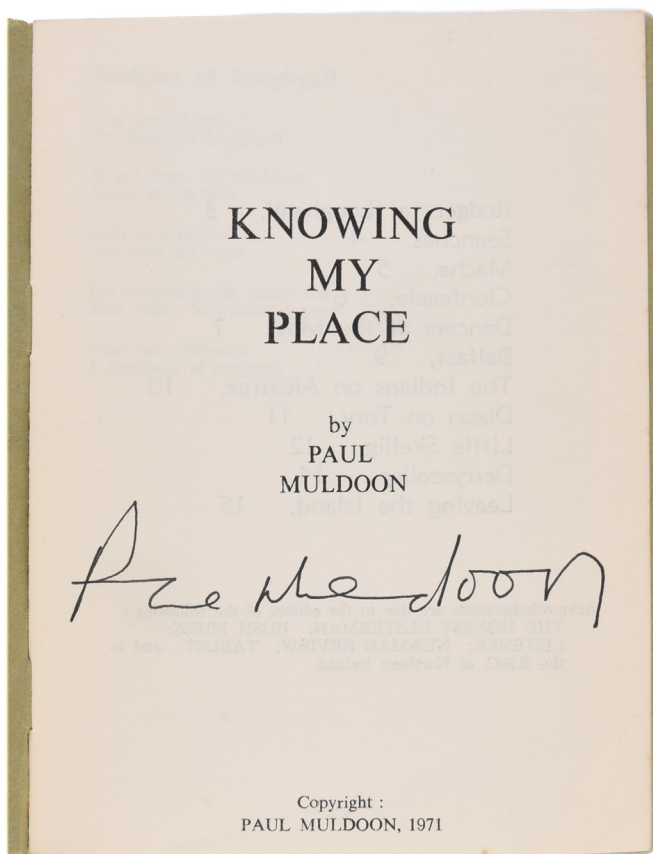
*First edition. 16mo. Original green wrappers, printed in black. Belfast, The Honest Ulsterman. 1971.*

**£2,500**

Signed by the author to the title page.

The author's scarce first book, published when he was only 19 years old. In an interview, Muldoon described the book as looking "... like it had been cobbled together. But I thought it was beautiful, and...it is still the most exciting thing that has happened to me".

An excellent copy, with a modicum of underlinings and 'tick' marks in blue pen.



## NERUDA'S "EXTRAORDINARY, BIBLE-LIKE EPIC OF SPIRITUAL RENEWAL"

### 70. NERUDA (Pablo) La Espada Encendida.

*Typescript with manuscript revisions, mostly carbon with some top copy elements, 109 pp, including cover, dedicatory quotation from Genesis, and beginning of "Orden del Libro", at rear, on lightweight typing paper of two sorts, one which has rather browned and one which is still bright white. Paginated in ink by a non-authorial hand. Previously spindled at top left. 1970.*

£20,000

A heavily revised typescript of Neruda's "extraordinary, Bible-like epic of spiritual renewal", set in a post-Apocalypse Eden in Patagonia, produced during his "new, final passion" for Alicia Urrutia which gave access to "an astounding late burst of energy" (quotations from Feinstein *Pablo Neruda, A Passion for Life*. London, 2004).

Nearly all pages have authorial annotations, including two pasted-on slips, the addition of section titles and frequent substitutions and additions of individual words and short phrases, nearly all in Neruda's hand, a few words in the same hand as the pagination. The Eve figure's name is changed from Rocía to Rosía throughout, there are many corrections of misreadings which seem to have been made between manuscript and typing, insertions of linebreaks, and many substantial revisions, such as "esqueletas negres en las bodegas" being replaced with "esqueletos olvidados en las zanjas" (in fact every occurrence of the word "negre" is replaced). All the numbering of sections is inserted by hand, with XXXI used twice, meaning that the TS and published text are out of sync until Section 50 when it is rectified.

The manuscript was sent to Neruda's young friend Katya Kohn, later Katya Bernasconi Kohn, of Quito in Ecuador, in the hope that she would illustrate an edition (to be printed in Madrid) with her very stylish screenprints. There is a TLS from Neruda, dated Nov 23 1970, saying that she has probably missed the boat, since the Madrid publisher is thinking of "Dalí o en algún otro pintor español" as illustrator.

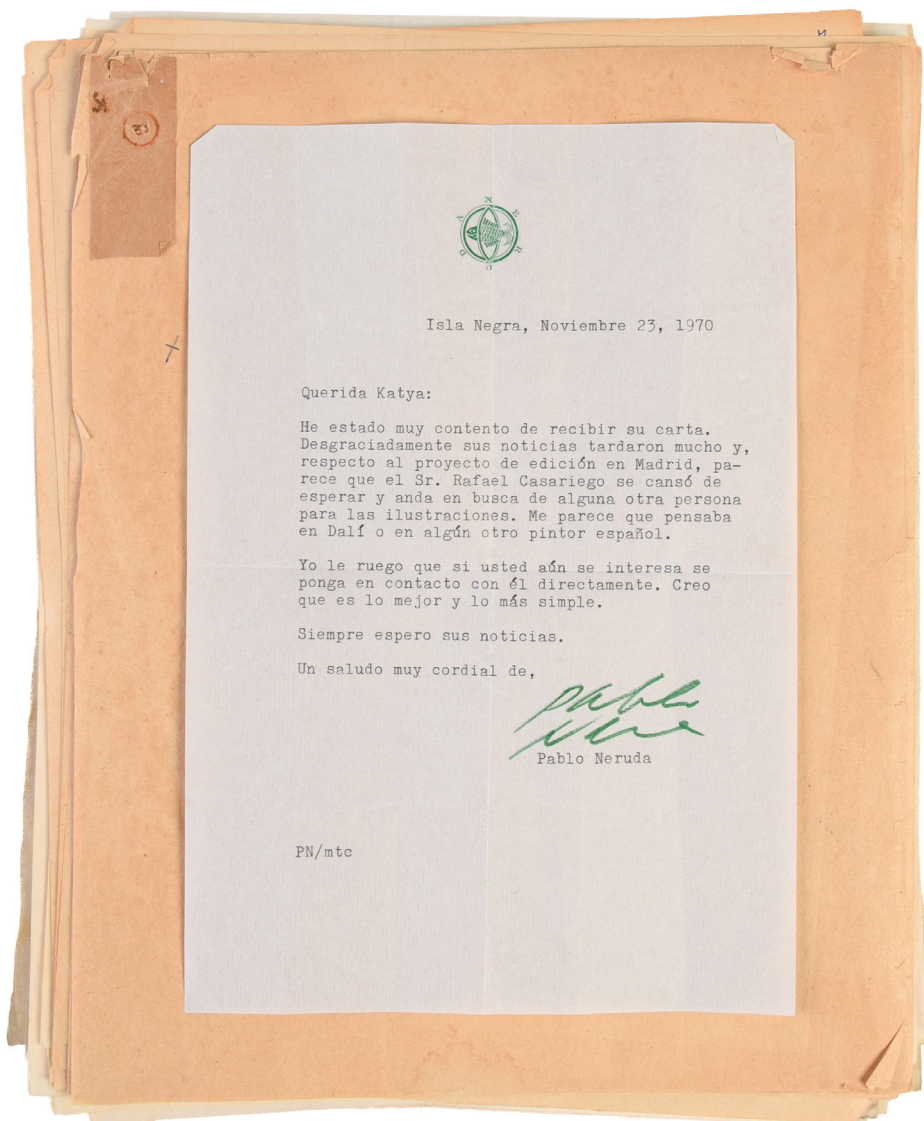
There are also five photocopies of letters from Neruda in which he first proposes the project in December 1969, confidentially telling her what the thrust of the book will be ("...un libro de tema muy antiguo, bíblico. Adán y Eva cambian de región. Todo pasa en el Sur frío, cerca de la Antártida, entre inmensas selvas y volcanes") and a copy of an inscribed photograph



of Katya and Neruda together in San Antonio, Quito.

Katya's family were Jewish refugees from Czechoslovakia who settled in Ecuador, where Katya was born and grew up. Her father was an architect, and their "Casa Kohn" is one of Quito's most celebrated houses. She inherited his artistic flair, and her screenprints are exceptionally attractive.

Some browning to some of the paper, water stain bottom left not affecting the text.



A dónde iremos a encontrarnos en otros?

Vinimos a <sup>vivir</sup> ~~nacer~~ o a perecer?

De nuestro amor herido  
debe soltar la vida un fulgor de fruto  
o bajar a la muerte desde nuestras raíces?

Rocía, cierra tus ojos pasajeros;  
fatigada, resuelve la luz y enciende el vino;  
duérmete y deja <sup>caer</sup> ~~que oiga~~ las hojas de tus sueños;  
cierra tu boca y déjame que bese tu silencio.

Nunca amé sino sombras que transformé en estatuas  
y no sabía yo que no vivía.

Mi orgullo me iba transformando en piedra;  
Hasta que tú, Rocía, despertando  
desnuda, despertaste ~~mi sangre y mis deberes~~.

Dejé la monarquía de luto en las montañas  
y comprendí que volvía a sufrir.

<sup>Y si</sup> tu amor me volvió al sufrimiento  
abrió la puerta de la dicha pura  
para que nos halláramos caídos  
en el jardín más áspero y salvaje.



**PRESENTATION COPY**

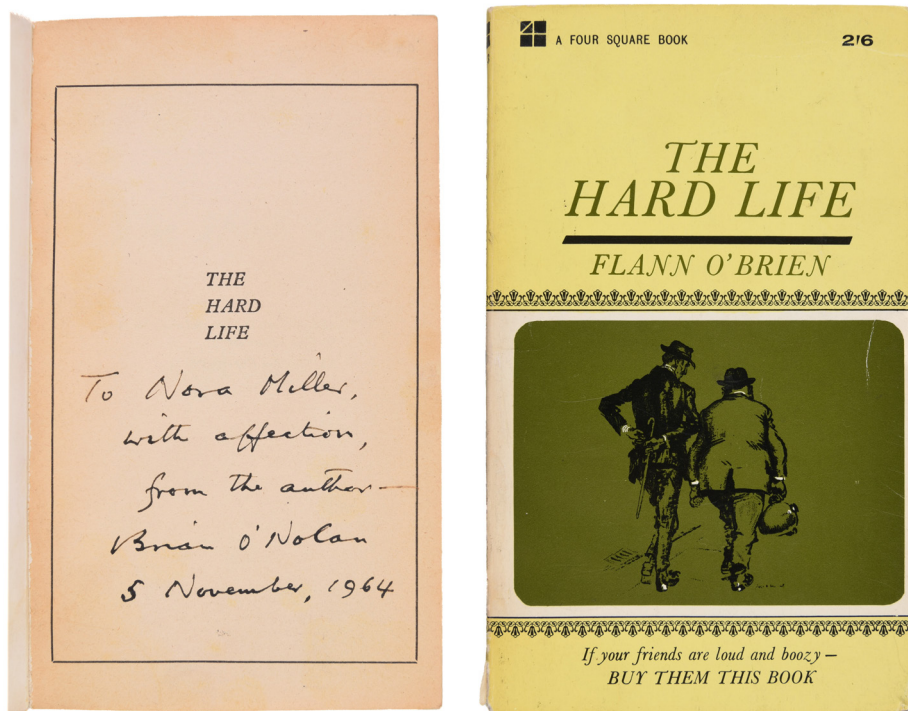
**71. O'NOLAN (Brian) as Flann O'BRIEN. The Hard Life.**

Paperback edition "First Four Square Edition". 12mo., original illustrated wrappers.  
(London) A Four Square Book (Published by the New English Library). 1964.

**Sold**

A presentation copy, inscribed on the title page "Nora Miller, with affection from the Author, Brian O'Nolan 5 November 1964." The recipient is as yet unidentified: a few weeks earlier O'Nolan had inscribed another title to her, even more affectionately.

A very small tear at the foot of the upper joint, and minor signs of handling to the binding, but a very good copy indeed.



**AN EXCELLENT COPY OF ORWELL'S RENOWNED  
ANTI-TOTALITARIAN ALLEGORY.**

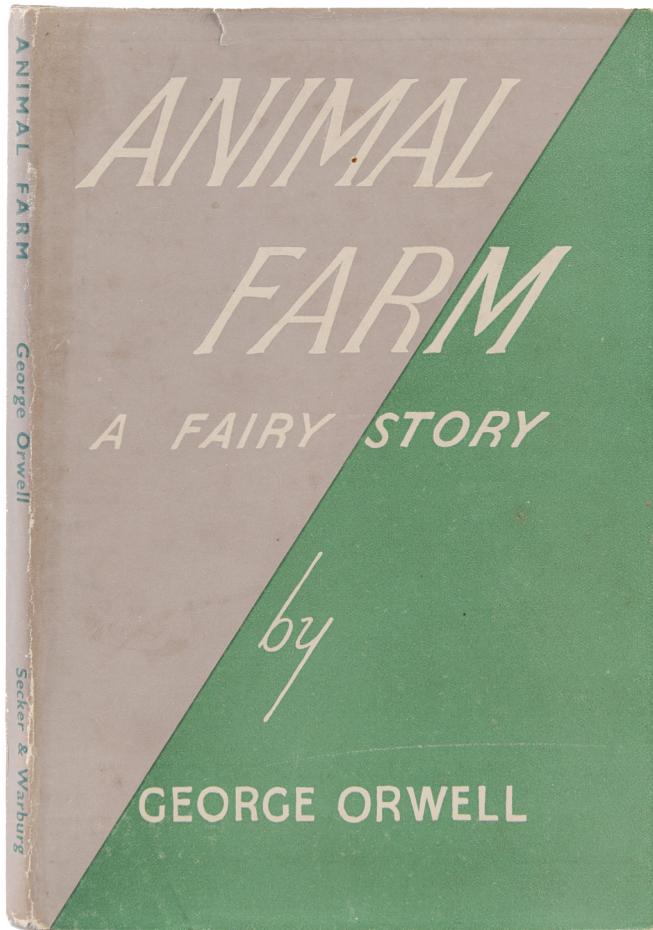
**72. ORWELL (George).    Animal Farm.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original green cloth, spine lettered in white, dust jacket. London, Secker & Warburg. 1945.*

**Sold**

A really excellent copy of Orwell's renowned anti-totalitarian allegory, scarce in such lovely condition.

A near fine copy, short tear to top edge of front panel, rear panel a little soiled, spine panel lightly aged, and edges of jacket lightly worn.





**AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB**

**1855**

**1955**

**BARTHOLOMEW  
FAIR**

**PROGRAMME - PRICE SIXPENCE**

## SYLVIA PLATH IN BEN JONSON'S BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

**73.** [PLATH (Sylvia)]. **Bartholomew Fair.**  
*Programme. First edition. 4to. Original grey wrappers, printed in black.*  
*Cambridge, Amateur Dramatic Club. 1955.*

£750

A 24-page programme for a production of Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair', with a notable cast of undergraduates, including Toni Drabble (A.S. Byatt), the polymath Jonathan Miller, the actor Daniel Massey, the actor/satirist John Bird and, most notably, the poet Sylvia Plath who played the role of Punk Alice, 'mistress o' the game' and a second citation as 'Also at the fair'.

Perhaps unfairly for a wholly amateur production, *The Times* were disapproving in their appraisal of the opening night of the 24th November (published the following day): "Conscious that laughter is going to be hard to rouse, the company resort to a great deal of bustle and a great deal of shouting. We get the impression that they are rather enjoying themselves, but there it very nearly ends ... Mr. Jonathan Miller, miming brilliantly with lips, eyes, and bare wriggling toes, spoils it all by giving the chundering Troubleall a false voice which allows hardly a single word he utters to be understood." Miller later belittled Plath's performance, remembering "... this rather big blonde girl standing with one hand on her hip in what she thought was a traditional 'whorish' posture".

Plath had acted at her high school and once previously for the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Club the month beforehand. Plath mentions this role in a letter to her mother (dated 21 November): "... I have five lines as a rather screaming bawdy woman who gets into a fight." Plath never appeared again and within a few months, had met a "big, dark, hunky boy" called Ted Hughes. (Plath's Journals).

A near fine copy, with a little wear to extremities of the wrappers, and a neat contemporary ownership inscription to the first leaf dated November 1955.

from ANTHONY POWELL THE CHANTRY NR. FROME SOMERSET (Nunney 314)

7 February, 1963

Dear Mr Maxwell,

I thought I must send you a line to say how much I enjoyed your production of Venusberg the other night. I followed it with the script and thought all the cuts were very much for the better.

I still feel a bit dissatisfied with Lushington as a dramatic character--not in the least on account of Mr Spice personally--but just how to put over that sort of figure, who has a place in a book, but a much less easily defined one on the stage/radio.

It occurred to me that one quite straightforward amendment might be for him to talk much quicker. I think one can assume that he was a fairly neurotic type. Then I thought that almost any local colour would help, like making him a Welshman, or giving him a slight stutter, or making him much more sardonic. I feel that he is, for some reason, rather a pain in the neck in the play.

This is all purely at the technical



Bennett Maxwell, Esqre.

BEC

Broadcasting House

London. W.I.

6th Feb



## A PRESENTATION COPY WITH A TYPED LETTER SIGNED

### 74. POWELL (Anthony). Afternoon Men.

*First edition. 8vo. Original green cloth, spine lettered in gilt. London, Duckworth. 1931.*

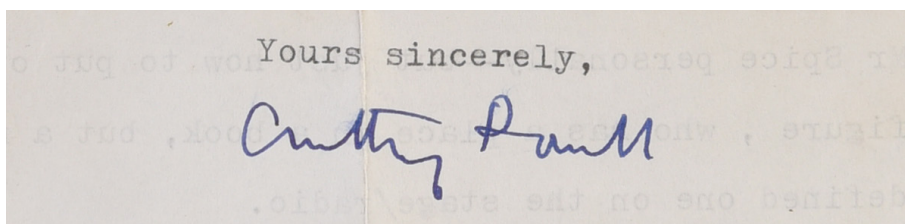
£2,500

A presentation copy, inscribed by the author “Bennett Maxwell from Anthony Powell. Rather late in the day. June, 1962” to the front free endpaper, along with a 2pp. T.L.S. from Powell to Maxwell dated 7th February 1963, with envelope addressed to Maxwell at the BBC’s Broadcasting House, loosely inserted.

A presentation copy of Anthony Powell’s scarce debut novel, inscribed to the BBC producer Bennett Maxwell who staged a radio play adaptation of Powell’s novel *Venusberg* on the 4th of February 1963, although the inscription itself is dated a year earlier. The letter from Powell, dated three days after the broadcast, describes “how much I enjoyed your production of *Venusberg*... I still feel a bit dissatisfied with Lushington as a dramatic character... that sort of figure, who has a place in a book, but a much less easily defined one on the stage/radio’. Powell suggests that ‘one straightforward amendment might be for him to talk much quicker. I think one can assume that he was a fairly neurotic type... I feel that he is, for some reason, rather a pain in the neck for any actor to play’.

The letter offers a fascinating insight into a moment in which Powell was given the chance to witness his work as if through other people’s eyes or, in this case, ears. He admits that “critics have often complained that my heroes and narrators are colourless, but in a book there is a definite reason for this. When the story is transferred to a play, I see much more what they mean.”

A good copy, covers slightly faded and soiled, spine spotted, lacking dust jacket.



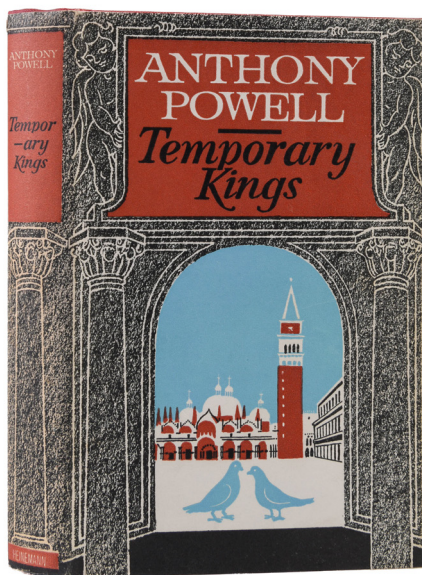
**75. POWELL, Anthony.**

**Temporary Kings.**

First edition. 8vo., original red cloth, lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Heinemann. 1973

£75

The eleventh and penultimate volume of the author's *A Dance to the Music of Time*. A fine copy in dust jacket, slightly nicked on the rear panel.



**POWELL WRITES ON THE COMPLETION OF "THE PENULTIMATE VOLUME OF THE SERIES" (TEMPORARY KINGS, IITH VOL IN HIS A DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF TIME)**

**76. POWELL, Anthony.**

Typed letter Signed ("Anthony Powell") to a Mr. Norwood, about his novel *Temporary Kings* (1973),

One page, 4to, *The Chantry* nr. *Frome*, Somerset, 20 November 1972.

£200

Powell writes that he is "very pleased the books amuse you" and that he is happy to sign books if Mr Norwood "send[s]" any along". He discloses that he is about to complete the penultimate book (book 11 of 12) in the series *A Dance to the Music of Time*: "... which I like to look on as a long novel": "It is to be called *Temporary Kings*, but publishing being what it is these days, will not I suppose appear until summer or autumn." The letter comprises c.100 words and is on the author's letterhead from his home at *The Chantry*, near *Frome*.

In excellent state with residual folds.

from ANTHONY POWELL THE CHANTRY NR. FROME SOMERSET (Nunney 314)

20 November, 1972

Dear Mr Norwood,

Many thanks indeed for your nice letter. I am very pleased the books amuse you, and by all means send any along, and I will sign them. Your letter was particularly cheering, because today I hope to finish another one (having only about half-a-dozen more pages to copy out), the penultimate volume of the series--which I like to look on as one long novel. It is to be called Temporary Kings, but publishing being what it is these days, will not I suppose appear until ~~late~~ summer or autumn. Again thank you for writing.

Yours sincerely,

Anthony Powell



**FIRST EDITION OF RHYS' PREQUEL TO JANE EYRE**

**77. RHYS (Jean). Wide Sargasso Sea.**

*First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket. London, Andre Deutsch. 1966.*

£650

Written by Rhys as a prequel to Charlotte Brontë's novel *Jane Eyre* this tells the story of Antoinette, Mr. Rochester's first wife, "the madwoman in the attic" of the original story. Rhys reframes the story, and in so doing exposes the colonial and sexual exploitations which are the undercurrents of Charlotte Brontë's novel. Rhys has been praised as having taken "one of the works of genius of the nineteenth century and turned it inside-out to create one of the works of genius of the twentieth century." (Michele Roberts).

A near fine copy, a trifle worn to edges of dust jacket, and very small patch of offsetting to front free endpaper..



**A NEW YEARS DAY INSCRIPTION TO RHYS'  
FRIEND AND ACCOUNTANT**

**78. RHYS (Jean).    *Sleep It Off Lady.***

*First edition. 8vo. Original grey-green cloth, spine lettered in gilt, pictorial dust jacket. London, Andre Deutsch. 1976.*

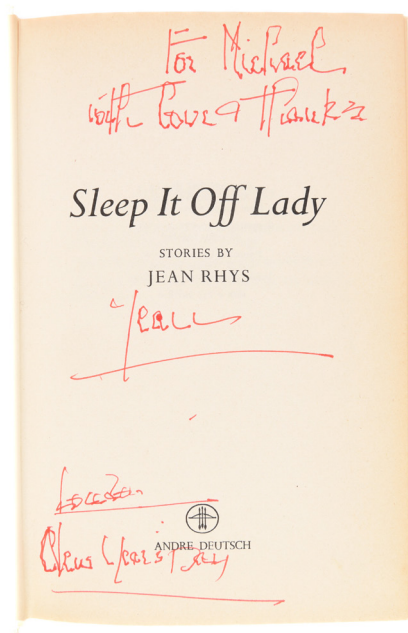
£1,250

With a movingly halting inscription “For Michael with love & thanks Jean London New Years Day”.

The recipient Michael Henshaw was an accountant, but the most rock and roll of accountants, who represented a remarkable swathe of artistic types in their battles with the Inland Revenue. Barry Miles’ characteristically elegant *Guardian* obituary described his later career thus “Michael’s unorthodox approach sometimes caused mayhem. Many clients left, horrified at unexpected tax bills; others had problems getting their papers back - there seemed to be a black hole into which his files vanished. His method of dealing with the Revenue was a mixture of stonewalling, combined with the kind of personal confrontation that no tax inspector wants. He won a number of important concessions, but it was nerve-racking for all involved. In spite of it all, at the time of his death he still had 100 or so loyal clients.”

He and Rhys were good friends, but his administration of her estate led to an extremely ill-tempered falling out with the family. The family’s case seemed fairly strong, not least because Henshaw hadn’t disclosed his personal bankruptcy when acting as trustee.

A very good copy.



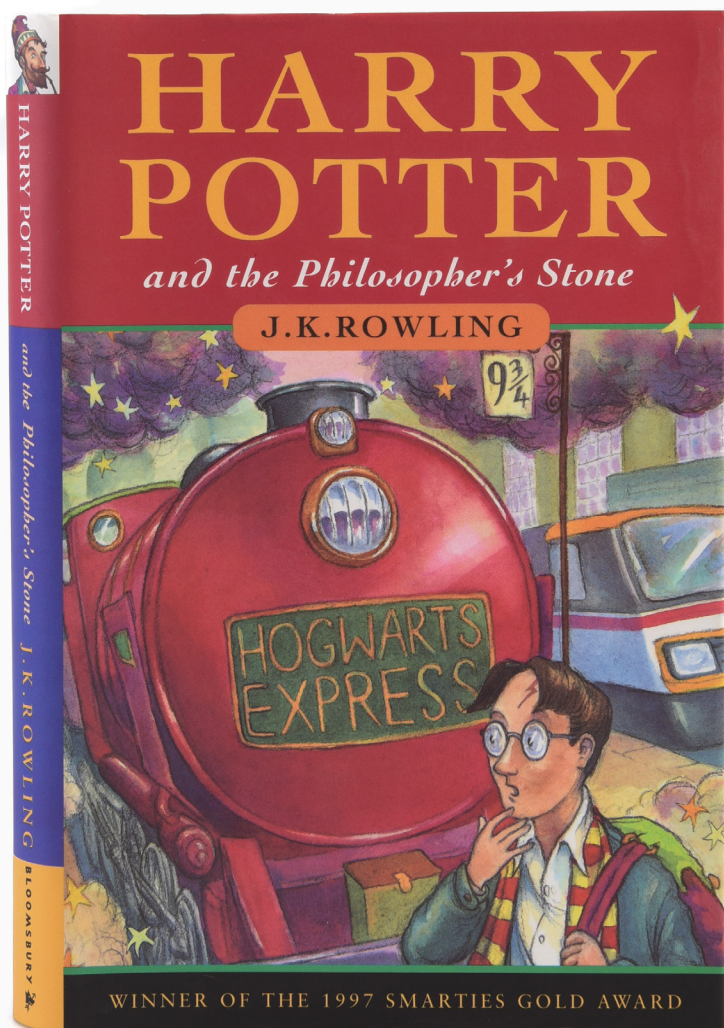
**FIRST EDITION, THIRD IMPRESSION - THE FIRST WITH A DUST JACKET**

**79. ROWLING (J.K.)** Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone.  
*First edition, third impression. 8vo. Original illustrated boards, dust jacket. London, Bloomsbury. 1997.*

£5,000

Third impression, but the first to appear with a dust jacket, the previous two having both appeared without.

A near fine copy, trivial crease along the top edge of the jacket front panel.



**UNCORRECTED PROOF COPY, WITH A BOOKPLATE SIGNED BY J.K. ROWLING**

**80. ROWLING (J.K.) Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban.**

[with:] A Bloomsbury bookplate signed by J. K. Rowling.

*Uncorrected proof copy, second state. 8vo. Original green and white wrappers, printed in black and white. London, Bloomsbury. 1999.*

£15,000

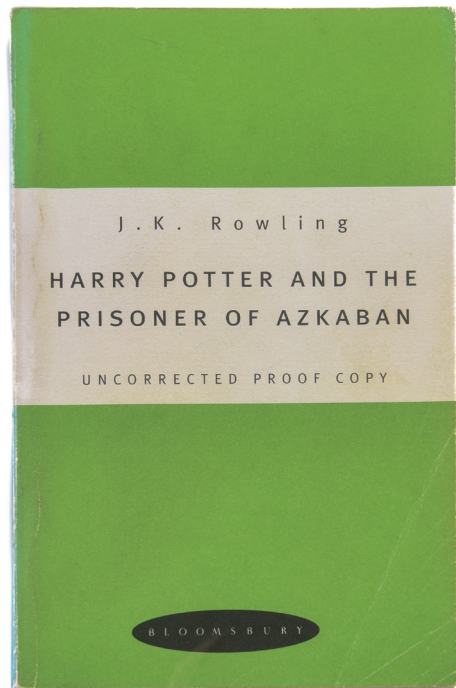
A rare uncorrected proof copy of the third book in the Harry Potter series, this being the second state in green wrappers rather than purple. "An unconfirmed print run of 250 copies is generally accepted for this proof. Bloomsbury, however, provides a figure of 150." (Errington).

From the library of Roger Katz, manager of Hatchards book shop Piccadilly from 1991 to 2010, covering the span of the first publications of the Harry Potter books.

Offered with a Bloomsbury bookplate signed by J. K. Rowling, given to Roger Katz by the publishers around the time of publication of the third book.

A very good copy, spine sunned, edges lightly rubbed and faint diagonal crease to lower corner of front wrapper.

Errington, AA4(b).





**INSCRIBED BY ROWLING TO ROGER KATZ, MANAGER OF HATCHARDS**

**81. ROWLING (J.K.) Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire.**

*First edition, first impression. 8vo. Original illustrated boards, dust jacket. London, Bloomsbury. 2000.*

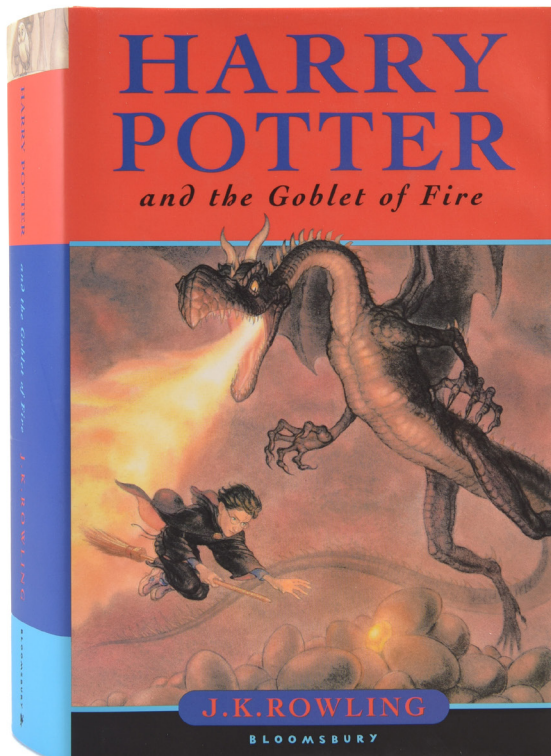
£5,000

Inscribed by the author to the title page: "To Roger J. K. Rowling".

A rare inscribed copy of the first edition of the fourth in the series of the Harry Potter books. With particularly strong provenance, being offered from the library of Roger Katz, manager of Hatchards bookshop on Piccadilly from 1991 to 2010, covering the span of the first publications of the Harry Potter books. Roger Katz organised the book signings that took place at Hatchards and worked with Bloomsbury to market and sell the books which had become such a sensation.

A near fine copy.

Errington, A9(a).



To Peter Rowling,  
in memory of Mr Ridley  
and to Susan Sladden,  
who helped Harry out of his cupboard

to Roger,  
J.K. Rowling

Imitation of Calderon

*Mummy  
12 pt.*  
The Lament of Sigismundo in  
La Vida es Sueño

*- 13 line*  
O Heaven, if I suffer this,  
Suffer me to probe the cause.  
Could my birth defy thy laws?  
Yet if I was born, I wis  
How my grievous guilt began:  
There was reason in thy scorn,  
There was justice in thy ban,  
For the greatest sin of man  
Is that ever he was born.  
Still one answer ever fleeing  
Mocks the vigils of my doubt  
(From the reckoning leaving out,  
Ye just gods, the crime of being):  
Came not all souls else to be,  
In my guilt of birth agreeing?  
What grace, then, their spirits freeing,  
Never was vouchsafed to me?  
The swift bird, whose natal hour  
Paints the iris on her plumes —  
Now a winged spray of blooms,  
Now a feather-petalled flower —

**ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT OF SANTAYANA'S TRANSLATION  
OF SEGISMUNDO'S SOLILOQUY**

- 82. SANTAYANA (George).** Autograph Manuscript, 'Imitation of Calderon. The Lament of Sigismundo La Vida es Sueño', signed 'G. Santayana'.

*Original autograph manuscript. 3 pp., three leaves of squared paper on rectos only. Housed in a custom black morocco slipcase and cloth chemise. N.d. [but circa 1923].*

**£2,500**

A fair copy of the Spanish-American philosopher and poet George Santayana's translation of Segismundo's soliloquy from *La vida es sueño* (Life Is a Dream) by the Spanish playwright Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681).

'Pedro Calderón de la Barca (1600-1681) was a Spanish soldier as well as playwright. In 1651 he became a priest. He wrote several dramas based on the point of honour. Most of his works written at the end of his life proclaim the vanity of life and the emptiness of human existence. The philosophical play *La vida es sueño* is considered his masterpiece' (Holzberger, ed., *The Letters of George Santayana: 1921-1927*).

Santayana's translation was published in the London Mercury, IX, November 1923. The present manuscript is referenced in a letter from Santayana to Charles Augustus Strong dated 'April 28, 1923', with Santayana reporting: '... have sent my translation of Calderon to the London [across] Mercury'.

Provenance: from the collection of Arthur A. Houghton, endower of the Houghton Library, with his neat leather book label to the inside of the chemise.

Single pencilled notation to first line, with 'O' circled and note '3-line'. Rust stains, small holes and creasing from old paperclip to at top left of each leaf, faint folds, otherwise very good.



**"BEING ABLE TO BE ONESELF - THE BEST THING LEARNT IN LIFE"**

**83. SASSOON, Siegfried.** Three autograph letters signed to "J. A. Stark" (James Arthur Stark), 3 + 1/2 pages, Heytesbury and 'Snowed Up House', 5 October 1954, and 4 & 13 January 1955.

Sold

Sassoon discusses poetry and, particularly, his volume *The Tasking*. Pencil notes regarding *The Tasking* on one letter and some notes in ballpoint on the recto of another.

In the first letter Sassoon, having read Stark's juvenilia ("these pieces move me as recordings for your past life"), refers to poetry as "that sustaining friend", and comments on his own artistic development: "My own experience in youth - & later - was, that one had to write a great deal of waste paper basket stuff in order to arrive at the lucky moments and assured control of the instrument."

He wanders to other friendly topics, including: his joy that his son, George, has won "a State Scholarship in Natural Sciences" and will be going to Cambridge ("any success of his is oxygen for me"); information about his collected volume of poetry, and another, "Privately bound volume of verse". The main topic of the correspondence, however, is his most recent and front-of-mind volume, *The Tasking*. Before sending the volume to Stark he writes, "I hope you won't find the poems too melancholy in tone. If so, you must blame the being who catches the intimations from elsewhere. The pipe smoker sitting here now disclaims impossibility & would much rather have written something frisky and diverting."

According to Wilson the poems in *The Tasking* show "a greater spiritual awareness and sense of inwardness than any previous volume" (Wilson, p. 383), being "an exhibition of the spiritual and intellectual shortcomings of a man trying to find things out for himself" (ibid., p. 384). The heft and depth of the poems certainly seem to have resonated with Stark, who wrote a discursive letter to Sassoon after receiving them. Sassoon's response is one of thanks: "Your letter is the most useful I've yet received from recipients of The Tarsking [sic] (apart from being such a nice one) because no one else has commented on the thoughts & philosophies expressed in the poems." Stark's letter evidently struck a helpful chord: "What I do want is discussion and criticism [...] I want to be pulled up & put right & given guidance. As a thinker, I am a child compared with many a mind more informed

Heghtsburg 5-10-54.

Dear Stark.

I ought to have returned your Juvenilia etc. sooner.

Of course you know their limitations as poetry.

But your early pieces indicate that, had you been free in mind, as I was, instead of enslaved by leaders, you could have developed your impulse for expression.

My own experience in youth - & later - was, that one had to write a great deal of waste paper basket stuff in order to arrive at the lucky moments and assured control of the instrument.

You might have been a good lyricist, I think.

Anyhow these pieces move me as recordings from your past life. Lucky you are, to have retained your love of poetry - that sustaining friend of those who value it as you do.

I have been cheered up by George's winning a State Scholarship in Natural Sciences - any success of this is oxygen for me - which augurs well for the Open Award at King's in December.

I am off to Cambridge on Sat<sup>y</sup> for my 2 weeks holiday & shall know how much I need it till I am there. I shall be sending you my little privately printed vol. of verse later on. It is now being bound -

yours, S.

Again  
letter  
13 Dec 54

Again  
5 Jan  
1955


& powerful than my own (though poets do sometimes hit on solutions by intuitive process - heaven knows how -)." He goes on to mention some specifics relating to Stark's comments on subject and text, and also inspirations of his, including Montaigne and Blunden. Having "gloomed" about the poems and whether people would find them "depressing", he has found the overwhelming response "highly encouraging": "I am getting loud applause, & there's no doubt that the things are liked." The impression he has is that, "although I write each old fashioned verse I am told that my voice is unmistakable, and like nobody else's!" He draws the conclusion: "I suppose it is the result of being able to be oneself - the best thing learnt in life." The tenor of these letters shows where Sassoon was at this period of his life and writing; mature beyond illusion and, while not discounting praise entirely, preferring constructive criticism and the ability to discuss aims and ideals with friends and confidants.

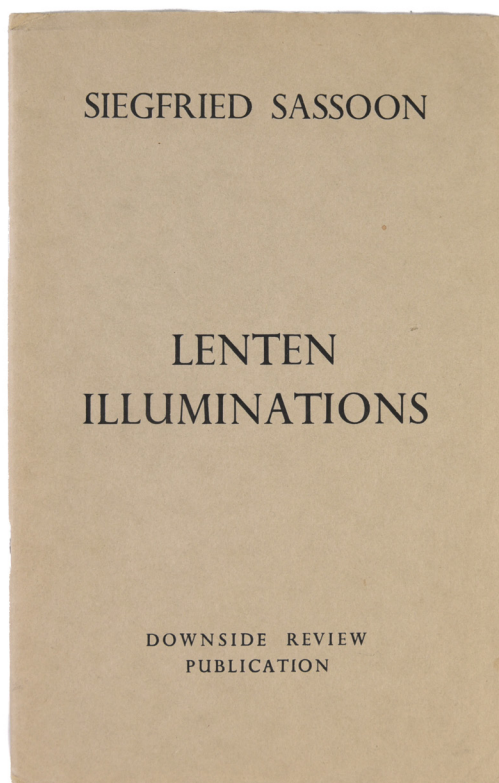
WITH: an inscribed copy of *Lenten Illuminations* (limited to 200 copies).

*Provenance:* Bernard Quaritch No 985, 1978; Sotheby's, 29 & 30 June 1982, lot 566.

All letters in very good condition.

Full description available on our website.

Katharine Kendall. from 



## SHEPHERD'S MASTERPIECE OF NATURE WRITING

**84. SHEPHERD (Nan).**      **The Living Mountain. A celebration of  
The Cairngorm Mountains of Scotland.**

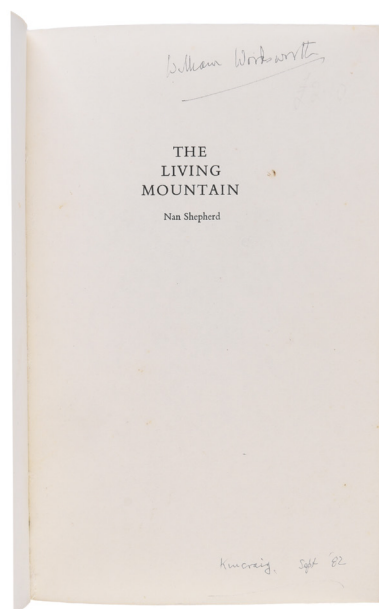
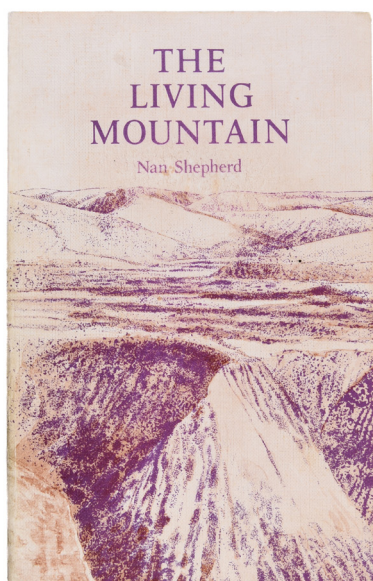
*Illustrated with drawings by Ian Munro. First edition. 8vo. Original pictorial  
wrappers. Aberdeen, Aberdeen University Press. 1977.*

Sold

A fine copy of the elusive first edition of this great modern classic, with a meaningful early provenance, with the ownership inscription of "William Wordsworth, Kincaig, Sept '82".

Bill Wordsworth, composer and great-great-grandson of Christopher Wordsworth, brother to William the poet, moved to Kincaig (in the shadow of the Cairngorms) in the 1960s: "I have always had joy in the grander aspects of Nature – mountains, storms, spacious views, and in the ever-changing colours of the Scottish Highlands. I cannot say if there has been any change in my style of writing since we came to live in Scotland, but I would like to think that it is becoming clearer and less complicated, more direct in its expression. In fact all the things it should not be, if one wants to be successful in the present musical fashions."

With the slightest soiling to the wrapper, including a small area where a label may have been removed, otherwise a fine copy.





Three of the five minutes had elapsed when Nancy spoke, her voice firmer than before:

'You're sure, Steve?'

'And you?' he answered with a smile.

'Maybe we can try.'

~~The thing that mattered was not what was going to happen but that this minute should have existed and already he was trying not to lose its warmth, he wanted to leave quickly, because anything they might say could only weaken their emotion.~~

'May I kiss you?'

She nodded and he stood up, bent over her, put his lips cautiously to hers and pressed them gently. The two remained thus for several seconds, and when he <sup>standing</sup> stood upright Nancy's hand still clung to his own; he had to loosen her fingers one by one before hurrying to the door without looking back.

He almost failed to hear when the sister called to him. He had not seen her as he passed close by.

'Mr. Hogan!'

He stopped, saw her smiling at him.

'I'm sorry to break in on you like ~~that~~ <sup>this</sup>. I just wanted to tell you that from now on you must only come during visiting-hours, which are posted downstairs. We made an exception this time because it was the first day.'

Seeing him glance towards Nancy's ward she added:

'Don't worry. I'll see that she sleeps all right. By the way, the doctor gave me these for you. Take both of them when you go to bed and you'll have a good night.'

There were two tablets in a small white envelope which he slipped into his pocket.

'Thanks.'

The night was clear and the stones of the courtyard shone beneath the moon. He got mechanically into his car and drove, not towards his lodgings but towards the sea. He still needed to live a little while with the things he felt inside him, upon which

*I can't remember what I wrote, but I should like it to be substituted for this beastly paragraph.*

**A PROOF COPY ANNOTATED BY THE AUTHOR**

**85. SIMENON (Georges). Danger Ahead. Comprising Red Lights and The Watchmaker of Everton**

*Proof copy of first English translations (by Norman Denny) of two stories. 8vo. Original orange printed wrappers. London, Hamish Hamilton.*

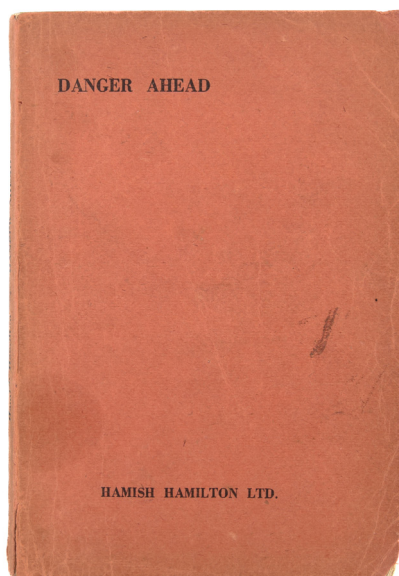
*[offered with:] First edition in English. 8vo. Original blue cloth, spine lettered in gilt, dust jacket designed by Fritz Wegner. London, Hamish Hamilton. 1955.*

**£1,500**

The proof copy of the first English translations of 'The Watchmaker of Everton' [L'Horloger d'Everton] and 'Red Lights' [Feux Rouges], with Georges Simenon's manuscript corrections to the text. Offered with a copy of the first edition in English.

Extensive corrections to final fifty pages of 'Red Lights', and an especially revealing annotation to page 278: "I can't remember what I wrote, but I should like it to be substituted for this beastly paragraph." The paragraph is corrected in the published edition, which does seem an improvement, though perhaps still not perhaps a perfect translation.

A very good copy, a little rubbing and creasing to the wrappers, ink stain to upper cover, and short tear along the front and rear joint.



## MURIEL SPARK'S FIRST SEPARATE APPEARANCE IN PRINT

### **86. SPARK (Muriel) as Muriel CAMBERG. Out of a Book.**

*First edition. 8vo. Single sheet, printed in purple. Leith, Millar & Burden Ltd. 1933.*

**£4,500**

Muriel Spark's first separate appearance in print, a poem written when she was 15 years old under her maiden name Muriel Camberg. It was the winning entry in a fundraising competition marking the centenary of the death of Sir Walter Scott. The teachers at James Gillespie's High School for Girls encouraged Spark to write, and she often had her poetry published in the school magazine, as well as in a book of Edinburgh schools' writing. Christina Kay, one of the teachers who encouraged the young Spark to write, was later the inspiration for the charismatic teacher in her best-known work *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*.

*Provenance:* from the estate of Spark's son Samuel H. L. Spark, known as Robin, sold at auction in 2017.

Rare. OCLC and Library Hub list only four copies held institutionally worldwide: two in the UK at the British Library and Edinburgh University Library; and two in North America at the Washington University Library and the University of Tulsa.

Some wear along the edges of the sheet, with creases, and a little soiling, otherwise in excellent order.

Rees, A1(a).



The proceeds from the sale of this Poem go to the  
Children's Shelter, High Street.

## OUT OF A BOOK

*[The Trophy presented by the Heather Club to commemorate the Centenary  
of the death of Sir Walter Scott, was won with this poem.]*

If you wake one morn at an early hour,  
And hear a long clear blast,  
Sound of a horn on a windy morn,  
Hark ! while the hunt goes past—  
James Fitz-James on a hunting grey,  
Galloping hard and fast.

And if, on a cold, bleak, windy moor,  
On a cold, bleak, windy day,  
A Man with a Harp is wandering there,  
In a shabby cloak of grey,  
Behold ! on the brown turf at your feet,  
A torn and tattered "Lay !"

For, to-day, I opened an old black book  
(Musty and faded and kind),  
Came marching a hundred of Marmion's men,  
With horsemen a-gallop behind !  
Oh ! I must dig till I find them again,  
Deep in the depths of my mind.

So if, in our age-old streets one day,  
You hear an angry call,  
And see in the distance the leaping flames  
Swallow the prison wall,  
It's only old Porteous being hanged—  
But Scott's to blame for it all !

And all the folk of ages gone  
Will come a-clamouring nigh,  
And if there's someone a-looking on  
(Lame, with a twinkling eye),  
He'll laugh right loud at those folk of his,  
That rush a-rioting by.

For Scott has given me fairy gold,  
In his jolly old jingling way,  
And the spirit of old and lovely things,  
That never can vanish away,  
Since I watched an Age of Chivalry  
Come out of a book to-day.

MURIEL CAMBERG (aged 15),  
James Gillespie's High School for Girls.

ONE PENNY]

MILLAR & BURDEN LTD., LEITH



DEDICATION  
COPY

for the best of mothers,  
to whom this book  
is dedicated

this copy is  
inscribed by her  
affectionate & grateful  
son the author

May 16 1933

## THE DEDICATION COPY

**87. SYMONS (A.J.A.)** H.M. Stanley.

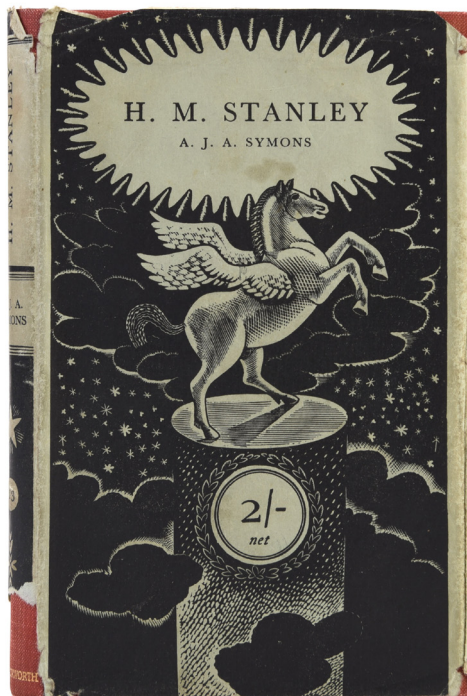
*First edition. 8vo. Original red cloth, spine lettered in gilt, fore edge untrimmed, dust jacket. London, Duckworth. 1933.*

£1,500

The dedication copy, with the author's characteristically fine calligraphic inscription on the front free endpaper "For the best of mothers to whom this book is dedicated this copy is inscribed by her affectionate & grateful son the author. May 16 1933."

In Julian Symons' fine biography of his brother, their mother's personality is somewhat shadowed behind their larger than life and rackety father, although Julian hints that the mother was more supportive of AJ's aesthetic interests than the father, who once refused to have the works of Oscar Wilde in their home, despite the fact that AJ bought it at the father's own auction house.

Heavy lean to text block, dust jacket rather edge worn with substantial loss to foot of spine panel.



## WRITTEN DURING H. M. STANLEY'S LECTURE TOUR

### 88. STANLEY, Henry Morton

Autograph Quotation Signed ("Henry M. Stanley"),  
1 page 8vo with integral blank leaf, Oamaru, New Zealand (although, on "2,  
Richmond Terrace, Whitehall" headed paper), 30 January 1892.

£750

Stanley quotes a popular stanza from Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton)'s poem "The Men of Old":

"A man's best things are nearest him  
Lie close about his feet."

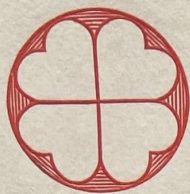
Stanley, one of the great Victorian explorers, is best known for his exploration of Central Africa, especially his quest for the source of the Nile and his successful search for explorer and missionary David Livingstone. Stanley finally settled in England around 1890, when he married the artist Dorothy Tennant, although he did still spend some months travelling after this; in the early 1890s, accompanied by Lady Stanley he went on lecture tours around America and Australasia. It was during this period that he visited Oamaru, a town in South Island, New Zealand, where he wrote this quotation.

"The Men of Old" is a contemplative poem about the great men of bygone ages, whether they were better than contemporary men. At its heart is the aspirational side of human nature and a warning to focus on that which is "nearest". The final stanza of the original poem reminds that "the loftier that ye go / ... distance leaves a haze / On all that lies below"; an interesting view from someone who had great impact on those both near and remote. It seems possible that Stanley used this poem to illuminate ideas discussed during his lecture tour.

WITH: a contemporary Autograph Letter Signed (1892), gifting the autograph.

Small loss to integral blank leaf of Stanley's AQS, not affecting the text.





2, Richmond Terrace,  
Whitehall. S.W.

"A man's best things are nearest him  
Lie close about his feet.  
It is the distant & the dear  
That we are sick to grieve."

Fanny Bej Stanley

Amara. New Zealand.

Sunday. Jan 30<sup>th</sup> 1892.  
— " — " — " —



c/o Mr Williams  
Victoria St

Langborne

Caernarfon

5 Feb 11

Dear Wilson,

Could you take back Bonni's letter  
& let me have something in its place? I  
had a review copy at the same time  
as yours came. I shall be here for  
another 10 days probably

With kind regards

Yours sincerely  
E Thomas

## EDWARD THOMAS, WRITING FROM LAUGHARNE, WALES, ON GEORGE BORROW

**89.** THOMAS, Edward (1878-1917). Poet.

Autograph Letter Signed ("E Thomas") to "Dear Wilson",

1/2 page 8vo, c/o Mrs Wilkins, Llaugharne, Victoria Street, Carmarthenshire, 6 December 1911.

£1,000

Thomas requests another volume on Borrow for his research - "Could you take back Borrow's Letters & let me have something in its place?" Likely referring to the volume published that year, edited by T. H. Darlow, Thomas continues, "I had a review copy at the same time as yours came." Both Wilson and Thomas were working on books on Borrow themselves: Thomas finished his draft while at Laugharne (*George Borrow: The Man & His Books* was published in 1912); Wilson appears to have been slower – possibly less industrious or more fastidious than Thomas (his volume, *Selections from George Borrow*, appeared later, in 1914).

Thomas also mentions that he will be at Laugharne "for another 10 days probably." Edward Thomas "stayed at Mrs Wilkins' boarding-house in Victoria Street from 1 November until 17 December 1911. This was a period of his life during which he was at times much depressed... He wrote from Laugharne to a friend [Harry Hooton]: "Sometimes I feel wellish here, sometimes very bad; never well, I never can be well again without a miracle". None the less, he kept busy. While at Laugharne he completed his study of George Borrow, corrected proofs of *The Icknield Way* [dedicated to Hooton] and began work on a book on Swinburne... In April 1914, before war put an end to such pleasures, he returned to Laugharne as part of a cycling holiday with his two children and stayed for an enjoyable week." ('Laugharne's Literary History' in *Dylan Thomas' Swansea, Gower and Laugharne*, by James A. Davies, 2014).

Edward Thomas, one of the finest poets of the First World War, was killed near Arras on 9 April 1917. Although best remembered for his poetry, he wrote none until the outbreak of war. Prior to this he had supported himself through writing biographical and topographical books and reviews. Much of his prose has received increased and favourable reception in recent years.

Age toned, with some light contemporary ink marks. Edward Thomas letters are rare in commerce.

ONE OF ONLY 65 COPIES SIGNED BY THE AUTHOR

90. THOMAS (Dylan).

Collected Poems. 1934-1952.

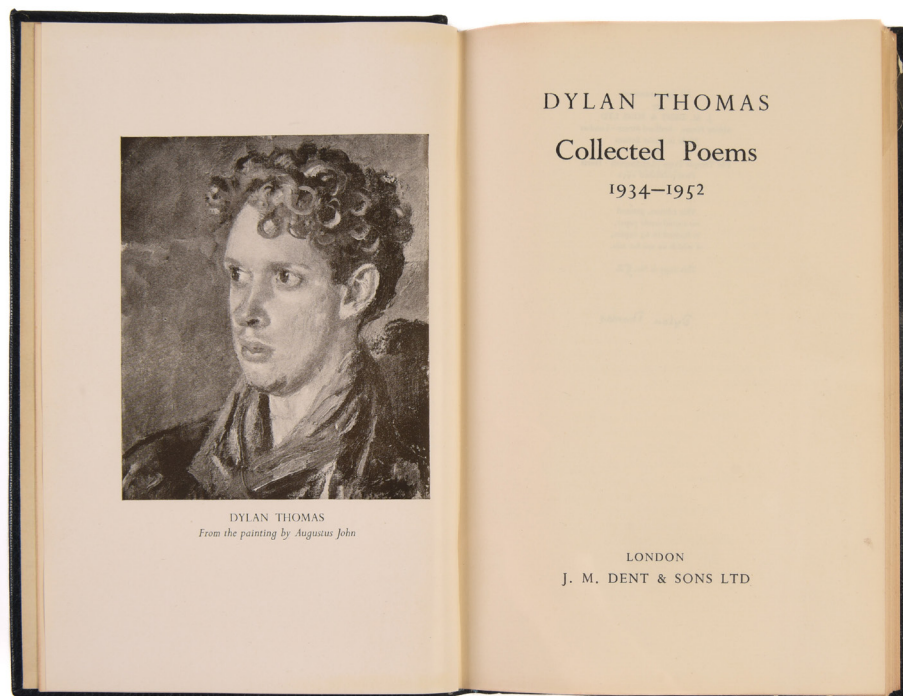
*Frontispiece portrait of the author after Augustus John. First edition, one of 65 copies signed by the author on mould-made paper, of which 60 were for sale. 8vo. Original dark blue crushed morocco, spine lettered in gilt, top edge in gilt. Housed in a slightly later folding box. London, J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd. 1952.*

£10,000

The definitive lifetime edition of the collected poems of Dylan Thomas - one of only sixty-five copies of the signed limited edition. Published a year before Thomas's death, the collection brings together all but one of the poems from his three previous volumes of poetry, some of which were revised for this publication, with the addition of six poems written since 1946.

An absolutely fine copy, bought new by the previous owner, internally very clean without any thumbing or toning to paper stock, the binding virtually unworn and as new. Extremely scarce in such exemplary condition. With the remains of the original plain cellophane protective wrapper.

Rolph, B. 17.





## ONE OF THE SCARCEST ITEMS OF THOMASIANA

**91. THOMAS (Dylan). Two Epigrams of Fealty. [together with:]  
Galsworthy and Gawsworth.**

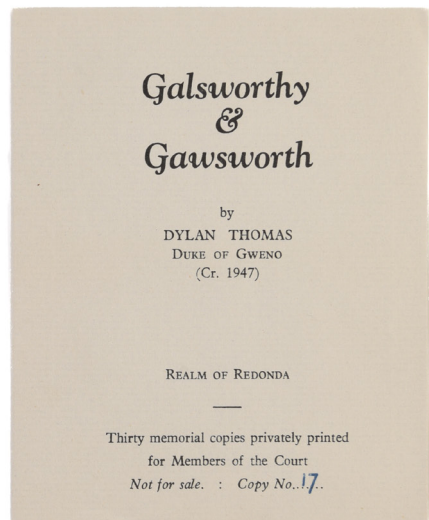
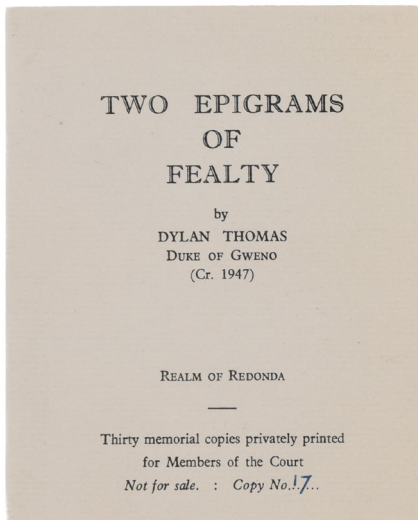
*First editions, both number 17 of 30 copies, printed by John Gawsworth. Two volumes. 16mo. Original wrappers. London, Privately printed for Members of the Court. 1953.*

Sold

Issued in memory of Dylan Thomas after his death for the Members of the Redonda Court. One of the scarcest items of Thomasiana, each pamphlet printed in an edition of only 30 copies. John Gawsworth, made heir to the island of Redonda by the previous King, M. P. Shiel, gave many of his literary friends titles, including Thomas who was given the title of "Duke of Gweno".

A pair of fine copies, housed in a blue cloth solander box, lettered in gilt on a matching blue morocco label inset on the upper cover and ruled in gilt.

Not in Rolfe. See: John D. Squires, *Of Dreams and Shadows: An Outline of the Redonda Legend with Some Notes on Various Claimants to its Uncertain Throne*.



**"OF MY OWN, I SHOULD LIKE TO READ ONE POEM, 'FERN HILL'".  
DYLAN THOMAS' THOUGHTS ON A ROYAL POETRY RECITAL**

**92. THOMAS, Dylan**

Autograph letter signed ('Dylan Thomas') to Denys Kilham Roberts, regarding poetry to be included in the Society of Authors' poetry recital, and his preferences regarding various poets and poems mooted for inclusion, including those by Wilfred Owen, Robert Graves, and Thomas Hardy.

*2 pages 4to, Holywell Road, Oxford, 5 April 1946.*

Sold

Thomas was part of an eleven-person Committee from the Society of Authors charged with organising a recital of poetry for the Queen and Princesses. As Thomas is unable "to attend the final meeting of the C[ommit]te[e] on the 10th" he writes his thoughts regarding poems and poets for inclusion via this letter to the chairman of the Committee, Denys Kilham Roberts. Written a little over a month before the event, which took place on the 14th May, the letter details his thoughts as the committee entered the final stages of planning.

Thomas calls his letter "a very quick scribble" but it is in fact comprehensive and detailed; in it he mentions poetry by Milton, Vaughan, Marvell, Blake, Coleridge, Lear, Wilfred Owen, Robert Graves, "Lawrence" [presumably D.H.], Thomas Hardy, and himself. He also mentions some of the readers, including Flora Robson, Cecil Day Lewis, Edith Evans, and "Laurie" (Laurence Whistler, who was a member of the committee).

Of his own readings Thomas writes "I don't mind reading "Tyger Tyger", of course, but I should like to see Lawrence represented", and "Of my own, I should like to read one poem, 'Fern Hill'". According to the printed programme Thomas read both his own 'Fern Hill' and Blake's enduring popular poem, as well as D. H. Lawrence's 'Snake'. His reading of 'The Tyger' was described by Edith Sitwell in a later letter to Kilham Roberts as "one of the greatest, the most impressive, the most wonderful things I have ever heard or witnessed".

The Recital was roughly divided into two parts - great poets of the days of yore, and 20th century poets (some of whom were present to read their own work). Most of Thomas' comments on the earlier portion is in agreement with items already discussed by the committee: "I do agree with you that Milton should have more time"; "Agree, too, with Cecil Day Lewis reading To His Coy Mistress". He argues in favour of the inclusion of Henry Vaughan's

... his new Poems 1938-1945' would help the perspective of this half of the programme greatly.

I should like, myself, to choose, of Hardy, ~~with~~ his "In Death Departed" and either "After a Journey", "Rain On Her Grave", or "Lizbie Browne". The first, underlined, most certainly.

Of my own, I should like to read one poem "Fern Hill".

Hope you manage to read ~~that~~ this very quick scribble.

I wish the CTE good luck with a hell of a job.

Yours,  
Dylan Thomas

Retreat - "Let's over-run by 2 minutes rather than lose a great poem". - but thinks there won't be "time for Kubla Khan, however much we'd all love to include it." In the end both The Retreat and Kubla Khan made the cut.

However, it is in discussing the more modern poems and poets for inclusion that Thomas expresses his meatier opinions:

"About the 2nd half. I think, very strongly, that a longer poem than 'Anthem for Doomed Youth' - longer, & better, should be chosen to introduce this half. I sincerely suggest Owen's 'Exposure', which takes 2 minutes to read..."

"Also ... what a mistake to leave out Robert Graves. But I suppose it is now too late to include another living poet", and suggests which of Graves' poems might be included, adding it would improve the "perspective of this half of the programme greatly."

"I should like, myself, to choose, of Hardy, his "In Death Departed" and either "After a Journey", "Rain On Her Grave", or "Lizbie Browne". The first, underlined, most certainly."

The Recital took place on 14 May 1946 at the Wigmore Hall. It was organised for the enjoyment of Queen Elizabeth (wife of George VI) and her daughters Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, who were the guests of honour. Denys Kilham Roberts was the chairman of the event, and secretary of the Society of Authors. In a review of the event, the *Times* stated that "Mr. C. Day-Lewis, Mr. Louis MacNeice and Mr. Thomas came off much better in reading their own work than Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. T. S. Eliot and Miss Edith Sitwell".

*Provenance:* Sotheby's, 29 June 1982, lot 408.



## TO LEFTWING ACTIVIST ITHEL DAVIES

### 93. THOMAS (Dylan) & A.E. ("Bert") TRICK.

Typed Letter Signed jointly.

To leftwing activist Ithel Davies, c/o the West Wales and Swansea Guardian, From 5 Cwmdonkin Drive, Swansea. 1 page, undated, with recipient's date stamp of 9 December 1934.

Sold

Mounted, together with the envelope (in Thomas's hand), with a note in an unidentified hand (presumably the recipient's).

An earnest letter addressed to Davies as "an official of the No More War Movement" which they would like to join "because we believe the present militarist trend of national politics makes it imperative that those who object to War in any shape of form should actively identify themselves with the Movement". Davies, a Conscientious Objector in the 1914-1918 war was a socialist, pacifist and Welsh nationalist - the No More War Movement was by 1934 in decline from its heyday when it was led by Fenner Brockway.

The two young men offer themselves "not merely as nominal members but as active propagandists . . . we would wish to propagate, through the columns of all the journals at our disposal, the urgency of bringing ourselves together into a common front those who hold similar views. . ."

Trick, who identifies himself after his signature with the name of the journal *Twentieth Century*, was a schoolfriend of Thomas. He was a radical socialist and pacifist, as well as running the family corner shop: Dylan often referred to him as "Comrade Trick" and third parties knew him as the "Marxist Grocer".

Thomas, Dylan. *Collected Letters*.



5 Gwmdonkin Drive,  
Uplands,  
Swansea.

Dear Mr Ithel Davies,

We are informed that you are an official of the No More War Movement. If that is so, we would like to have details of membership, because we believe the present militarist trend of national politics makes it imperative that those who object to War in any shape or form should actively identify themselves with the Movement.

If membership is open to us, we wish to enrol ourselves, not merely as nominal members but as active propagandists. That the work of the No More War Movement is, at least locally, little known to many confirmed objectors, seems to be a matter of concern. We would wish to propagate, through the columns of all the journals at our disposal, the urgency of bringing together into a common front those who hold similar views to ourselves.

May we congratulate you upon your articles, and hope that you will be able to reply soon to this letter.

Yours Sincerely,

*Dylan Thomas.*  
A. E. Truck (Twentieth Century)



*Dylan Thomas*  
1934

Ithel Davies Esq:

40  
West Wales & Swansea Guardian,  
Temple Buildings,  
Hoathfield Street,  
Swansea.



## THE POET STRUGGLES WITH HIS PUBLISHER

- 94. THOMAS (R.S.)** Correspondence between R. S. Thomas and Hilary Laurie (and others) from Penguin, about his publications *Autobiographies*, and *Selected Poems* (the latter of which remained unpublished on Thomas' death in 2000),

9 *Autograph Letters Signed*, majority 8vo, one 4to; one *Autograph Postcard Signed* and one *Typed Letter Signed* ("R. S. Thomas" and "Ronald"), three addresses in Gwynedd, Wales. With retained copies of the replies, majority from Hilary Laurie (9 *Typed Letters*, 4to, Penguin UK). 1996 - 2000.

Sold

A significant and moving correspondence, the majority relating to a proposed edition of R. S. Thomas' *Selected Poems*, as mooted by Hilary Laurie for Penguin. After an initially positive back and forth the tone deteriorates, as Thomas becomes increasingly frustrated with the lack of urgency being shown by the publishers. His last letters are at first desperate, then angry "I don't know what my life expectancy is, but obviously it would be good to see your selection in print before I bow out . . . In Christopher Ricks' anthology, I deplore his following of other anthologists in categorizing me as a rural poet and nothing else. I have been looking forward to your Penguin edition to restore the balance". Penguin's communication at least seems to have been very poor, and they caused further offence by sending new editions of *Under Milk Wood* and Dylan Thomas's *Selected Poems* before following up with a letter that they would not be publishing his own *Selected Poems* until "some time in 2001."

Laurie's letter of 8 July 1998 outlines the plan: "I should love, with your help and consent, to put together a new *Selected Poems* using the COLLECTED as well as the more recent work which was not included in the COLLECTED. I feel like this would result in a much more interesting and representative book." Thomas' response is enthusiastic – "I like your idea very much. The idea of a volume containing a discriminative selection of all my poetry appeals, too, especially one distributed by Penguin". The back and forth is initially positive. Thomas responds to Laurie's queries, suggesting: who they might need to approach for the rights for some of his poems; two academics who might write the introduction (including his eventual executor, Prof M. Wynn Thomas); and his ideas around the cover design ("I would favour something fairly abstract to offset the determination of most publishers and reviewers and half of my readers to confine me in the category of 'Country Poet' ... The thing is to avoid any naturalistic stuff bordering on the sentimental!") However, the project would progress slowly – various reasons are given, including the Millennium



(and publications to mark this milestone), and a clash with a publication of the *Selected Poems* of Dylan Thomas. "In view of [the] letter from me pointing that my health had broken down, this seemed to me callous, to say the least."

In the end the book never appeared: *Residues*, containing his final poems, was published in 2002, and *Collected Later Poems: 1988-2000* in 2004, both by Bloodaxe.

Letters mention other works: Justin Wintle's unauthorised semi-biography titled *Furious Interiors: Wales, R. S. Thomas, and God* (1996), and Thomas' own *Autobiographies* (1997).

WITH: an additional postcard from Michael Foot, thanking Hilary Laurie for "the lovely R. S. Thomas book - safely received and much appreciated. He was born in 1913 - a vintage year" (Michael Foot was also born in 1913).

All in very good condition.

Full description on our website.

When it turned into a 'critical study', I told Wintle I was not against such but a qualified critic.

He must have found it hard going if, as you say, he needs to quote so much.

Yours sincerely  
R.S. Thomas

5.11.76

Cefn Du Ganol,  
Llanfairinghornwy,  
Helford,  
Gwynedd,  
LL65 4LG  
Tel. 01407 730 943

Dear Mrs Laurie

I told Saton that I would return this typescript to you with a few corrections!

Reading through the English was a strange experience. There is quite a bit of repetition, but it is too

and half of my read to confine me in the category of 'Country Poet.' I have a striking reproduction of a hulk on shore by Braque, 'Barge Naufragie' or some such title, but he would be prohibitive, I expect. Then there is Wil Rowlands the Aug painter. The thing is to avoid naturalistic stuff bordering the sentimental!

Tŷ MAEN  
LLANFROTHEN  
GWYNEDD LL48 6SG  
01766 771658

Dear Hilary

Thank you for your letter. I am glad you like

Tŷ MAEN  
LLANFROTHEN  
GWYNEDD LL48 6SG  
01766 771658

Dear Hilary

About a month ago

once. Certainly Bloodaxe need to be consulted about the case under their imprint.



## THE GREAT SHARK HUNT

### 95. THOMPSON (Hunter S.)

Correspondence and photographs, principally with David Butler of *Playboy* magazine, about the writing and publication of his gonzo essay 'The Great Shark Hunt'. Cozumel, 1973.

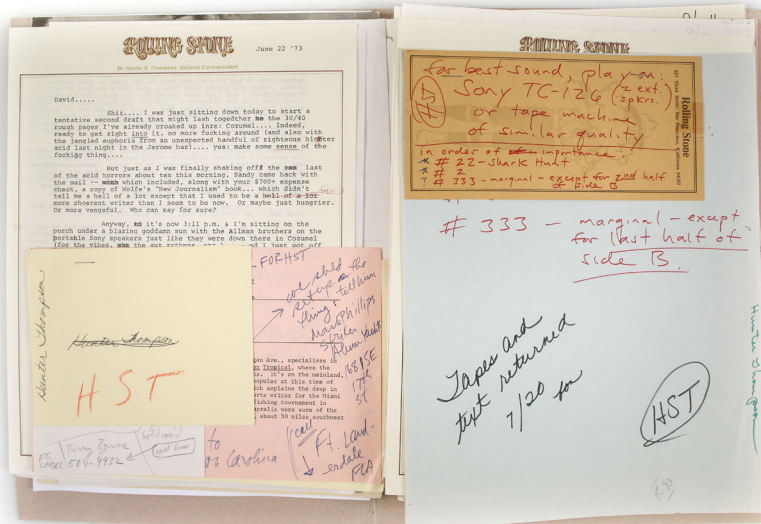
Sold

A rich small archive, with pretty terrifying insights into his writing style, of the composition of his long journalistic piece 'The Great Shark Hunt', published in December 1973, and which later lent its title to the principal anthology of his journalism, published in New York, 1979.

Thompson was commissioned by David Butler in early 1973 to write an article for *Playboy* Magazine on Mexican sportfishing culture, and this little group of papers documents the problems that Thompson faced, principally around his lack of empathy with the subject: as he wrote in the piece itself, "... it was clear that the story was not only a dry hole but maybe even a dry socket. Our most serious problem had to do with the rat-bastard tedium of spending eight hours a day out at sea in the boiling sun, being tossed around on the bridge of a high-powered motorboat and watching middle-aged businessmen reeling sailfish up to the side of the boat . . . I have watched a lot of bad acts in my time . . . but I'm damned if I can remember anything as insanely fucking dull as that Third Annual International Cozumel Fishing Tournament."

At the heart of the archive are four fine strong letters on Owl Farm and *Rolling Stone* letterhead, both typed and manuscript, by Thompson, eloquently apologising for lack of delivery, referring to "my ever-deepening involvement in the Watergate story" (which makes it hard for him to find the time for





the Cozumel story) and “a federal drug blitz on Aspen that has already subpoenaed 10 or 12 of my friends for a Grand Jury gig in Denver - and which is likely to reel me in at any moment, on general principles”. He fails to meet Norman Mailer “Beyond that, I haven’t been able to crank up a hell of a lot of enthusiasm for the idea of a mano a mano gig with Norman” but nevertheless “Barring a nark-swarm on my house” he’ll get on the case.

On another occasion he was just sitting down to start a tentative second draft “shaking off the last of the acid horrors” when a long train of events, partly connected with the real life “Dr. Gonzo” (Oscar Zita Acosta) trying to sue him over the film rights for *Fear and Loathing*. A fine passage describes his grappling with the “spineless saga” of the story: “I have the usual amount of ultimate faith in it - along with the usual sense of futility, hatred and despair ... and the trick, as always, is in refusing to even read the accumulated pages until they’re ready.”

Even this last gambit fails, and he resorts to sending the last 30 pages, promises that he’s done the first 63 (“I still haven’t got to the goddamn fishing”), and sends a cassette tape (not present) for “some unfortunate wretch in your employ” to transcribe. The instructions are daunting: “Whoever does the transcribing shouldn’t worry about garbled dialogue or out-of-context gibberish”, but he can’t do it himself because “I’ve listened to these goddamn tapes for so long that I hate every inch of it.”

There is other interesting internal material, including memos, from *Playboy*. A full listing is available to interested parties.

## "REWRITING THE STORY"

- 96. WILLIAMS** (William Carlos). One page quarto working typescript, with authorial corrections and signed ("W. C. Williams"), the final page (early draft) of his short story 'The Girl with the Pimply Face'; together with Three Autograph Letters and two Autograph Postcards signed "Williams".

*One page 4to, signed by Williams "W. C. Williams" at the foot and with quite extensive corrections and additions to nine lines (of 29 lines), unbound and undated; one letter (the first in the correspondence) to "Dear Oppell[?]" ; four letters to Joseph Vogel: two postcards, September and October 1933, and two later ALS on Dr. W. C. Williams headed paper, dated March and April 1940.*

Sold

The typescript page is numbered "13" and comprises part of an early draft of the conclusion of Williams' short story, 'The Girl with the Pimply Face', although comparison with the published version shows it to be quite different. It is a story written from Williams' experiences as a small-town doctor, centring around his pro bono work for an immigrant family with a sick baby. The illness of the baby drives the plot, but it is her elder sister who pulls the focus. Williams sees the girl as a foil to the overwrought mother, admiring her stoicism and solidity, which is quite opposite to what he sees as her mother's over-emotion. During his first visit to assess the baby he notices the teenager's acne and decides to offer his help to the elder child as well as the infant. At the end of the story he returns to the family to check on the children - the baby is much better, and the girl's face has improved. She has also returned to school after a period of truancy.

The correspondence commences with the letter which presumably accompanied the typescript (of which only one sheet, p.13, remains). Williams writes, "If not suitable you know what to do. I knocked it off for you having nothing else handy. Might be better - also worse - Good luck." A later letter indicates he has received constructive criticism about his submitted work. He thanks Vogel "for the criticism", adding, "Wheels within wheels [...] but at least you are consistent and genial. I'd enjoy rewriting the story from your viewpoint - perhaps I'll do it and send you the result: no obligations implied."

As this letter implies, Williams worked on the short story to improve it for publication. The end of the short story, as it appears here, was ultimately expanded. The opening line of p.13 "Does it vomit?" changes to "Does she vomit?" and falls, rather than on the final page, right in the middle of the





## ORIGINAL DUST JACKET ARTWORK OF THE EMPRESS OF BLANDINGS

### 97. [WODEHOUSE (P.G.)] BACON (Peggy).

Uncle Fred in the Springtime: original dust jacket artwork.

Chalk drawing on tinted paper. 590 x 460 mm within mount. Signed within the image. [1939].

£6,250

The original artwork for the dust jacket of the first American edition of Wodehouse's *Uncle Fred in the Springtime*, published by Doubleday Doran in 1939. The principal plot device is the kidnapping of The Empress of Blandings, Lord Emsworth's prize pig, and the drawing shows Uncle Fred peering through the curtains of Lord Dunstable's suite at Blandings, where she is temporarily being closeted.

The rather wonderful Peggy Bacon (1895 - 1987), illustrator for *Vanity Fair*, *The New Yorker*, and of her own books, was in later life resident in Kennebunk, Maine, and this picture was bought from her by the great Wodehousian Charles Gould. A well-connected woman, she was recently the subject of a Smithsonian exhibition wittily titled "Six Degrees of Peggy Bacon".

WITH: later letter from Peggy Bacon to Charles E. Gould, also of Kennebunk, Maine, on his purchase of the pastel (1981).





## "I SHALL HAVE A JEEVES NOVEL PUBLISHED SOON"

### 98. WODEHOUSE (P.G.)

Five Typed Letters Signed, One Typed Postcard Signed, and One Autograph Letter Signed ("P. G. Wodehouse") to "Dear Mr Goodrum"  
[Charles A. Goodrum]

with one associated autograph envelope, 6 pages 8vo, 2 pages oblong 12mo,  
Remensberg, N.Y., 1958-1971.

£3,500

A jovial literary correspondence to a fellow writer.

Goodrum seems to have written first as a fan: "It was wonderful getting your letter this morning and hearing that you like my books so much. Especially cheering at the moment, as I finished a new novel [probably *Cocktail Time*] a few weeks ago and am now going through that unpleasant phase where it seems quite impossible ever to think of another plot!" "I suppose something will eventually emerge - it always has so far - but right now I feel, as George Ade said, as if somebody had removed my brain and substituted an order of cauliflower."

It clearly became a genuine friendship and Wodehouse's writing, new and old, is the principal topic of correspondence, including references to *Something Fishy*, (UK title *The Butler Did It*); *America, I Like You*, (UK title *Over Seventy*, "which contains at least 40,000 words of new stuff and is ever so much better than the America book"); *Leave it to Jane* (musical, based on George Ade's 1904 play *The College Widow*) ("It was always one of my favorites in the old days ... I've always thought Jerry [Jerome Kern]'s score was one of the best he did."); *The Prince and Betty*; *The Intrusions of Jimmy*; *Love Among the Chickens* ("in which Ukridge [Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge] made his first appearance. Everything before that was school stories for boys."); *Leave it to Psmith*; *Ice in the Bedroom*; *Pigs Can Fly*; *Quick Service* ("one of the ones of mine I think I like best."); *The Girl in Blue* ("everyone seems to think it's ok"); *Nudes* ("I must say I wish Simon and Schuster had chosen another title"); and *Much Obligated Jeeves*.

He is "rather dubious" about the "TV Jeeves things the BBC are doing": "A Jeeves and Bertie story depends so much on Bertie and he has about two pages describing his feelings, whereas on TV it would have to be condensed to B. saying "Gosh!". Still the sketches may come out well." He also mentions an earlier adaptation: "two Jeeves pictures in Hollywood in 1936", which "used



their own stories, not mine", adding, "They were not too hot!" (3 May 1965) and also allusively references his scandalous wartime broadcasts: "... I shall have a Jeeves novel [*Much Obligated Jeeves*] published soon. I assumed they were going to bring it out in October, but they have just sent me the proofs special delivery, which looks as if they may be planning to take advantage of all this publicity and rush it out." (8 May 1971). This presumably relates to his second proposed nomination for a knighthood: the first had come in 1967, the second was the year of this letter and both were blocked, for fear of legitimising his wartime broadcasts for German radio.

Goodrum had a success with *I'll Trade you an Elk* (1967), which tells the true story of Goodrum's father's efforts to build a zoo in Wichita, Kansas, without money, in the face of the Depression. Wodehouse liked it very much and provides a dust jacket puff - "Not only very well written but very funny and full of charm. I want nothing better."

P. G. WODEHOUSE  
REMSENBURG  
NEW YORK

Jan 23. 1967

Dear Mr Goodrum. I was so glad to get the Elk book (and incidentally, I always enjoy reading those damn proofs, it seems to me the way books ought to be published). Well, I've just finished it and I like it. I loved it. Your publishers will probably want a few opinions they can quote. So here is mine. - Not only very well written but very funny and full of charm. I want nothing better. - P.G. Wodehouse

OK 2

P.G. Wodehouse

P. G. WODEHOUSE  
REMSENBURG  
NEW YORK

May 3.1965

Dear "r Goodrum.

Fancy you having all those books of mine! The Prince and Betty came just after The Intrusions of Jimmy. They were preceed by a thing called Love Among The Chickens, in which Widge made his first appearance. Everything before that was school stories for boys.

I am rather dubious about those TV Jeeves things the BBC are doing. A Jeeves and Bertie story depends so much on Bertie's narrative that I doubt if it will be all right on the screen. I mean, in a story something happens to Bertie and he has about two pages describing his feelings, whereas on TV it would have to be condensed to B. saying 'Gosh!'. Still they sketches may come out well. They did two Jeeves pictures in Hollywood in 1936, but used their own stories, not mine. They were not too hot!

Yours sincerely

P.G. Wodehouse

P. G. Wodehouse

Remsenburg

Long Island, N. Y. 11966

June 25.1970

Dear Mr Goodrum.

That's certainly splendid news about the Elk. I shall look forward to seeing it on TV.

So glad you liked NUDES. (I must say I wish Simon and Schuster had chosen another title). I finished a novel called THE GIRL IN BLUE in February, and everyone seems to think it's okay. Since then I have been trying to get out a plot for a Jeeves novel, but have not yet got it into shape. Fortunately I have plenty of time, as it won't be needed till about June 1971.

All the best  
Yours

P.G. Wodehouse

P. G. WODEHOUSE  
REMSENBURG  
NEW YORK

September 25.1966

Dear "r Goodrum.

That's great news about Scott Meredith. I always think he is the best agent in New York and I'm sure he will be able to land your book. Congratulations.

Leave it to Pamlin I would call the best choice, but I'm not quite certain about Joe in Bedroom. How about Pigs Can Fly or Quick Service? Quick Service is one of the ones of mine I think I like best.

I have just finished a new one and have got to do some work on it, as it is too short.

Yours sincerely

P.G. Wodehouse

P. G. WODEHOUSE  
REMSENBURG  
NEW YORK

July 16.1964

Dear Mr Goodrum.

Congratulations on landing with the New Yorker, a thing I've never been able to do.

Thank you for your flattering words about my stuff. I am trying now to get a plot for a new novel but no luck so far. Still, it won't be needed till 1966, so I have plenty of time.

I'm so glad you enjoyed Leave It To Jane. It was always one of my favorites in the old days and I have much regretted that it was not put on as one of the Princess shows. I've always thought Jerry's score was one of the best he did. We got a three-year run out of the revival off-Broadway.

I hope your book will work out all right. I think the public are longing for some humorous stuff and there is so little of it nowadays.

Yours sincerely

P.G. Wodehouse

P.S. Don't go buying Something Fishy. It is the Best with a different title.

Remsenburg  
Jan 4.1971

Dear Mr Goodrum.

It was wonderful getting your letter morning and hearing that you liked my books so much, cheering at the moment, as I finished a new novel and am now going through that unpleasant phase where quite impossible ever to think of another plot! I something will eventually emerge - it always has so right now I feel, as George Ade said, as if somebody my brain and substituted an order of cauliflower.

I hope you will enjoy the enclosed. England version of America, I Like You, - I don't know have read that one? - but Over Seventy contains at least words of new stuff and is ever so much better than the book.

Yours sincerely

P.G. Wodehouse

P. G. WODEHOUSE, REMSENBURG, N. Y.

May 8.1974

Dear Mr Goodrum.

Your letter made me feel very cheery. If Washington's grande dames read me, what more can I want! Thanks ever so much for the list. It ought to come in very useful.

I've nearly got a new one scenarioried out, and I shall have a Jeeves novel published soon. I assumed they were going to bring it out in October, but







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