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&

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March 8-11, 2018
Park Avenue Armory
643 Park Avenue, New York
BOOTH A31

Hoc volumine continentur...

In the very heart of Paris (5th arrondissement, the cradle of French edition) our bookstore and its website Edition-Originale.com offer 28,000 books from 1480 to present: a selection of precious volumes in all fields of knowledge, reflecting our very personal conception of a *à la française* antique bookstore.

Le Feu Follet is an antiquarian bookshop. Despite this designation, which distinguishes us from traditional booksellers, our trade is not defined by the age of our books, but by their contribution to the cultural heritage. In this context, the expression "antiquarian book", is not referring to books that have survived the passage of time, but instead books that time traverses, and does not exclude contemporary works by any means.

In a changing society moving from the era of reproducibility and hyper-industrialisation to dematerialisation, the book as an object is being reinstated as a symbol of the longevity of human thought, and the antiquarian book is its physical manifestation.

The distinction between an antiquarian bookshop and a new bookshop, is in our view, no longer pertinent. The opposite of "new" is really "second-hand", which should be understood as an alternative economic model. But in our case the antiquarian bookshop is founded on a fundamentally different idea. It is based on a premise that emerged with the invention of the printing press and relates to the underlying symbolic relationship between a written work and its support.

We don't aim to showcase an author or disseminate a text to the greatest number. The books we offer have already stood the trial- by-fire of literary critics and the caprices of fashion with all its associated fads. Some of our authors have already taken their permanent place in the literary Pantheon, while others have been preserved by a handful of scholars.

All of our books have been read passionately by at least one of these groups. Each copy we receive has been carefully preserved, some in luxurious bindings and some plain. These have been passed down, from book lover to collector, bedside table to library, from generation to generation, often from a veteran book lover to a young book lover. If these copies have managed to survive through the decades, avoided destruction and been prized even more than later editions, it is because a special link has developed between the author and reader that places them outside the process of endless reproduction. As booksellers, our work consists of hunting down and collecting – from a multitude of books – the special books, which embody the thought process expressed on their pages.

With the arrival of the touch tablet, the idea of a book being bound to its material form might seem strange. However, since the invention of the printing press until the beginning of the 20th century all readers accepted this idea as a simple statement of fact. They, on the other hand, couldn't have imagined today's dichotomy. The book was not simply a support for the thought process at that time, it was the exclusive vehicle for it. The impact of a work and even its new "existence" depended on the quality of this object. In the very early years of the Renaissance, the burgeoning humanist movement would need to create a form for this object.

Due to the costs involved in publishing a book, the financial and political risks that existed, and the uncertainty of publishing as a business, booksellers were placed at the heart of one of humanity's greatest intellectual and human endeavours from the start. Between 1455 – approximately the date of the first Bible being printed in Mainz by Gutenberg Fust & Schoeffer, almost a complete failure, leading the associates to separate and the ruin of Gutenberg – and 1500 when the invention reached maturity, printing workshops began to appear all over Europe with over ten million books being printed and sold in shops by a new skilled group of professionals.

In less than fifty years, young printing apprentices (all novices and all competing against one another) invented and perfected book design, giving the book a form that has remained almost unchanged to this day.

The title page appeared at the end of the 15th century replacing the colophon, which traditionally indicated the name of the author, editor, date and sometimes even a sort of title in the last few lines of a book. This information was not usually shown at the front of books, which usually began with a recurring formula such as, *Hoc volumine continentur* (this volume contains).

Placing a book's technical information on the first page revealed the growing importance of the new political and cultural actors. The power of the latter did not go unnoticed by the State, which quickly took measures to control the spread of new ideas: retracting privileges, censorship, paper controls, prohi-

bitions to exercise in the profession, banishment, and burning books and booksellers. In response, the latter developed new strategies of defence: pocket formats, pseudonyms, fake publisher's addresses, cross-border distribution, and so on.

Today, the form of an antique book still constitutes one of the most precious clues to the status of the work and its relationship with society at the time. Typefaces, paper quality, book format, illustrations, the number of copies printed: publishing practices were different for an edition published for the aristocracy and a dissident pamphlet distributed in secret.

To read a book in its original and intentional, or at least accepted form, is like admiring the Madonna of Loreto by Caravaggio in the chapel it was painted for. It is the only way to know that the first thing people would notice about the painting was not

the face of the virgin Mary or the body of the Christ child, but actually the dirty feet of the pilgrims kneeling before them: this hypotyposis is certainly not the end purpose of the painting but it steers the viewer's interpretation.

The same thing can be said for antiquarian books, since the original form is not accidental and it orients the reader's interpretation and affects the way a book is received. No matter how lofty a book may be, it is always conveyed through a form that has a meaning and affects the reader's perception as well as reflecting the society of readers. First editions by the actor and playwright, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin, known by his stage name, Molière, were published in small duodecimo formats at low cost.

Molière was buried in a communal grave in 1682 ten years before the first collection of his complete works was published in a slightly larger format illustrated with anonymous engravings. In 1734, only fifty years later, a prestigious edition was published by Prault and printed as a quarto, illustrated by François Boucher. Today this is still considered to be one of the most beautiful 18th-century books ever published. First editions can only be found in very modest bindings of the period – unless it was rebound later – while later editions are luxuriously bound from the start with beautiful calfskin or Morocco leather covers.

The binding of books – carried out by bookbinders in accordance with the tastes and budget of each buyer – are also part of the silent dialogue between author and reader, and each copy contains the unique traces. In addition to the natural link between the book and the thought process, there is a second element that is important to booksellers: the future of the book object. The book is a multiple object because of its reproducibility. But for us, books become unique objects, each copy having its own story to tell. A copy given as a gift by the author and dedicated to a close friend or produced by an artist bookbinder, owned by a famous person or saved from a book burning, the list goes on. Of course, stories about a specific edition or copy are usually simple anecdotes that are only interesting to their owner: a sentimental value only significant in the private realm, a relationship between the reader and their book.

Still, when an aviator in exile from his country at war writes a children's book in New-York, then leaves to fight even before it is published, ending up in a country where all his books are forbidden, and finds a copy brought back from America by a chaplain working for the resistance and dedicates it to some children he meets – one of only two copies in existence signed before he is shot down off the coast of Marseille – then the anecdote of Antoine and the two children in Algiers becomes an integral part of the history of Saint-Exupéry and the *Le Petit Prince*, the most widely translated and read book after the Bible. This modest second edition has become a unique and precious trace of 20th-century literary history.

The similarity between different copies sometimes makes investigative work to identify these traces and rediscover the uniqueness of a piece and its historic significance very difficult. Undoubtedly, it is the search to find unique works, lost among the profusion of books and book shelves that is one of the principle missions of our bookshop. For example, the case of a poetry book that testifies to the humanity of one of the most unjustly portrayed French revolutionaries: Guillotin. This book, is one of the rare vestiges of Guillotin's personal book collection with a hand-written ex-libris. The book is by a German poet who was one of the first people to study the consequences of decapitation: research that inspired the deputy of parliament to defend the rights of condemned prisoners to die without undue suffering.

Numerous secret or forbidden love stories abound in other mysterious signed copies. The jointly adulterous relationship between Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet is revealed in a dedication to his lover in the first copy – still the first edition – of *Actes et paroles* [Deeds and Words] which replaces his usual lyrical flight with a surprising sadness… she had just learnt he had been cheating on her for months.

Young love, also underlies the simple, pious dedication from an old Franciscan monk to a countess: Franz Liszt to his first mistress, Adèle de la Prunarède, who cast a shadow over the relationship between the composer and his muse, Marie d'Agoult. The thwarted passion of Sartre for the young Olga, who preferred... Simone de Beauvoir. The political friendship revealed by a Balzac's extremely rare dedicated copies, to Henry Leroy, an influent lawyer. The eminently meaningful and personal gift, the dedication copy – a signed dedication in a first edition – strips bare the intimate relationship between an author and the person the book is dedicated to.

The proud dedication by Proust in his *Swann* [*Swann's Way*] to Lucien Descaves, an eminent member of the Académie Goncourt, proves that despite claims to the contrary, the modest Marcel hoped to obtain the prestigious literary prize as early as the publication of his first volume of *Recherche* [*In Search of Lost Time*]. The unwavering friendship between Camus and the resistance fighter and poet, René Char, in his copy of *Les Justes* [*The Just Assassins*]: "à René Char, frère de ceux-ci, dont il a fait toute la route, avec l'admiration et l'affection de son ami" [to René Char, a brother of those mentioned below, who went the whole way with them, with admiration and affection, from your friend]. The acerbic friendship between Léon Bloy and his young admirer, Georges Rouault, whose style he detested: "rien pour son art – Il n'y a pas de caricature" [for his art alone, there can be no caricature]. Céline's literary resentment towards his early critic: "À Gonzague Truc qui me déteste..." [To Gonzague Truc who hates me...].

The bookseller's task is not to promote a book, but to select copies, from amongst all those available, with historical and symbolic links to the text they embody. Value unveiled rather than added, so that the infinitely reproducible object, the book, can rediscover its singular value as an artwork.

Working as a literary archaeologist, the bookseller extracts a meaningful object from the profusion of books, bringing the immaterial thought process that produced that book back into the physical cultural heritage.

1. [AMERICA (Map of)] ORTELIUS Abraham

Epitome du theatre du monde
[Epitome of the Theater of the World]

De l'imprimerie de Christofle Plantin, Anvers (Antwerp)
1588, small in-8, landscape: 150 x 105 mm
(5 15/16 x 4 1/8 "), (8 f.) 94 f(2 f.), 18th-century sheep gilt

First complete edition of the 94 maps. This is the third edition in French, the first for some parts, as reviewed, corrected and enlarged with 11 maps.

First published in Latin in 1570 in Antwerp (with two editions appearing that same year, with the title *Theatrus orbis terrarum)*, then in Dutch in 1577, the text was translated into French from 1579 onwards. This first edition in French, which appeared under the title of *Miroir du monde,* had only 72 maps. It was re-published in 1583 with 83 maps. It was not until 1588 that the complete, definitive version, with its 94 maps appeared, entitled *Epitome du theatre du monde*.

Each map has a facing text on the history of, topographical details of, or anecdotes about, the part of the world in question. There is an alphabetic table of maps at the back of the volume. This edition also has a preface from the engraver (and holder of the privilege) Philippe Galle (1537-1612), followed by an allegorical engraving showing Prudence, Truth and the Omnipotence of God, and a *Discours de la mer [Discourse on the Sea]* by Ortelius.

18th-century light brown marbled sheep, spine in four compartments with compartment decoration, gilt fillets and fleurons, as well as a tan morocco title-piece, all edges red. Head and tail of spine, corners and one compartment at head of spine repaired and re-gilded. A small burn affecting a few letters of the text on Egypt.

Ink ex-libris to title. A few contemporary manuscript annotations to margins. A very fresh copy.

An illuminator, book- and map-seller, Abraham Ortelius (1527-1598) had a very good idea what collectors wanted and decided to embark on a career as a cartographer. He was deeply influenced by his 1554 meeting with Gerard Mercator (1512-1594), with whom he became so close that the latter, also working on his famous atlas, pushed back its publication date in order not to hurt his friend, whose work he held in high esteem. It was thus on the 20 May 1570 that the first, Latin, version of the work appeared, printed at the expense of the author by Gilles Coppens in Antwerp.

The atlas was not cheap, costing 30 florins at the time it appeared. Max Rooses (1839-1914), the keeper of the Plantin-Moretus museum, tells us that the Ortelius atlas was the most expensive book in the 16 th century. Nonetheless, this collection, having taken several years of rigorous and intense work, was immediately very successful and became a cartographic reference almost ten years before the appearance of Mercator's atlas.

Maps at the time circulated either in isolation or collected in a somewhat random and unnatural way. Ortelius was thus the first to offer a coherent set of maps uniform in format, scale, and appearance, or in other words scientifically reliable, thus giving birth to the modern encyclopedic atlas. The deliberately reduced size of the work made it easy and convenient to handle and it was useful both to scientists and laymean.

"The collection was intended to satisfy two principal types of readers: the cultivated amateur and the professional, aware of the practical utility of the map. The layout was managed economically in order to respond to the pragmatism of the second, while the tastes of the first were catered to by choice typography, the symbolic language of the emblems and the scholarly notes on the history of places and peoples. The *Theatrum orbis terrarum* was thus a rigorously put-together book which offered all its readers the best positive way of seeing the known world represented." (Erika Giuliani, *5 – Mettre en collection des "vues de villes" à la fin de la Renaissance: les Civitates orbis terrarum (1572-1617)*, in Isabelle Pantin *et al.*, *Mise en forme des savoirs à la Renaissance*, Armand Colin "Recherches", 2013, pp. 103-126).

Giuliani also highlights that this enterprise proved successful because it brought together the best artisans of the age: "The fact that he was not only an illuminator and map-dealer, but also a collector, friend to Mercator and a member of Plantin's circles allowed him to choose the best examples to make what would become a model for other publishers and an unsurpassed reference work. Ortelius recommended that scholars have the *Theatrum* in their libraries and consult it when reading the Bible or the history books." (*op. cit.*)

The fact that Ortelius called upon the talents of Plantin as publisher to produce the French version of his work is not surprising. The latter was one of the defining figures of the Renaissance boom in illustrated scientific books. Geographers were rediscovering the work of Ptolemy (90-168) at that time, putting cartography no longer at the service of science, but of discovery (the search for, and creation of new maritime routes, the perfection of ships, and so on). This was a total re-evaluation of the medieval view of the world, based on more precise astronomical and terrestrial measurements.

Ortelius' atlas found its rightful place in this re-nascent topographical movement, while at the same time respecting Ptolemy's rigorous and immutable geographic order: England, Spain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Central and Eastern Europe to Russia, Asia, and Africa. It was not until 1507 with the work of Martin Waldseemüller (1470-1520) that the map of America saw the light of day; he was notably the first to provide a complete representation of the Atlantic Ocean and also to expand Ptolemy's work considerably. Waldseemüller's version was nonetheless only partial and restricted itself to the South-West coast of the continent. Far more detailed and extensive, Ortelius' map drew on the one published by Diego Gutiérrez in 1562, but offering a much greater view, especially of North America. On Ortelius' map we can see, among others, New France, discovered in 1523 by Giovanni da Verrazzano (1485-1528) who was tasked by François I with exploring the area between Florida and Newfoundland in order to find a way through to the Pacific.

Ortelius' scale is correct for some areas and too great for others (Tierra del Fuego, New Guinea, and Mexico, as well as Australia and Antarctica, which are shown all together and labeled *terra australis nondum cognita*) that had, nonetheless been reached since the 1520s. As far as North America is concerned, it is represented

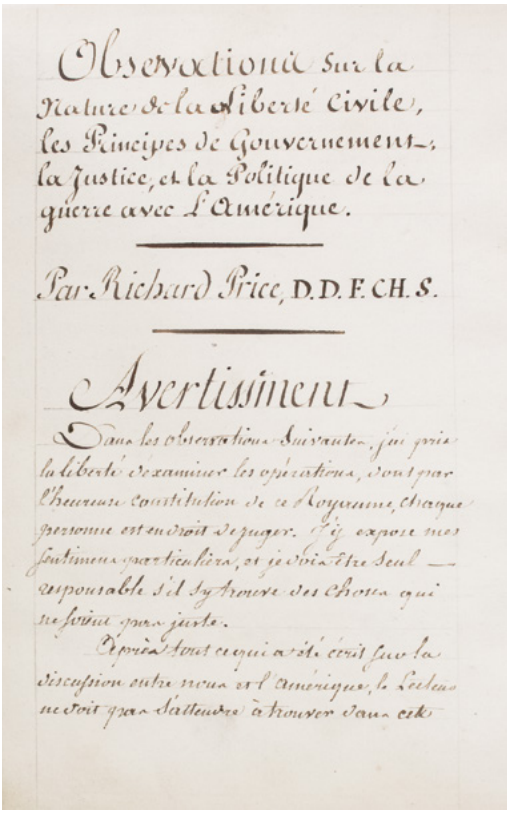
more or less as we know it today. The toponymy was hardly Christianized yet, with a number of Amerindian appellations appearing (Culia, Tiguex and Tecoantepec, among others).

The cartographer was also the first to show Lower California as a peninsula, with the North-Western coast of America being nothing more than a sketch beyond California.

One can also see that the map's legends focus on the rivers and littorals, showing the lack of knowledge of inland areas, which yet remained to be explored. It is equally interesting to note the presence of some quite surprising legends, especially in Patagonia: "*Patagonum regio ubi incole sunt gigantes*" (or, the region of Patagonia where the inhabitants are giants). Other labels of the same sort explain the circumstances of the discovery of certain areas, the names of famous explorers, and so on. In the extreme North of America, the author notes "*Ulterius septentrionem versus hec regiones incognite adhuc sunt*", or "The more northerly regions are still unknown." This note may leave us with the impression that Ortelius was careful and prudent in not showing on his maps anything but areas that had already been explored. Nonetheless, one can also see the presence of the cities of Quivira and Cibola, two of the mythical Cities of Gold located in California, following the account of the explorer Francisco Vásquez de Coronado (1510-1554), who set off to find them in 1541.

Ortelius' work, an emblematic work of the Renaissance, nonetheless bears the marks of the popular traditions of the Middle Ages. It mixes the scientific rigor of its cartographic outlines with legends and descriptions drawn from accounts of voyages, sometimes melded with fantasy.

> SEE MORE



Observations sur la
Nature de la Liberté Civile,
les Principes de Gouvernement,
la Justice, et la Politique de la
guerre avec l'Amérique.

Par Richard Price, D.D.F.CH.S.

Avertissement

Dans les Observations Suivantes, j'ai pris
la liberté d'examiner les opérations, dont par
l'heureuse constitution de ce Royaume, chaque
personne est en droit de juger. J'y expose mes
sentimens particuliers, et je voi être seul —
responsable s'il y trouve des choses qui
ne soient pas justes.

Après tout ce qui a été écrit sur la
discussion entre nous et l'Amérique, le Lecteur
ne doit pas s'attendre à trouver dans celle

2. [AMERICA] PRICE Richard

Observations sur la nature de la liberté civile, les principes du gouvernement, la justice, et la politique de la guerre avec l'Amérique

[Observations on the Nature of Civil Liberty, the Principles of Government, and the Justice and Policy of the War with America]

N. d. (circa 1776), in-4: 190 x 235 mm (7 1/2 x 9 1/4 "), 167pp (20), 18th-century full morocco

Original manuscript of an anonymous French translation that has remained unpublished of Price's fundamental and key work arguing for the independence of the United States of America. The first edition in English is from 1776, and was re-printed several times in that year. The first edition in French appeared in Amsterdam in 1776 and made mention of the preface for the fifth edition. This manuscript is a very different translation to that of the Amsterdam edition of 1776 and only contains the preface of the first edition. It was therefore prepared from the very first editions and predates the Amsterdam version, as well as remaining entirely unpublished.

The binding in which it has been preserved testifies to its importance, even if this translation was perhaps made only to circulate in manuscript form, like many other texts in the 18th century.

The translation of Price's work is followed by the translation of two dreams of Addisson's serving to illustrate Price's thinking in an allegorical way. The first is *Songe d'Addisson qui peint l'image de la liberté [Addisson's dream which paints the image of freedom]; and the second is Songe d'Addisson sur la renommée [Addisson's dream on fame]*. These two texts are by a Brit, and confer a British legitimacy to Richard Price's ideas on liberty and British renown. Joseph Addisson is the well-known journalist who established one of the most famous magazines, *The Spectator*, permanently satirizing contemporary British society and news.

Contemporary red morocco. Richly gilt spine, no title. Triple fillet frame to covers. Frieze inside covers. Brass clasps perfectly preserved. Gilt edges. A small tear to upper cover. Scratch to lower cover. Two corners rubbed.

A fine copy in contemporary morocco with clasps. In a fine and very regular hand, attractive layout. Ruled.

A close friend of Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, Richard Price was the most influential lawyer arguing for American independence. In this work, Price intended to show that Britain's attitude towards the American Colonies ran contrary to the principles of liberty. After defining the various types of liberty, Price asserts that civil liberty is "the power that a civil society or a state has to govern itself at its own discretion or by laws of its creation without being subjected to the will of another power that the popular community hasn't chosen, does not direct and does not control." The work enjoyed immediate success in the contemporary climate, raising questions about the state of democracy in Britain. Price rejected, moreover, not only the duties of war but also the institution of slavery under Great Britain. Church wrote that "[t]he encouragement derived from this book had no inconsiderable share in determining the American colonists to declare their independence." Decker: "It is said to have had considerable influence on the drafting of the Declaration of Independence".

> SEE MORE

3. [ANONYMOUS]

Regla y constitutiones de la cofradia del Sanctissimo sacramento de la yglesia de San Christoval de Granada. Autograph manuscript with three miniatures

N. p. [Granada] 1569, in-folio: 215 x 305 mm (8 7/16 x 12 "") – upper margin: 35 mm (1 3/8 ""), bottom margin: 50 mm (2 ""), interior margin: 30 mm (1 3/16 ""), exterior margin: 40 mm (1 9/16 ""), 31 ff., 16th-century full calf gilt

Manuscript on vellum, comprising 31 leaves: 50 pages of text, ruled and lined and 3 full-page miniatures in colors, heightened in gold. The four final leaves were numbered and partly ruled but left empty. Contemporary manuscript ex-libris on front endpaper. In Spanish throughout, written in Caroline minuscule on 24 lines, the text is very readable and very regular.

The manuscript begins with a three-page summary covering the 24 chapters that comprise the *Regla y constitutiones de la cofradia del Sanctissimo sacramento de la yglesia de San Christoval de Granada*. One decorated initial in red and blue, indents and pagination in red, small sketch in black ink to inner margin. The verso of the final page of the summary has been ruled and lined in red but left blank. There follow the three full-page miniatures. The first shows a Communion scene (on the recto of one leaf), the second the Tree of Jesse (verso of the same leaf), and the third Saint Christopher bearing the baby Jesus (recto of the following leaf). The verso of the miniature bears a short manuscript text explaining that these rules are those of the confraternity and brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament, established in the Church of Saint Christopher of Granada on the 1st May 1568. This is followed by the "prohemio", a prologue of two and a half pages in which the confraternity takes an oath; this starts with an imposing decorated initial in red and blue. The chapters then follow on directly, each with a tidy initial. The important terms are heightened in red, allowing for quick navigation in the text. A long manuscript annotation to the outer margin of leaf 24. The aforementioned rules take up 23 ruled leaves, ruled and lined in red.

Leaf 27 bears two manuscript privileges. We have not been able to read the signature on the first, dated May 1569, though quite elaborate. The second, later, one (May 1596), is signed by Justino Antolinez de Burgos (1557-1637), at the time the Chaplain Royal, charged with the inspection of ecclesiastical lodges. Long contemporary manuscript note to reverse of leaf 24.

Contemporary light-brown calf, spine in five compartments with gilt roulettes and fleurons, gilt fillet frame to covers, small gilt fleurons to corner and a larger gilt fleuron to center of covers. One clasp preserved. A few very skillful repairs and regilding, practically invisible.

This manuscript has three spectacular full-page miniatures in gouache, heightened in gold.

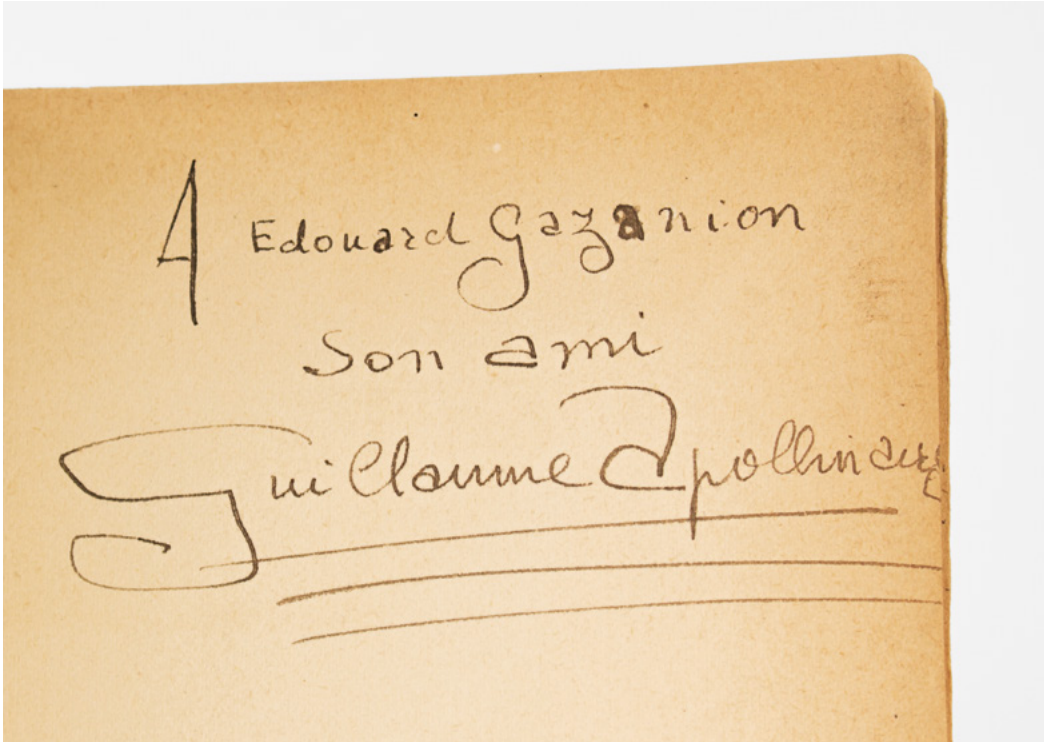
The first shows the Holy Communion, with Christ himself establishing the Eucharist with the words "This is my body, this is my blood." The Apostles and Jesus (with a halo) blessing them, are seated around a table set with bread and fish. This motif became a major theme of Christian art in the Renaissance, as this miniature also shows.

The second miniature shows the Tree of Jesse, which symbolizes the genealogy of Christ traced from Jesse ("Xese"), shown as an old man reclining. In keeping with the iconographic tradition, a tree protrudes from his side, the main branches of which bear some of Jesus' ancestors. Here, they are: Zachary, Jeremiah, David, an unidentified King, and – at the pinnacle – Mary holding the Christ child within a mandorla.

The third miniature presents a scene with Saint Christopher – the patron of the Church in Granada to which the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament was attached – with a child on his shoulders, as he was commonly represented. The iconography derives from a passage in the *Golden Legend* in which St Christopher helps a small boy cross a river. During the crossing, the child gets heavier and heavier, and the river more and more threatening: "You have put me in the greatest danger. I do not think the whole world could have been as heavy on my shoulders as you were. The child replied: 'You had on your shoulders not only the whole world but Him who made it. I am Christ your king, whom you are serving by this work; and to prove to you that I am telling the truth, when you go back to the other shore, plant your stick in the ground opposite your house, and in the morning, you will see that it has flourished and borne fruit'." This miniature is bordered on all sides with richly illustrated borders on a golden ground, typical of mediaeval manuscripts, showing Sphinxes and several types of anthropomorphic plants.

These miniatures bear witness to the influence of the Italian Mannerist artists on Spanish painters. One sees here the same graceful serpentine in the figures, the same attention to drapery (especially in the Communion scene) and a very similar color palette, with tones as delicate as they are vibrant.

> SEE MORE



4. APOLLINAIRE Guillaume

Alcools. Poèmes 1898-1913 [Alcools. Poems]

Mercure de France, Paris 1913, 115 x 185 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/4 "), Bradel cloth, custom slipcase

First edition, a first impression copy numbered in the press, of which there were only 23 *grand papier* copies on Hollande paper (deluxe copies).

Flexible burnished black Bradel paper binding with floral motifs by P. Goy & Vilaine, purple morocco titlepiece, gilt date at foot of spine, endpapers and pastedowns of paper with floral and silver motifs, covers preserved.

A rare autograph inscription by Guillaume Apollinaire: "À Edouard Gazanion, son ami, Guillaume Apollinaire [to Edouard Gazanion, his friend Guillaume Apollinaire]".

This copy also has seven pen and ink corrections by Apollinaire himself.

Edouard Gazanion, for his part, also inserted numerous punctuation marks in pencil and a textual correction matching the pre-published versions of some poems, which had previously appeared in the literary journal *Phalange*.

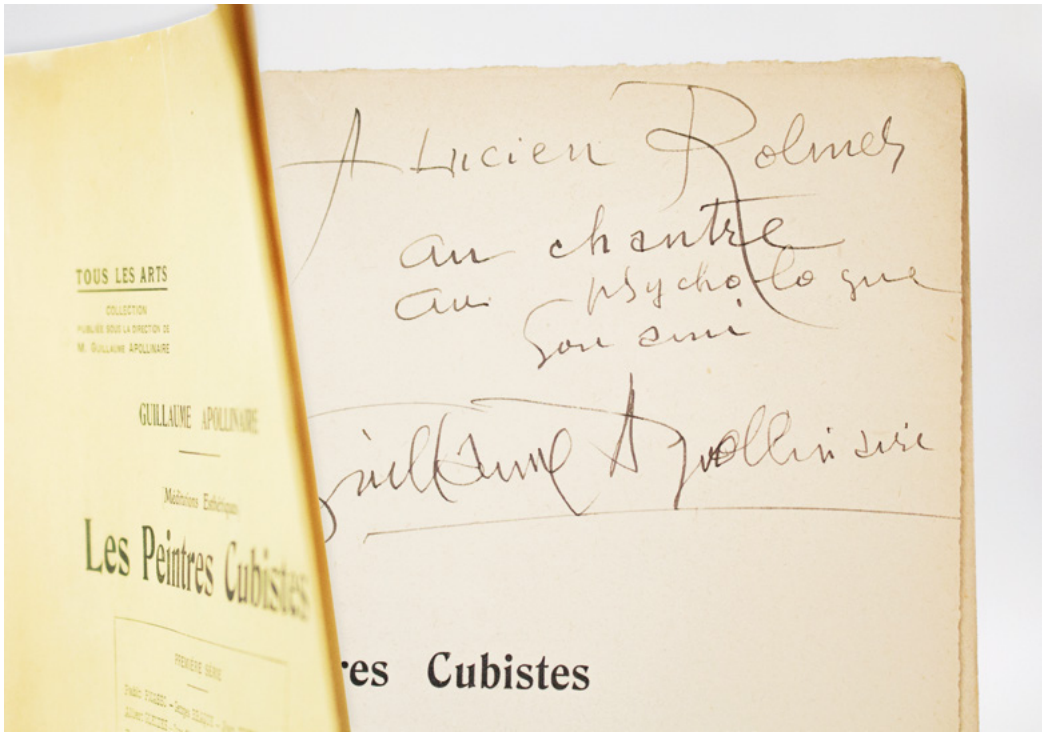
A poet from the Bohemian Montmartre scene at the turn of the century, a pillar of the Lapin Agile, a regular at the Bouscarat on the place du Tertre and the Bateau-Lavoir, Gazanion was by turns friendly or close to the poets, writers and painters of the Butte at the beginning of their careers, including Jacob, Mac Orlan, Dorgelès, Couté, Salmon, Picasso, Warnod, Marcoussis and Carco who liked his "Chansons pour celle qui n'est pas venue" [*Songs for the Girl who did not Come]* (*Vers et Prose*, 1910) and who often crashed at his when he was broke. His meeting with Apollinaire goes back to the Soleil d'Or, when the latter was reading his "Nuit Rhénane" for the first time – in 1903. Both poets, they kept in touch from then on. Gazanion stood out for his defense of *Mamelles de Tirésias* during the memorable scandal when it was staged.

With a frontispiece portrait of Apollinaire by Picasso.

A tiny angular lack to foot of first endpaper, bearing the inscription.

A good copy in an elegant signed binding, with a rare autograph inscription by Apollinaire.

> SEE MORE



5. APOLLINAIRE Guillaume

Méditations esthétiques. Les Peintres cubistes
[Aesthetic Meditations. The Cubist Painters]

Eugène Figuière & C^ie^, Paris 1913, 185 x 240 mm (7 1/4 x 9 7/16 "), original wrappers, custom slipcase

First edition on ordinary paper despite being stated the second, marked an advance (*service de presse*) copy on lower cover.

Handsome autograph inscription signed by Guillaume Apollinaire: "à Lucien Rolmer, au chantre, au psychologue, son ami [for Lucien Rolmer, singer, psychologist, his friend]".

With 46 portraits and reproductions of works by Georges Braque, Pablo Picasso, Juan Gris, Francis Picabia, Marcel Duchamp and others.

Apollinaire was one of the few to come out in favor of Cubism in its early days, working to help it spread and be understood through his newspaper columns and prefaces, including this one for the catalog of an exhibition by the Cercle de l'art moderne in le Havre, entitled *Les Trois vertus plastiques [The Three Plastic Virtues]*, a theme taken up in the introduction to *Méditations esthétiques*. Inspired by the poet, the publisher, Eugène Figuière added a sub-title: *Les Peintres Cubistes [The Cubist Painters]*. This happy change was to be key for the work's reception. Thus, instead of simple "meditations", the work acquired in the eyes of readers the status of a veritable manifesto for Cubism, eliciting some violent reactions (more from avant-garde circles than the natural opponents of modernist painting). But at the same time, it became one of the first important texts on Cubism, "defining the distinct characteristics of the new pictorial movement: its spiritual 'environment', its ambitions, and historical necessity," as well as its international significance. A month later, Apollinaire was to publish *Alcools*, with a Cubist portrait of the author by Picasso for a frontispiece.

A great friend of Apollinaire, the poet Lucien Rolmer – a month older than him – did not follow the same aesthetic path as his bohemian colleague.

More classically inclined, Rolmer was no doubt less receptive than the future author of *Alcools* and *Calligrammes* to the new artistic directions that Apollinaire championed. Nonetheless the two poets shared a common aesthetic goal, the search for new creative inspiration. It was under the banner of this search, the object of which he called "Grace", that Rolmer established a literary school and a review, *La Flora, Revue de la Grâce dans les Lettres et dans l'Art*. Apollinaire, for his part, was looking for a more radical expression, which he found most notably in Cubism and Tribal Art. Thus he dedicated his *Méditations esthétiques* to the "laudation" of Grace. These meditations were on works including the "Plastic virtues: purity, unity, and truth keep nature laid out beneath their feet." Having said that, he goes on to an implicit questioning of the "psychologist" concerning this new form of expression "which is not an art of imitation, but an art of concept which tends to lift itself up to creation." As early as the previous year, he had introduced his friend to "l'Art Nègre", by inviting him to feed his "gracious art" through contemplation of a large metal statue from Dahomey representing the god of war. This was "the most unexpected work of art and one of the most gracious in all Paris."

This was a strange portent of their shared tragic fate, since it was the war – whose absurd beauty they were nonetheless able to describe – that would claim the life of both poets. In May 1916, refusing to surrender, Lucien Rolmer, a simple private, was executed with a bullet to the head. Two months previously, Second-Lieutenant Kostrowitzky was struck in the head by shrapnel, which the "poète assassiné" did not survive long.

A handsome and moving inscription from one poet to another, witness to the intellectual and artistic vibrancy of a youthful generation soon to be sacrificed to the Leviathan of the First World War.

> SEE MORE

6. BALZAC Honoré de

Scènes de la vie privée [Scenes from Private Life]

Mame et Delaunay-Vallée & Levavasseur, Paris 1830, 130 x 215 mm (5 1/8 x 8 7/16 "), 2 volumes, 19th-century half sheep

The rare and sought-after FIRST EDITION.

Contemporary Romantic half light-brown sheep over marbled paper boards, spine with gilt arabesques and blindstamped typographic motifs, title and volume labels in navy blue sheep renewed, gilt garlands to head and foot, marbled endpapers and pastedowns, a remboitage.

Occasional light spotting.

Handsome autograph inscription signed by Honoré de Balzac: "à Monsieur Leroy comme un témoignage de la reconnaissance de l'auteur. Avril 1831. De Balzac [to Monsieur Leroy as proof of the author's thanks. April 1831]".

An outstanding political, inscription to Henry Leroy, the dedicatee of the last *Letter on Paris,* published in *Le Voleur* and witness, in the days after the July Revolution, to Balzac's electoral hopes, which would prove a profound influence on his writing.

Beyond the political gesture, the gift of this *Scenes from Private Life* to help satisfy his political ambitions underlines, right from the start of his political engagement, the pre-eminence of the literary project over political action for the author of *The Human Comedy*.

Though he considered the July Monarchy a betrayal, it gave Balzac the opportunity to make good on a long-held ambition, that of political participation. As far back as 1819, he had written to his sister: "If I am *mighty* ...I could have other things beside literary fame; it is good to be a great man and a great citizen, to boot." The change in the eligibility conditions offered the author the opportunity of being a part of writing History, with a capital H. Balzac, "following in the footsteps of his model Chateaubriand, wanted to be both a thinker and a politician" (cf. P. Baudouin in *Balzac et le Politique*).

The realization of this ambition came about through the publication of the *Letters on Paris*, 19 articles published in *Le Voleur* between September 1830 and March 1831, which concluded with the famous *An Inquiry into the policy of two Ministers*. Never signed, these articles represent the most significant of Balzac's political works and have therefore been the subjects of a great many studies and commentaries. Each of the *Letters* is symbolically addressed to a correspondent, giving only their initials and home town. Though they were long considered fictitious, most have today been identified, and are drawn mostly from those close to the author and powerful political figures.

Thus, it was following *Letter XVI* on the 26 February 1831 that Samuel Henry Berthoud, the addressee, suggested that Balzac stand as a candidate in his district. Keen on the idea, Balzac officially announced his candidature in his *Letter* of the 15 March and then, still acting on Berthoud's advice, addressed his *Letter XIX* of the 29 March to M. L*** à Cambrai. The name behind the asterisks is that of the lawyer Henry Leroy, whose key support in Cambrai Balzac hoped to secure.

Balzac's main political hopes were centered on Cambrai, whose elites he wanted to win over, while Berthoud, the editor in chief of the *Cambrai Gazette,* would take care of promoting his popularity among the ordinary folk. "M. de Balzac is not only a famous writer, he is perhaps moreover a talented commentator. One hardly needs to mention to back up that statement the famous *Letters on Paris*, published in *Le Voleur*, in which one can see at work a sure judgement and a lucid precision...What's more, M. de Balzac is also engaged with a popular political publication which should help significantly to spread, among the poorer classes, both education, and even more importantly: healthy ideas."

Having written this, he then contacted his friend and champion: "Come to Cambrai as soon as you can. We will bang the big drum for you, the *Société d'émulation* serving as the instrument itself."

It was therefore natural that Balzac should next employ his powers of persuasion on Henry Leroy, the President of this influential *Société d'émulation*. Consulting with Berthoud about the "type of political work [that] could help [his] candidature in Cambrai," Balzac ended up choosing – strangely enough – this edition of *Scenes from Private Life*, a work that is not very "political" at all, to give Henry Leroy via the good offices of his friend. This is borne out by the thank you letter the lawyer sent him on 7 May 1831: "M. Berthoud gave me, on your behalf, two volumes of *Scenes from Private Life*...I am happy...to have received them from their author, whom all the world places among the very best writers." On 19 March, Berthoud announced in his *Gazette* the gift of two works by Balzac to the *Société d'émulation*, the *Scenes from Private Life* and *The Physiology of Marriage*. Leroy's letter seems to differ on this point, since he thanks the author only for the *Scenes*.

Balzac, the "eligible elector" as he liked to call himself throughout his campaign, did not get a seat and less than two months after publicly declaring his ambitions, withdrew from the race. Despite a few laudatory supporters in the press from some committed partisans of the great man, such as *Le Voleur*, *L'Avenir* and the *Revue encyclopédique* who predicted a great political future for the author, or *La Mode* which did not hesitate to cast him in the role of a successor to Chateaubriand, "worthy of bearing the twin honors of writer and statesman" (30 April 1831), Balzac's short-lived political career ended in a painful defeat.

Castigating in equal measure the legitimist elite, of which he nonetheless claimed to be a part, and the Republican masses – whom he otherwise praised in asserting his awareness of the

efforts of "that solid part of the nation, the part that toils, that works," Balzac turned out to be a poor politician. However, he never gave up his hopes and would face further defeats in 1832 and 1848 since, as Stefan Zweig notes in his biography, the writer always found himself "in active politics – as in business – on the wrong side".

Nonetheless, beyond the defeat itself, this first political episode is important in that it reveals the complexity of Balzac's relationship to politics, which is characterized by the subordination of the political to the literary. In *Balzac et le politique* Boris Lyon-Caen highlights the obvious "literary polyphony" of the *Letters on Paris,* while Pierre Laforgue suspects a very early elaboration (contemporary with this first electoral adventure) of *Scenes from Political Life*, which did not appear until 1842, but which was present in the writer's work since 1830.

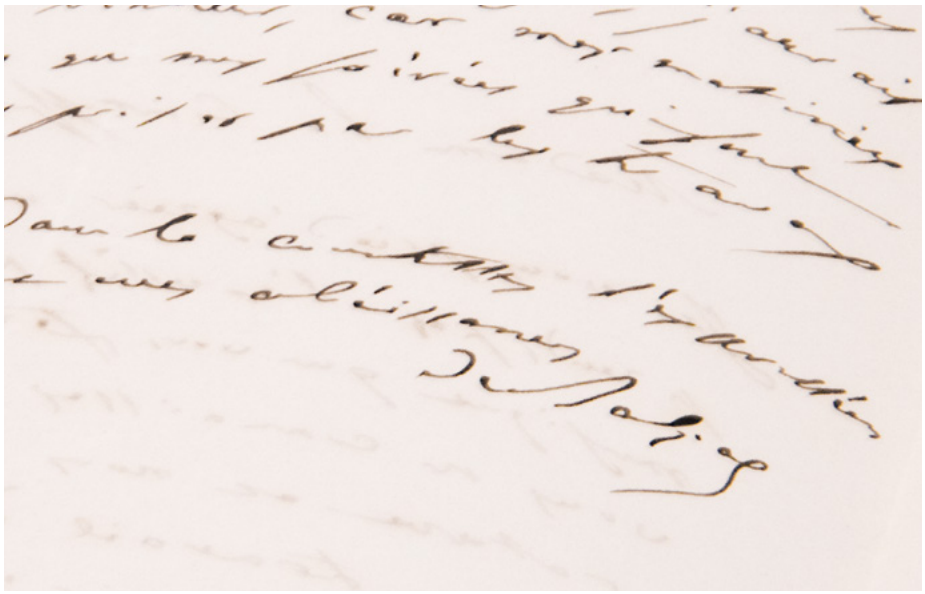
Finally, Pierre Barbéris underlines the key significance of the disappointment of 1831 on Balzac's work. Whatever his later declarations of allegiance, Balzac, from 1831, could no longer be a political actor. In effect, the exhaustive *Human Comedy* he develops feeds off man's disappointments, and would include all its author's political engagements and partisan efforts. Hence an article in 1832 entitled *On Modern Government*, which would metamorphose into one of his masterpieces: *The Country Doctor.*

But in his choice of the *Scenes from Private Life* as a "political work" to help promote his candidacy with Leroy, Balzac shows, from the very beginning of his engagement, the predominance of his literary work over his personal ambitions. There is no doubt that the recipient could find nothing political in this work, which aimed at totality, since, as Balzac himself would soon write in *Louis Lambert*: "Politics is a science without fixed principles, and without the possibility of fixed principles; it is the spirit of the moment, the constant application of strength, as the needs of the moment dictate."

To discover in these *Scenes* any sign of a political engagement beyond Balzac's ambitions, this lawyer from Cambrai would have had to have the perspicacity of Victor Hugo who, at Balzac's funeral, declared: **"Unwittingly, whether he wanted it or not, whether he consented to it or not, the author of this immense and strange oeuvre is derived from that strong breed of Revolutionary authors."**

A remarkable copy with a handsome autograph inscription in an elegant contemporary binding.

> SEE MORE



7. BALZAC Honoré de

Unpublished autograph letter signed to one of his muses, the Countess Merlin: "you know only literary roses, but we all have thorns."

N. p. n. d. [circa 1843], 305 x 133 mm (12 x 5 1/4 "), one and a half page on a folded leave

An exceptional autograph letter signed and as yet unpublished from Balzac to the Countess Merlin. One and a half pages in black ink. Balzac is writing to a noted female writer and singer of Spanish and Cuban origin, who was the inspiration for several characters in his *Human Comedy***.**

Our thanks are due to Mr. Hervé Yon, a Balzac specialist, who helped us identify the addressee of this letter (which will be published in volume three of the Pléiade's *Correspondance de Balzac*, as number 42-175).
Maria de Las Mercedes Santa Cruz y Montalvo, born in Havana in 1788, was the scion of an aristocratic Spanish family. From her childhood in Cuba, she retained a "wild" temperament (according to Sainte-Beuve) and an exotic charm that made her famous at the court of King Joseph Bonaparte in Madrid. There, she met General Merlin, the Commander of the Royal Guard. She married him in 1811 before leaving for Paris, where her talents and position rapidly earned her a place in the first ranks of Parisian high society. She maintained one of the most popular salons in Paris, whose visitors included La Fayette, George Sand, Mérimée, Chateaubriand, Musset, as well as a number of composers including Chopin, Verdi, Donizetti, and Rossini. Balzac had had pride of

place at her salon since his first visit in the 1830s. Within the rarified circle surrounding the Countess Merlin, there were literary discussions, games of lansquenet, and numerous concerts in which – with her soprano voice – the Countess often took part.

At the time that this letter was written, the Countess was preparing a new musical evening, which Balzac excused himself for not being able to attend: **"Please accept my apologies for not participating in the great pleasure of the good music you will be making today…I have an urgent piece of work that ties me to my desk"**. Having returned from his travels to Germany and Russia, Balzac was beginning to re-read and correct *Colonel Chabert*, which appeared in its definitive form in 1844. Despite his workload, he muses about his availability: **"[…] at what hour can one call on you without disturbing…my mornings are mostly freer than my evenings which, like my nights, are taken up with literary work."** The Countess also used to move to Versailles for the summer, hosting a few music lovers there. Thus Balzac lets her know that he tried to meet her: **"[…] at Versailles last summer, but they told me you were not receiving at all…that you were working on a new piece that I had already heard about from one of my publishers, which would have no equal in its power to sell (which is to say make people buy) books."** The Countess, who already enjoyed significant literary success, was in fact engaged in writing her masterpiece and the third volume of her memoirs, which gave rise to the comment – Balzac not yet being very well known – that **"you only know literary roses, but we all have thorns"**. The work, *Havana*, was to mark the birth of a very successful Hispano-American Romanticism, and painted a brilliant – if controversial – portrait of the colonial situation in Cuba. At the moment of the awakening of a national consciousness, *Havana* was to become one of the founding texts of the "Cuban Créolité", which celebrates the ethnic diversity of the island's inhabitants. This is echoed by Maria de las Mercedes' triple nationality, Cuban, Spanish, and French; her singular path inspired two characters in Balzac's *Human Comedy* . She was also the dedicatee and heroine of *The Maranas* in the form of the character of Juana, as well as Balzac's making her the model for the Marquess of San-Réal, who appeared in *The Girl With the Golden Eyes*, the third novel of his *The Thirteen* trilogy.

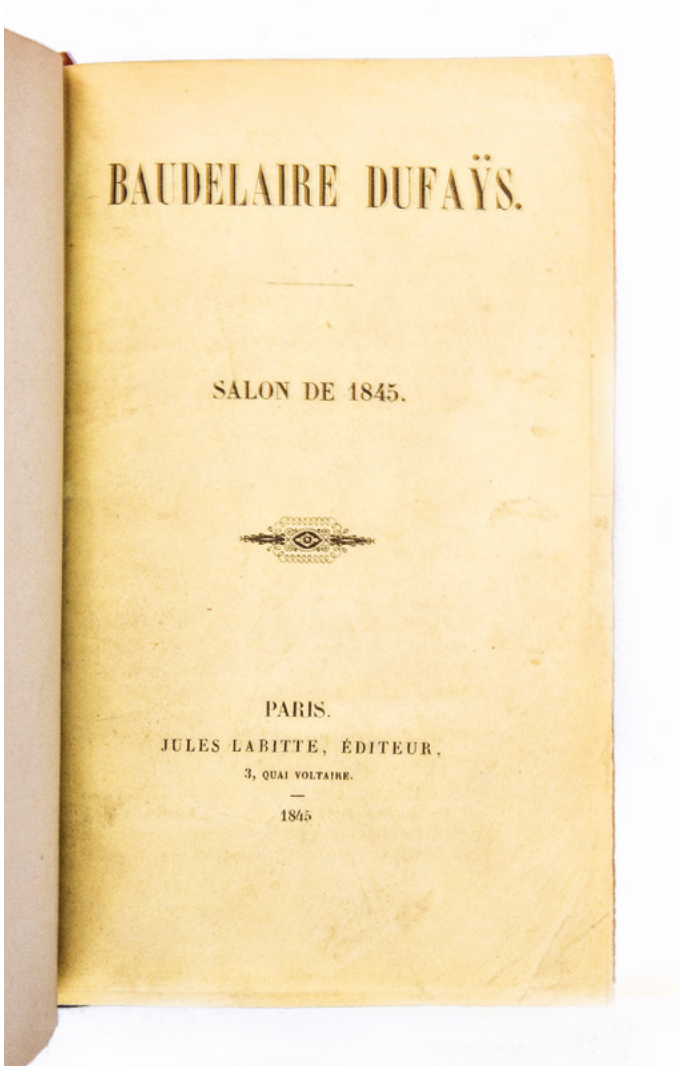
A precious witness of the friendship Balzac bore one of his muses, a passionate native of Havana and someone with an extraordinary life, as well as a leading figure of mid-century Parisian high society.

> SEE MORE

8. BAUDELAIRE Charles (under the *nom de plume* of BAUDELAIRE DUFAŸS)

Salon de 1845 [The Salon of 1845]

Jules Labitte, Paris 1845, 115 x 185 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/4 "), later Bradel cloth


BAUDELAIRE DUFAŸS.

SALON DE 1845.

PARIS.
JULES LABITTE, ÉDITEUR,
3, QUAI VOLTAIRE.
—
1845

The very rare and very sought-after FIRST EDITION (cf. Clouzot) published under the name Baudelaire Dufaÿs and which was printed in only 500 copies, most destroyed by the poet according to Champfleury.

As a real literary opening, this first work of Baudelaire is much more than an exhibition report. Under the auspices of Diderot and his famous Salons, the young and ambitious author wishes to offer to his contemporaries his own aesthetic and poetic manifesto, announcing by substitution his own advent.

"Mr. Delacroix is undoubtedly the most original painter of old and modern times". The favorite themes and the unique style of the poet emerges on each page, eulogistic and virulent. Thus regarding Delacroix: "On the top right, a small piece of sky or rock – something blue – Madeleine's eyes are closed, her mouth is slack and languid, her hair loosened. No one, except if you see her, can imagine how the artist has placed intimate, mysterious and romantic poetry into this sole head." Regarding Horace Vernet, the words are sharper: "This African painting is cooler than a beautiful winter day. Everything is so desperately white and bright".

Painting is the main passion of Baudelaire and it forges his writing. It was the theme of this first publication he wished resounding. Anticipating a success he had no doubt about, he even had printed on the lower cover a list of essays about painting and artists allegedly "in the press" and "appearing soon" that would never, in fact, be published.

The failure of this inaugural work which remained unnoticed, and the lukewarm reviews were a tremendous disappointment for the poet. On 30 June 1945, hardy one month and a half after his opuscule was published, Baudelaire wrote a letter to his legal counsel in which he announced his suicide: "I am killing myself because I am useless to others, and dangerous for myself. I believe and hope myself immortal." With the *Salon de 1846*, Baudelaire reiterated his artistic criticism. Nonetheless, this time, the lower cover had no list of new aesthetic discourses to be published, but rather works that related to his principal ambition: his poetry.

A handsome copy, almost without spotting, of Baudelaire's first book.

> SEE MORE

9. BAUDELAIRE Charles

Les Fleurs du mal [The Flowers of Evil]

Poulet-Malassis & De Broise, Paris 1857,
122 x 195 mm (4 13/16 x 7 11/16 "),
full morocco, custom slipcase

First edition on vélin d'Angoulême paper, complete with the six censored poems.

A superb Jansenist binding by Semet & Plumelle in deep red morocco, spine in six compartments, date gilt at foot of spine, gilt roulettes to head- and tail-pieces, black morocco pastedowns framed with gilt fillet, purple moiré silk endpapers, covers and spine preserved (upper cover and spine with traces of restoration work), gilt fillet to edges of covers, all edges gilt; slipcase edged with deep red morocco, marbled paper boards, lined with brown cloth.

An exceedingly rare copy of the first issue, which as well as all the usual typographic errors of the first edition ("Feurs du mal", pagination error and so on), also has a printing error on p.12 ("s'enhardissent" for "s'enhardissant"). Corrected from the start of the print run, this printing error only remains in an absolutely tiny number of copies.

This copy is enriched with a **manuscript correction by Baudelaire**, who has crossed out the "e" and added an "a" in the margin, as if correcting proofs.

This printing error, not in the corrected proofs in the collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, was due to the printers, who introduced a number of errors into this first quire, most of which were spotted before printing by Baudelaire, as this letter to Poulet-Malassis attests: "I have just received the first leaf. I hope it's not been printed, because your workmen have introduced new faults into it, like for example 'points' for 'poings', and so on."

The error in "s'enhardissant" must have escaped his notice in the first instance and was not corrected till after printing had commenced.

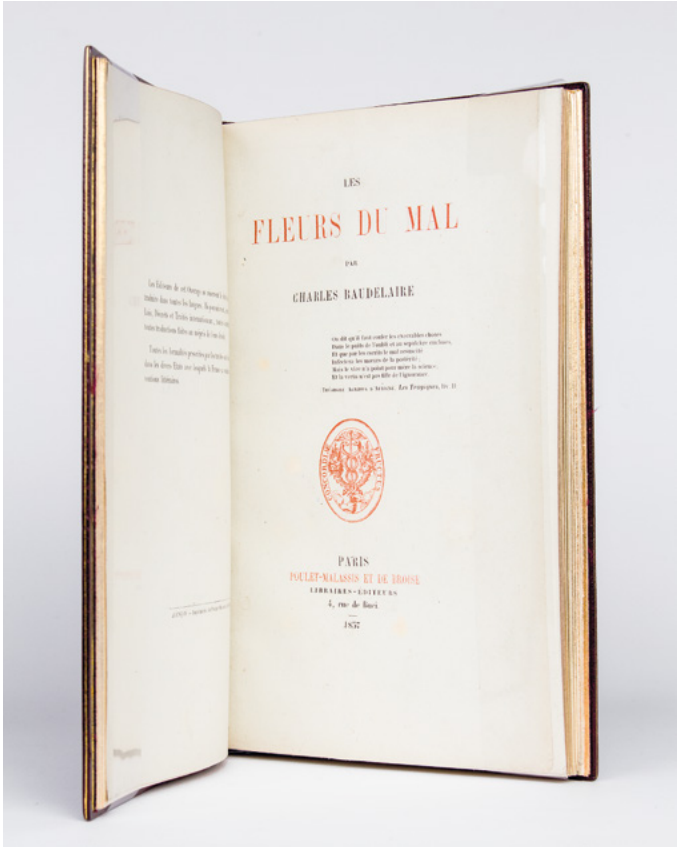
Baudelaire immediately corrected this error on the first copies he received – in pencil, as was his habit – before having the type corrected. After they had finished printing, he went on finding seven other faults one after the other, which he also corrected by hand on some copies as and when he found them.

The bibliographies generally have "s'enhardissant" as the only error corrected during the printing process itself, but our copy also has other particularities which do not appear in most of the 1,300 copies of the first edition.

For instance, on the verso of the half-title, there are four elements that are present on our copy which were successively to disappear during the course of printing:
– "Les Editeurs" has an accent on the 'E'.
– There is a space between "Ils poursuivront" and the comma that follows it.
– "toutes contrefaçons et toutes traductions" would later become "toutes contrefaçons et traductions".
– "Les traits" does not yet have a capital letter.

The typographic corrections did not appear all at the same time. Thus, some copies have all these characteristics except the space before the comma, while others are entirely corrected, but with the space reinstated and another space inserted after "Lois" (which serves to order the typographic layout of the page).

The title page also has several more or less marked variants:


LES
FLEURS DU MAL
PAR
CHARLES BAUDELAIRE
PARIS
POULET-MALASSIS ET DE BROISE
LIBRAIRES-ÉDITEURS
1857

– The absence of the full stop and final bracket after "Les tragiques, liv. II", which characterizes this copy, was corrected on many others.

– The space between the "4" and the comma in Poulet-Malassis' address is not yet present in this first impression, but would appear in other copies independently of the previous correction.

– Finally, the spacing of the characters in the publisher's name differs according to title page. On ours, "libraires-éditeurs" ends level with the final "B" of "Broise"; while on other title pages, it finishes before the "B" or, by contrast, halfway along the "R".

The other copies we have consulted do not show a homogeneity of corrections, and one can see several states of the title page, with one or more corrections.

A thorough analysis of these changes remains, therefore, to be undertaken. Let us merely say that the copies on Hollande that we have seen show the same typographic characteristics as ours, except for the error in "s'enhardissant".

Let us also add that, contrary to the bibliographical information in current usage, the covers do not show differences other than the ones described by Carteret, first and foremost. Some of the errors that have appeared on the title page of this copy are indeed found on some covers, mostly on those of the so-called "third state", which seems always to be present on first impression copies, like those on Hollande (whose only difference with this "third state" is the price – 6fr instead of 3fr – marked on the back).

The covers having been printed after the main body of the work – if Baudelaire's letters are to be believed – it is hard to draw conclusions about this correlation between the first issue and the third state of the cover; but it does open the way to certain hypotheses.

Might we suppose that the succession of states is not as we believe it to be and that, like the first quire, the errors were not corrected during printing but, quite the contrary, "introduced" by the workers at the press?

A number of questions remain up in the air surrounding the printing and distribution of this work, despite its important place within French literature. Thus, non-expurgated copies are often presented as copies sold before Poulet-Malassis' "ridiculous surgical intervention" (to borrow a phrase from Baudelaire) on the 200 copies still available. In actual fact, Baudelaire's correspondence, like that of Poulet-Malassis, reveals that sales were far less galloping and most of the copies were quite simply pulled and "put away somewhere safe" by the author and the publisher. "Quick, hide – but hide well! – the whole of the edition; you must have 900 copies still unbound. There are another hundred at Lanier's; they seemed quite taken aback that I wanted to save 50; I put them in a safe place…There are 50 left, then, to feed Justice, that Hound of Hell!" Baudelaire wrote to Poulet-Malassis on 11 July 1857. The publisher, too, swung into action by spreading his stock around various "accomplices", including Asselineau, to whom he wrote on 13 July: "Baudelaire wrote me an urgent letter that I received yesterday, in which he informed me of the seizure. I want to see him before I believe it, but in any event we've taken some precautions. THE COPIES ARE SAFE and thanks to your good will, we will be sending by rail today a case with 200 copies still unbound, which I would ask you to save until my next visit…"

We have found no trace of these copies, placed in storage, then being brought back into commercial circulation. Could one draw a link between these unbound copies and the various states of the cover, for which we do not really know the reason (corrections being almost entirely insignificant)? Could these copies have been put back into circulation intact, despite the verdict?

The rarity of copies of the first edition of les *Fleurs du Mal* would lead one to suspect that the unsold copies that were not subjected to censure disappeared, at least in part. That said, the enormous importance of this work has made it, right from the start, one of the most universally sought-after bibliographical items (a note on Poulet-Malassis' copy reveals that the prices of copies on Hollande multiplied by six in barely a few months) and therefore most difficult to acquire.

Copies of the first impression – ours with an error corrected by the poet himself – in prestigious signed bindings are, after the few on Hollande and inscribed copies, the rarest and most prestigious state of this founding work of modern poetry.

> SEE MORE

10. BAUDELAIRE Charles

Autograph letter signed addressed to his mother by a fading Baudelaire: "The state of disgust in which I find myself makes everything seem even worse."

N. p. [Bruxelles] Sunday morning 14 [August 1864], 134 x 206 mm (5 1/4 x 8 1/8 "), 3 pages on a folded leave

Autograph letter signed in black ink, addressed to his mother and dated "Sunday morning the 14th." A few underlinings, deletions and corrections by the author.

Formerly in the collection of Armand Godoy, n°188.

A fading Baudelaire: **"The state of disgust in which I find myself makes everything seem even worse."**

Drawn by the promise of epic fame, Baudelaire went to Belgium in April 1864 for a few conferences and in the hope of a fruitful meeting with the publishers of *Les Misérables*, Lacroix and Verboeckhoven. The meeting didn't happen, the conferences were a failure and Baudelaire felt boundless resentment for "Poor Belgium". Nonetheless, despite numerous calls to return to France, the poet would spend the rest of his days in this much-castigated country, living the life of a melancholic bohemian. Aside from a few short stays in Paris, Baudelaire, floored by a stroke that left him paralyzed on one side, would only return to France on 29 June 1866 for a final year of silent agony in a sanatorium.

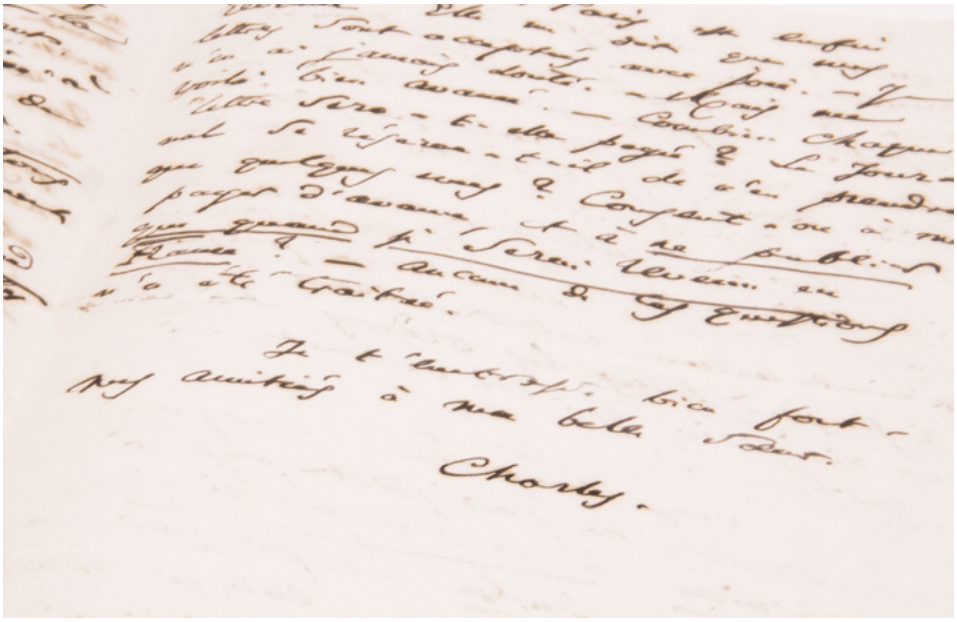
Written barely a few months after his arrival in Brussels and his initial disappointments, this letter shows us all the principal elements of the mysterious and passionate hatred that would keep the poet definitively in Belgium.

In his final years in France, exhausted by the trial of *The Flowers of Evil*, humiliated by the failure of his candidacy to the Académie Française, a literary orphan after the bankruptcy of Poulet-Malassis and disinherited as an author by the sale of his translation rights to Michel Lévy, Baudelaire was above all deeply moved by the inevitable decline of Jeanne Duval, his enduring love, while his passion for la Présidente had dried up, her poetic perfection not having withstood the prosaic experience of physical possession. Thus, on 24 April 1864, he decided to flee these "decomposing loves", of which he could keep only the "form and the divine essence."

Belgium, so young as a country and seemingly born out of a Francophone Romantic revolution against the Dutch financial yoke, presented itself to the poet phantasmagorically as a place where his own modernity might be acknowledged. A blank page on which he wanted to stamp the power of his language while affirming his economic independence, Belgium was a mirror onto which Baudelaire projected his powerful ideal, but one that would send him tumbling even more violently into the spleen of his final disillusionment.

Published in the *Revue de Paris* in November 1917, without the sensitive passage about his cold enemas, this emblematic letter evokes all of Baudelaire's work as poet, writer, artist and pamphleteer. The first such reference is via the reassuring, mentor-like figure of the publisher of *The Flowers of Evil*, Poulet-Malassis: **"If I was not so far from him, I really think I'd end up paying so I could take my meals at his."** This is followed by a specific reference to the **"venal value"** of his *Aesthetic Curiosities*: **"all these articles that I so sadly wrote on painting and poetry"** . Baudelaire then confides in his mother his hopes for his latest translations of Poe which, to his great frustration **"are not getting published by** *L'Opinion*, *La Vie Parisienne*, **or in** *Le Monde illustré*". He concludes with his *Belgian Letters,* which Jules Hetzel had just told him had been, after negotiations with *Le Figaro*, **"received with great pleasure."** Nonetheless, as Baudelaire literally underlined, they were "only to be published when I come back to France."

His perennially imminent return to France is a leitmotiv of his Belgian correspondence: **"Certainly, I think I'll go to Paris on Thursday."** It is nonetheless always put off ("I'm putting off going to Paris until the end of the month", he corrects himself eight days later), and it seems to stoke up the poet's ferocity towards his new fellow citizens, Baudelaire taking pleasure in actively spreading the worst kinds of rumors about them (involving espionage, parricide, cannibalism, pederasty and other licentious activities.



"Tired of always being believed, I put about the rumor that I had killed my father and *eaten him*...and they believed me! I'm swimming in disgrace like a fish through water." "Poor Belgium", in *Œuvres complètes, II p. 855*)

This eminently poetic attempt to explore the depths of despair in covering himself in hatred is perhaps most clearly seen through his sharing of his culinary difficulties with his **"dear, dear mother",** the only sustaining figure who gave him **"more than [he]'d expected"**.

Read together with some of the finest pages of *The Flowers of Evil*, this excessive attention to the miseries of his palate reveal far more than simple culinary fussiness.

It is also hardly innocent that Baudelaire begins his recriminations with an exhaustive rejection of all food, with one notable exception: **"Everything is bad, save for wine"**. This assertion is clearly not without reference to the "vegetal ambrosia", that sanctified elixir in so many of his poems and above all a friend in misery, which drowns out the poet's sublime crime. "None can understand me. Did one /Among all those stupid drunkards / Ever dream in his morbid nights / Of making a shroud of wine?".

"Bread is bad". If wine is the incorruptible soul of a poet, bread, here underlined by the author, is his innocent and mortal flesh. "In the bread and wine intended for their mouths / They mix ashes and impure spit", as Baudelaire says in *Benediction*. This is the poet-child who everywhere, in hotels, restaurants, English taverns, "suffers from this impossible communion of elements and thus presents his mother with an even more symbolic vision of his misery".

Nonetheless, the man is always present, his carnal desires hidden beneath the misery of his condition. "Meat is not bad in itself. It becomes bad in the manner of its cooking." How can we not, behind the apparently prosaic nature of this culinary comment, recognize the most permanent of Baudelaire's metaphors, present throughout the poet's work – *A Carcass, To She Who is Too Gay, A Martyr, Women Doomed* – the female body transformed by death?

"The sun shone down upon that putrescence,

As if to roast it to a turn,

And to give back a hundredfold to great Nature

The elements she had combined"

"People who live at home live less badly," he continues, but Baudelaire doesn't want to be comforted and his complaining is nothing but an expression of the perfect correlations between his physical condition and this final poetical experience.

Of course, Belgium was not really to blame, but it was only to his mother that Baudelaire could make this rare and moving confession: **"I must say, by the by, that the state of disgust in which I find myself makes everything seem even worse."**

Essentially, all the aggression he was to pour out on these cursed kinspeople was nothing but the echo of an older rancor that, in 1863, consumed his "heart laid bare." To his mother's recriminations at finding her son's notes, Baudelaire replied, on 5 June: "Well! Yes, this much-wished for book will be a book of recriminations...I will turn on the *whole of France* my very real talent for impertinence. I need revenge like a tired man needs his bath."

The **"cold laudanum enemas"** of Belgium were to be that bath for the tired poet, who found an occasion to combat, with a supreme wrath, this **existential** "disgust"**.** In the middle of a paragraph – the very one that would be cut by the *Revue Française* – Baudelaire attributes this, without naming the disease, to syphilis**: "What is insupportable in these intestinal and stomach complaints is the physical weakness and the spiritual sadness that result from them."**

Madame Aupick's immediate concern at these all too sudden confidences led Baudelaire to lie to her about his actual state of health, which continued to get worse. Hence, in his following letter: "It was terribly wrong of me to talk to you about my Belgian health, since it affected you so deeply...Generally speaking, I'm in excellent health...That I have a few little problems...so what? That is the general lot. As for my trouble, I can only repeat that I have seen other Frenchmen suffer the same way, being unable to adapt to this vicious climate...And in any case, I won't be staying long."

A superb autograph letter from a son to his mother, subtly revealing the poetical reasons for his final self-imposed exile, the inverted mirror of the first, enforced, wandering of his youth in the Mascarene Islands, the writer's only two voyages.

If the young man could somehow – we don't know how – escape to the far-off Reunion island, the old man nonetheless didn't dare leave Belgium, which was so close, and this melancholic letter augured the end of his days spent by the North Sea, as somber as his initial trip to the South Seas had been bright.

> SEE MORE

11. BECKETT Samuel

Molloy – Malone meurt – L'Innommable [Molloy – Malone Dies – The Unnamable]

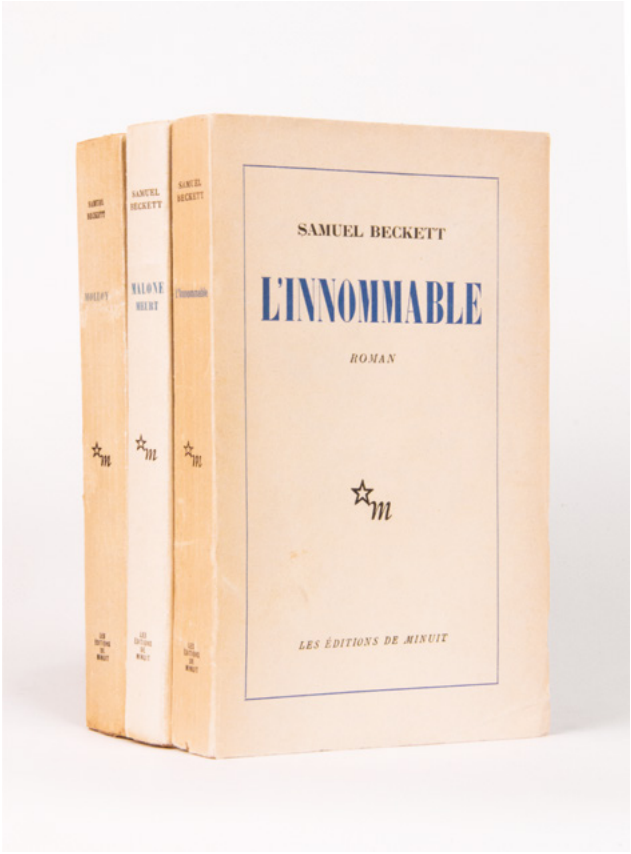
Les Éditions de Minuit, Paris 1951-1953, 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 "), 3 volumes, original wrappers

Each the FIRST EDITION on ordinary paper.

The first two volumes inscribed by Beckett to his friend the painter Geer (Van Velde) and his wife Lise.

Spine lightly sunned as usual for *Molloy* and *L'Innomable*, a tiny tear (not serious) to foot of spine of the latter.

"What to say of the sliding planes, the shimmering contours, the cut-out figures in the fog, the balance that any little thing can break, breaking and re-forming themselves under our very eyes? How to talk about the colors that breathe and pant? Of the swarming stasis? Of this world without weight, without force, without shadow? Here everything moves, swims, fells, comes back, falls apart, re-forms. Everything stops, non-stop. One would say it's the revolt of the internal molecules of a stone a split second before its disintegration. *That* is literature" ("The Van Veldes' Art, or the World and the Trousers", in *Cahiers d'Art* n°11-12, Paris 1945).



Beckett here is not talking – despite how it may appear – about his literary oeuvre, but about the paintings of Geer Van Velde, going on to add a few lines later "[Bram] Van Velde paints distance. G[eer] Van Velde paints succession." This elegy, published on the occasion of the double exhibition of the Van Veldes (Geer at Maeght's and Bram at the Galerie Mai) is the first important text on these painters, more or less unknown to the public at the time: "We've only just started spouting nonsense about the Van Velde brothers, and I'm the first. It's an honor." This is also the first critical text written directly in French by a young Irish writer who had not, as yet, published anything in France.

Thus, the first and most important of Beckett's writings on art, composed at the dawn of his literary career, establishes – right from the start – a fundamental relationship between his developing work and his friends' art: "Thus this text has often been read in a hollow or in the mirror, as one of the rare designations of Beckett's poetry (to come) by the man himself, a sort of anamorphic program of writing," (*Un pantalon cousu de fil blanc: Beckett et l'épreuve critique* by Pierre Vilar).

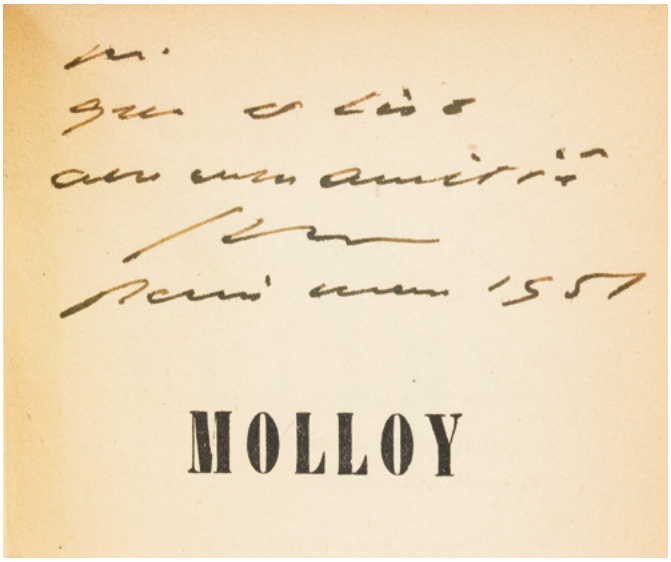
A real statement of dramaturgical intent, this fundamental text whose introspective value Beckett lays out from the introduction on ("one does nothing but tell stories with words") ushers in the writer's most fruitful creative period. In essence, like Apollinaire and Cendrars, Beckett draws from the artistic problems of his contemporaries the catalyst of his own future writing through "the deepest questioning of narrative, figurative or poetical presuppositions" (Pascale Casanova in *Beckett l'abstracteur*).

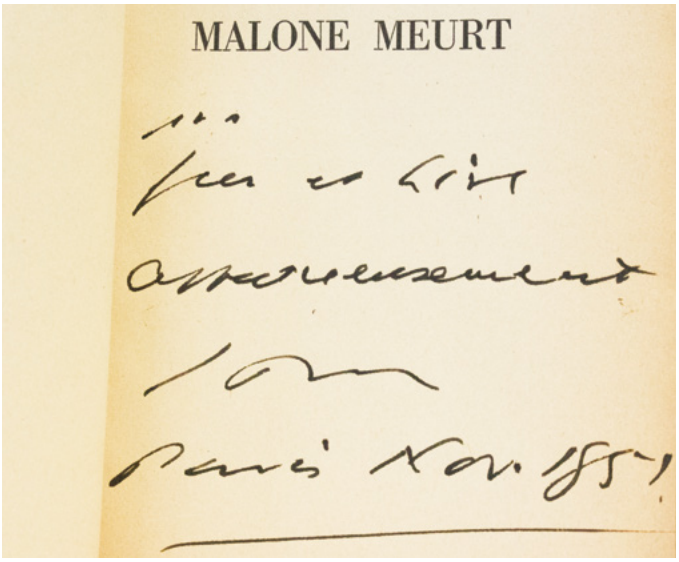
The major influence of modern painting on the narrative structure – or destructuring – of Beckett's drama and novels would be pointed out and examined by a number of thinkers, among them Gilles Deleuze, Julia Kristeva and Maurice Blanchot. **It was, in fact, with the art of the Van Veldes (first Geer then Bram) that Beckett began to formalize this desire to translate the pictorial question into dramaturgical terms.** Thus it was that he rejected Nicolas de Staël's set design for *Godot*, since: "the set must come out of the text without adding anything to it. As for the visual comfort of the audience, you can imagine how much I care. Do you really think you can listen with the backdrop of Bram's set, or see anything other than him?" (Letter to Georges Duthuit, 1952).

When he met Geer in 1937, "Beckett was going through a major existential crisis and had just been reworking his first novel, *Murphy*, which had been rejected by a great many publishers. He was lost in alcohol, leaving Ireland and moving once and for all to Paris" (*Le Pictural dans l'œuvre de Beckett*, Lassaad Jamoussi). He returned from a long artistic journey in Germany, where he was marked by classical works as well as contemporary art – it was during this journey that he discovered Caspar David Friedrich's *Two Men Contemplating the Moon*, his source for *Waiting for Godot*.

Art was thus at the heart of his creative thinking and **the friendship that would tie him to Geer and later his brother Bram and their sister Jacoba (with whom his relationship may have been more than merely friendly), and which would profoundly influence his life and writing.** His first writing on art is a short piece on Geer Van Velde, whose works he pressed on his new lover Peggy Guggenheim when she set up her new London gallery. Despite the relative failure of the exhibition (which followed Kandinsky's), he got his friend a one-year scholarship from Peggy. James Knowlson even thinks that "if Beckett maintained close links with Peggy for a long time, it was first and foremost because she could be convinced to give his artist friends a serious helping hand, starting with Geer Van Velde" (in *Beckett*, p. 474). Enigmatic, the little piece that Beckett wrote at the time at Peggy's request already contained a dramaturgical kernel of thought: "Believes painting should mind its own business, i.e. colors. i.e no more say Picasso than Fabritius, Vermeer. Or inversely."

Slower to develop, his friendship with Bram and interest in the latter's painting slowly changed Beckett's outlook on Geer's art and when, ten years after his first meeting the brothers, he wrote *The World and the Trousers*, Beckett brought up to date a duality symbolized by the title, taken from an anecdote given as a





legend to the article. The world is the "imperfect" work of God, made in six days, to which the tailor compares the perfection of his trousers, made over six months.

The link between this anecdote and the Van Velde brothers is perhaps to be found in the second essay Beckett devoted to them, in 1948, "Peintres de l'empêchement" [*Painters of the Problem*] (*Derrière le miroir* n° 11/12): "One of them said: I cannot see the object in order to represent it because I am who I am. There are always two sorts of problems – the object-problem and the 'eye-problem'...Geer Van Velde is an artist of the former sort... Bram Van Velde of the latter."

Resistance of the object or impotence of the artist, this tale, the "true primary narrative core in *kôan zen* form," (P. Vilar) would later find itself scattered throughout Beckett's work and would more specifically take center stage in *Endgame*, whose similarity, by the by, with the art of Geer Van Velde was noted by Roger Blin. "At the time, he was friends with the Dutch brothers Geer and Bram Van Velde, both painters. Geer was a painter in the style of Mondrian. I have the feeling that Beckett saw *Endgame* as a painting by Mondrian with very tidy partitions, geometric separations and musical geometry," (R. Blin, "Conversations avec Lynda Peskine" in *Revue d'Esthétique*).

Beckett's growing affinity for Bram Van Velde's work and the energy he put into promoting his work, especially to the galerie Maeght or his friend the art historian Georges Duthuit, was no doubt to the detriment of his relationship with Geer. Nonetheless, despite some misunderstandings, their friendship remained unbroken; as did the silent but anxious dialogue that the writer maintained with the art of the younger Van Velde brother, two of whose large canvases he owned. "The big painting by Geer finally gave me a sign. Shame that it should have turned out so badly. But perhaps that's not true after all" (letter to Georges Duthuit, March 1950). **"Geer shows great courage. Ideas that are a little cutting, but maybe only in appearance. I have always had a great respect for them. But not enough, I think"** (letter to Mania Péron, August 1951)

The death of Geer Van Velde in 1977 affected Beckett deeply and coincided with a period of intense nostalgia during which the writer decided to give himself over to "a great clear-out" of his house so as to live between "walls as grey as their owner." Confiding his state of mind to his friend, the stage designer Jocelyn Herbert, Beckett bore witness to the indefatigable affection he had nurtured for the painter over forty years: "more canvases on display, including the big Geer Van Velde behind the piano."

A precious witness to the friendship of these fellow travelers who had, ever since checking the veracity of the game of chess played by Murphy and Mr. Endon for Beckett's first novel, tackled together the great challenges of modernity: "It's that, deep down, they don't care about painting. What they're interested in is the human condition. We'll come back to that" (Beckett on the Van Velde brothers in *The World and the Trousers*).

> SEE MORE

12. BLANCHOT Maurice

L'Idylle [The Idyl] First unpublished version. Complete autograph manuscript

N. d. [1936], 20 pages in-8: 135 x 210 mm (5 5/16 x 8 1/4 ")

The first unpublished version of the complete autograph manuscript, written in 1936.

Very closely written with numerous erasures, corrections and additions.

"*L'Idylle*, a youthful work of Maurice Blanchot's published for the first time in 1947 and re-published in 1951 alongside *Dernier Mot* in a little volume titled *Le Ressassement éternel* was often called 'an insoluble enigma'...the circumstances of its writing and publication add to its mystery. Not only were the first manuscripts lost, but the experiences it describes and the spirit that inspired its birth are also hard to penetrate."

These observations of Vivian Liska's (in "Blanchot", *Cahiers de l'Herne* 107) following on from those of Christophe Bident (*Maurice Blanchot, partenaire invisible)*, confer upon these two first stories, which are the writer's most often re-published works, a unique place within Blanchot's oeuvre.

If *Dernier Mot* fits more logically into the work of the author of *Thomas l'Obscur* (which was a development or deconstruction of the former), *L'Idylle* appears to have "no connection whatsoever with Blanchot's other fiction writing, either before or after," according to Michael Holland, a researcher and Professor of French Literature at St Hugh's College, Oxford. Holland is the author of numerous articles on Maurice Blanchot, including *Avant dire: Essais sur Blanchot* published in 2015 by Hermann.

An enigmatic literary piece, even within an oeuvre that is itself complicated, *L'Idylle*, is much more than just an account of youth. It seems also to be "an experiment without any link to, or even incompatible with, the poetry" of the work to follow (V. Liska) and the birth of the "écriture du silence".

Thus, through its appearances in print, *L'Idylle* poses questions even for its own author who, in *Après-coup* is stumped by his own creation and exhausts himself trying to define it, having warned from his introduction on of the futility of his attempt.

First and foremost there is the question of the story's title. "L'Idylle", the title adopted for its journal publication in 1947 is replaced, from its first edition in book form in 1951, by another title which brings together the two stories: *Le Ressassement éternel*. In 1983, this, in turn, was supplemented with the title of the afterword, *Après-coup*.

Blanchot himself asks this question in the afterword through the mediated designation (suddenly enriched with a sub-title) of this "story that seems to have been named – perhaps ironically? – 'the Idyl', or the torment of the idea of the joyful thought."

This title is ostensibly not present in the manuscript (which was not the case with *Le Dernier Mot* – cf. our catalogue for the Grand Palais in 2014), which had a clear bearing on the status of the story and the author's intentions for publication.

Needless to say, even beyond the title, it's the story itself that resists analysis, both by critics and by Blanchot himself: "it is impossible for me to know...how they were written and to what unknown need they were a response".

The original manuscript thus appears as a primary source of information in the attempt to resolve some of the mysteries of the text. In it, one finds the elaboration of character names and the different stages of writing: expressions erased (indicated by single quotation marks) and alternatives written above...as well as long unpublished passages, deleted in the manuscript itself or left intact until publication. With the manuscript, one can analyze the development of the author's thinking through the growing precision of the manuscript, whose corrections dwindle as the pages go on, getting closer and closer to the published version. But what is most striking, like with the manuscript of *Le Dernier Mot*, is the presence in this original version of profoundly significant elements whose deletion would go on to contribute to the construction of a willfully aporetic work.

Blanchot's writing develops through a process of pruning. We all know how many diets *Thomas l'Obscur* had to go on to achieve his final figure.

In the case of *L'Idylle*, the cuts are even more significant because, as Blanchot notes, "as a story that says everything it has to say in being written down...it is itself the idyl." As a result, the body of the narrative has to fall away to reveal its fundamental structure, as Michael Holland points out.

The numerous passages of the manuscript deleted in 1947 are not, therefore, traces of an unfinished version, but the revelation by an unseen hand of the definitive work.

This unseen hand largely consists of the relationship between the director and his wife Louise, the focal point of the story.

The couple's past is revealed to us and interpreted for us by various different protagonists.

The director: "at thirty, I knew the most [?] joy that a man can experience. I thought I'd suffocate to death..."

Louise: "[a significant portion deleted] the young man called to her each night from the garden, but she refused to come down..."

Piotl: "They don't have children themselves. They take their revenge on the fate that deprived them of their origins by depriving it of all continuation. They triumph over their undeserved misfortune by adding to it another, for which they are responsible..." (p. 7)

The characters are also more forthcoming on the current situation of the couple:

Page 5: "A strange party, Alexandre Akim and I argued. [Long passage deleted] Argued, do you hear?" "Is that true?" said the stranger, turning towards the director. "Yes, of course, naturally," he replied. "There is something inexplicable about anger. You look for its cause and it's invisible; you want to know its consequences and they are without number. Fortunately, it can't hold a candle to true friendship."

This confession of "friendship" by the director instead of the love one would expect, is a first response to the questions of Akim, one incompatible with the mystery that dominates the published version.

But the most significant part of the manuscript is undoubtedly the central passage where the warden recounts finding the couple, shortly after their marriage, at the same time dead and alive. More concrete than the published version, it has – above all – a key revelation that gives new meaning to the very title of the work.

Page 11: "I knew that something terrible had happened...I thought they were both dead...They were sitting apart, on rickety chairs [?], silent and estranged to the point where anyone might have taken them for hobos...they were utterly distant, and wanted nothing more than not to fall..."

"That's it?" asked Akim. "But what you're describing is…the emotion that is at the heart of every idyl, a true joy beyond words."

"Really?" said the warden, would you call it that? I call it desperation [qualified with an adjective in quotation marks which appears to be "joyous" but which was deleted by Blanchot].

"Joyous desperation": a paradox that was an answer, in the story, to the question of the true meaning of an idyl. It is only at the cost of suppressing this "interpretation" and all the narrative elements that lead to it that Blanchot could transform the question posed in the story into a question posed by the story.

For what the manuscript reveals is that Blanchot's account is not elliptical, structured by the absence of meaning, but is willfully filled with lacunae, developed though successive cuts to meaning.

In this obvious breaking down of the internal meaning of the narrative, one can also discern the symbolic links between elements of the story. Thus, the strangling of Akim by another inmate bore a troubling similarity to the relationship of the director to his wife in the initial version: "She wanted him to live with the hand on his throat that would squeeze hard enough to kill him." (p. 7)

Other elements of pathos, deleted on publication, reinforce the parallel between the silent tragedy of the couple and that of the inmates: "I spit in your face"; "the whip was a metal instrument that bent and cut, penetrating under the skin, tearing it as it pulled away." On the other hand, the complicity of the couple beyond their incomprehension finds an echo – in typical Blanchot style – in a passage that has been entirely deleted. In this passage, we find a literary connivance between the stranger and a "completely ignorant" warden who "surprises Akim in the act of reading a little book that he always had on him, written in the language of his people."

Of the most insistent questions he is faced with in *Après-coup*, Blanchot particularly focuses on the one concerning the prophetic relationship of *L'Idylle* to history.

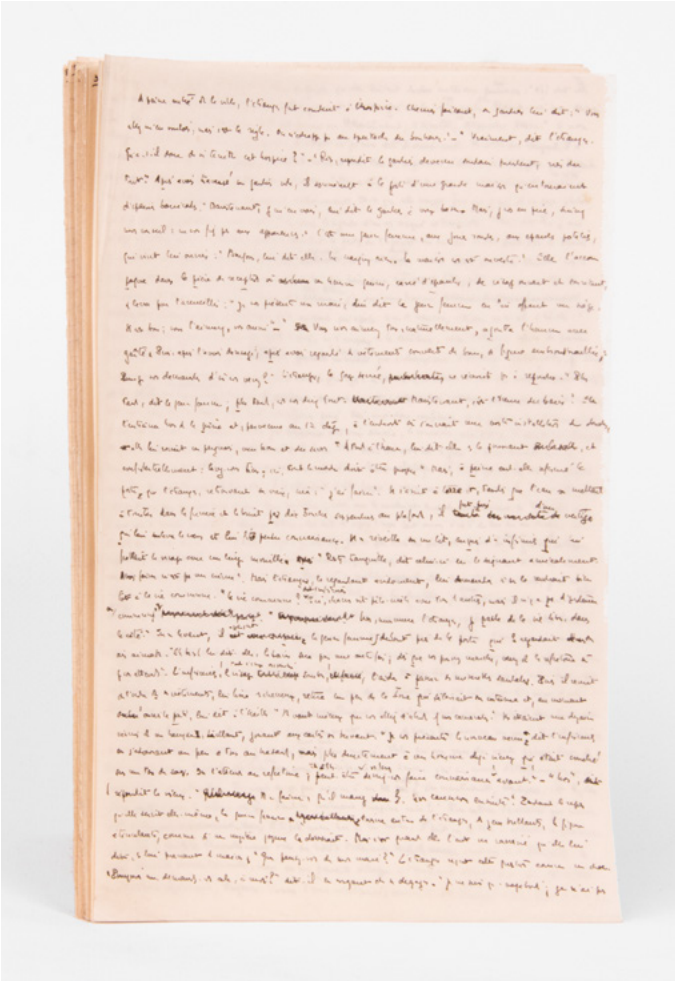
"Wash yourself thoroughly – we care about hygiene here…He sat on the ground and, while the water began to pour among the smoke and noise, he was overcome by nausea and passed out." The shower scene, which is almost the opening of the story, suggests a post-Concentration Camp reading that Blanchot takes on and then rejects by turns.

A reading of the manuscript and its variations as compared to the published text may not resolve this question, but it does reorient it: "we care about hygiene here" turns out originally to have been "everyone must be clean here"; "he was overcome by nausea and passed out" was "he grew dizzy, which gave rise to a lightness of heart that made him pass out". There are no corrections in the manuscript – the changes date therefore from the time of publication and not of writing.

From a purely literary point of view, the figure of the stranger [l'étranger] reminds one, as a forerunner, of Camus' famous character of the same name. Blanchot was one of Camus' first defenders: "the theme I recognize first of all, because Camus has made it familiar, is outlined by the first words: 'the stranger'". The manuscript, here, helps confirm the direct importance of this designation of the character.

Michael Holland particularly highlights these elements, which make dating the original text troublesome:

"*L'Idylle*, while referring to a past (1936) is nonetheless separated from it and, because of that, disoriented from it. At the same time, it marks the emergence of a narrative space for Blanchot that is completely original, in which the disaster heralded



in 1936 and which became definitive from 1940 on finds in this fictional account not a mirror but a discourse that, by its very impossibility, encompasses all that the disaster signifies."

Blanchot's insistance on setting his work in a distant, pre-apocalyptic past, from its first appearance in 1947, is hardly surprising. He does so even when inscribing the work, underlining its non-contemporary nature: "these pages, sadly so old," he writes in the two copies of *Le Ressassement éternel* inscribed to his brother and sister in law, as well as his mother and sister (see our March 2015 catalogue). Note also the mysterious "sadly".

But it was in 1983, in *Après-coup*, that he once more insisted at this great age at some length. "These two old texts, so old (a half a century old)". Blanchot gives a disturbing background to this insistence: "a story from before Auschwitz. At the time that it was written, though, all stories would have been before Auschwitz".

Thus, the evocation of the camps in an account cannot be anything other than prophetic since: "there cannot exist a narrative fiction of Auschwitz."

Given that, what is the best way of shielding oneself from this impossibility than writing before History? That which can no longer be stated can nonetheless be predicted.

It's tempting to look for the traces in the story itself of l'*Idylle*, this attempt to approach the impossible present through the past. The passage in the bookshop is troubling in this sense. The bookseller offers Akim "a very old book that traces the history of the entire country". Akim, who had wanted a "more recent" work nonetheless derives "more profit from its reading than he had expected". If we also note that from the very first visit, the "bookseller" of the final version is, in the manuscript, "an antiquarian bookshop" and that from the passage where the rare book is lent

Blanchot has deleted in the published version: "because [the book] appeared to be concerned with an era long since gone", the idea of a fictional dating on the part of the author begins to make sense.

If confirmed, this deception would give a completely new reading of this story and indeed Blanchot's entire oeuvre.

Nonetheless, it seems to us that the manuscript cannot, given these little details, date from after the war. The manuscript largely resembles, especially in format, quality of paper and the density of Blanchot's writing, the manuscript of *Le Dernier Mot*, offered for sale by us in a previous catalog (and the manuscript of *Dernier Mot* appears to be reliably datable). However, it is not actually dated, and if the date of 1936 was made-up, it is likely that Blanchot used it from the manuscript onwards.

Detailed study of these papers, Blanchot's writing and the paper itself will doubtless allow this question, a part of the mystery of Blanchot's most enigmatic piece, to be answered once and for all.

> SEE MORE

13. BLANCHOT Maurice

Le Mythe d'Ulysse [The Ulysses Myth] Unpublished typescript

N. d. [circa 1936], 49 leaves 210 x 265 mm (8 1/4 x 10 7/16 "), loose leaves

Unique complete document comprising 49 A4 leaves, of which 47 mimeographed and 2 typescript (being 1 title page and 48 leaves numbered from 1 to 47, including one page numbered 9 bis. Pages 19 and 46 typescript), entitled: *Le Mythe d'Ulysse [The Ulysses Myth]* with very occasional manuscript corrections. A faint mark to upper margin of title and traces of a paper clip to head, a few marginal folds.

An exceptional typescript of the first fiction work by Maurice Blanchot, a veritable fountainhead for *Thomas le Solitaire* **and** *Thomas l'Obscur*.

By the time Blanchot's first novel was published in 1941, the young writer had already written two shorter works which were not to appear until 1947, but which were, according to his account, composed during the writing of *Thomas l'Obscur: Le Dernier Mot* and *L'Idylle*.

Though the existence of an earlier text than these writings had been suspected, it was thought lost, and it was only very recently that the existence of a legendary first novel called *Thomas le Solitaire* was discovered. We offered its original manuscript and typescript for sale in 2016. Although very different to the published version, *Thomas le Solitaire* nonetheless seems – because of its hero, the general course of its story and entire sections of its narration, like an early version of *Thomas l'Obscur*. This first *Thomas* thus became – along with some incredibly rare documents – almost the oldest written trace of Maurice Blanchot.

Nonetheless, alongside the manuscripts of the two *Thomases*, there was among Blanchot's siblings' papers an unsigned mimeographed text entitled *Le Mythe d'Ulysse*. Clearly contemporary with the two novels (same paper, same typed deletions in the form of little crosses, same rusty paperclip marks) this 47-page short story reveals itself to be, on reading, the obvious fictional origin of *Thomas*.

Drawing inspiration from Homer, this story tells the tale of Ulysses' sojourn on Calypso's island, only briefly mentioned in the *Odyssey* which tells us of the arrival and the departure of Ulysses from the island, but is very sparse in detail about the seven years the hero spent there. Maurice Blanchot takes the sadness of the hero as described in Book V and invents a love story between the nymph and the sailor, fuelled by his fantastic tales while he himself languishes in a melancholy at his realization of human fragility and his desire to attain immortality.

Apart from giving him a radically different physical appearance, Blanchot touches on many of the principal themes of *Thomas* in this short story, including what we call the *désincarnation du récit [disincarnation of the narrative]*, an attitude to death that pictures it as a form of pure life unencumbered by the obstacle of the physical body.

This need to liberate thought from the limits of the body which is present throughout the entire published work originates in this mythological tale, through Ulysses' desire:

"I feel weak and so shut in, and yet at the same time so curious about everything around me. With each one of my steps, I stop and find myself closed in on myself, seeing clearly only the desire to go on and take another step that leads me back to the same dead end and the same desire…The Gods…have shut me in a circle so tight that [I] take up all of it and there is only room from a few fools. There, they gave me a thousand shining powers, distinct rights against which nothing offends and on which nothing impinges, rendered more certain by their use, but in this place they feel nothing for me except an incomprehensible derision, my art – limiting itself – destroys itself there to become nothing but artifice and tomorrow to take on a human aspect of unreasonableness. That is why I must tear myself out of this circle; foolish or wise – and not only as judged by insignificant appearance, but by the incorruptible truth – nothing else can give me peace." (*Le Mythe d'Ulysse* pp. 15-16)

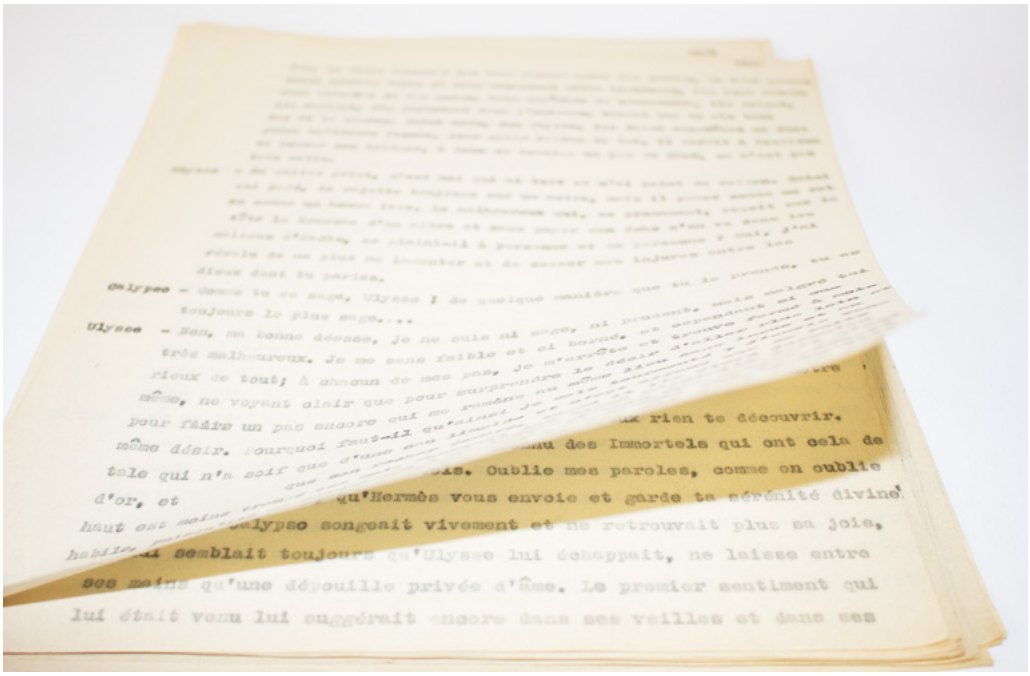
What starts off as an undefined malaise (indecipherable to the nymph) takes shape towards the end of the story: "even a delicate frame is a barrier for the curious spirit" (M.U. p. 37), and becomes desire. "How could you expect me to be happy, Calypso, when I have to share that happiness with this passive frame?" (M.U. p. 37). It eventually transmutes into fear: "He came to envy less the spirits denuded of all material being by their purity, and feared the shocking sensation of a mind no longer having control of its body" (M.U. p. 38).

Shockingly, the will of Ulysses remains an obstacle, despite the very nature of the story, which allows for the appearance of the fantastic and despite the intervention of the god Proteus, the true mythological source of this reflection of Blanchot's. "Proteus: […] I did not put myself into this body, it does not bear my fullness; I come to it fighting, bumping against its borders like a nightbird in the day. I am born in it and die in it, all together." (M.U. p. 34)

Thus what in the mythical world of Ulysses and Calypso is maintained on the level of desire – "no longer to feel him at the same time dead and alive beside me, that also would be a joy," is achieved in the shared world of Anne and Thomas, clothed until the 1950 version with all the powers of the immortal nymph and the shape-shifting god.

"Really, he was dead and at the same time removed from the reality of death," (in *Thomas l'Obscur*, 1950, Gallimard, p. 40)

"She changed without ever ceasing to be Anne…He saw her approaching like a spider…the final heir of a fantastic race. She walked with her eight enormous feet as if she were walking on two slender legs" (T.O., 1950, pp. 46-47)



A true thematic fountainhead for *Thomas*, *Le Mythe d'Ulysse*, raises some of the fundamental questions developed in *Thomas*, as in Blanchot's other works.

The first is the dream, which opens the narrative and symbolically contains it: "he ran…to an immortal…A fearsome device held him…Thus…he threw himself at the immortal body, cold like the marble of a statue" (M.U. p. 2).

Others are:

Immobility as powerless supremacy: "you will see the weakness of the gods and their fragility…Zeus, the greatest of the gods will have to yield to you because the immobile necessity, the silent destiny that restrain him, will hardly weigh on you" (M.U. p. 9 bis).

Tranquility as accomplishment rather than the denial of desire. Thus, the melancholy Ulysses convincing himself of the fullness of his peaceful joy, whose worthlessness he nonetheless feels: "He came back to the daylight and stayed for a long time motionless, not looking at the sea at all…O companion, he ended up saying, give thanks to the gods for they have not denied you happiness; the pure flame of your hearth lights the face of a tranquil man. Tomorrow is vouchsafed for you, you want nothing other than today and your mediocre wishes carry you higher than the most sublime desires" (M.U. p. 12-13).

Many years later, in a similar vein, Thomas the "twin brother" (*Te'oma* in Aramaic) of Ulysses will reformulate in turn the frightening vanity of this supreme freedom: "He stood, watching and waiting for a long time. There was in this contemplation something painful that was like a manifestation of too great a liberty, a freedom gained by cutting all one's ties" (T.O., 1941).

Night, silence, ways of looking, light, time, all these themes so dear to the writer emerge at the end of the mythological tale, mixing and repeating throughout the story, searching for their precise expression, which already seems to be manifested in this paradox:

"Everyone…mixed water with the flames, chasing the alternating images of the shadow and the light" (M.U. p. 25).

"The water, having shaken the earth, seemed to want to join it with the sky and keep them mixed in one fell swoop" (M.U. p. 38).

"In the middle of this silence that had fallen from her nakedness, like the night that prompts the autumn skies" (M.U. p. 20).

"The dangerous grace of a body whose origins threaten it constantly and that plays in this heavy form as though among the lightest of veils" (M.U. p. 11)

"The future nearer than the moment" (M.U.).

The first fictional piece by one of the most complex writers of the 20 th century, *Le Mythe d'Ulysse* sows the seeds of the themes that would go on to feed Blanchot's writing right up until *L'Instant de ma mort*.

Some will judge the resemblance between *Ulysse* and *Thomas* by the yardstick of that uniting all of Blanchot's writings.

Nonetheless, like Athena emerging fully clothed from her father's skull, Thomas shares far more with Ulysses than just their common progenitor. Beyond these themes, the two stories, though they seem radically different, show narrative similarities that bear witness to their close kinship. Facing the sea at the start of both narratives, the heroes both go into the water to swim, without this having any narrative justification in either case. In essence, this highly symbolic initial scene is without follow-up as both heroes come back out of the water very quickly, only to return to it at the end of both stories.

There are a number of similarities in the first few lines of both stories.

M.U.: "Abandoning his body to the waves like a lifeless form." T.O.: "The real sea, where he was like someone who'd drowned." Or, later, "he was submerged and his emotional state resembled that of a being drowned bitterly in itself." M.U.: "He ran to throw himself in the water that still bubbled from his recent anger." T.O.: "The water swirled around him in a whirlpool." M.U.: "His tautened muscles seemed to him to weigh heavier in the water with each moment." T.O.: "A very sharp cold…paralyzed his arms, which seemed heavy and foreign."

The same similarities appear even more clearly when each of the heroes rushes into the forest.

Thus the impotent wandering of Ulysses – "Slipping into it [the forest], Ulysses set about wandering inside, but the labyrinth itself offered more order than the solitude where each step seemed to recommence and did not carry him on, a naked clarity showed the outlines of things without managing to render the horizon

and confused him with false shadows," – is linked to Thomas' hesitation when, in the version used until 1950, he meets the same obstacle in the forest.

"His way was barred on all sides, an unbreachable wall all around…what dominated was the feeling of being pushed on by the refusal to go forward….no doubt his advance was more virtual than real, for, with this new place not distinguishing itself from the old…it was in some way the same place he had left behind for fear of leaving things behind…the night swallowed all, there was no hope of crossing its shadows…"

This persistence of narrative elements across various versions and both stories, of which we could give numerous examples (we've compared only the first few pages of the stories!) indicate the structural importance of this early work as the "root" of the novel to come.

Nonetheless, it seems that Maurice Blanchot erased all legible trace of this kinship in the various printed versions and, except for a slip-up, there would be no point in searching for obvious references to the *Odyssey* or to characters from Greek mythology in the published versions of *Thomas*.

Having said that, if one goes back to the first few pages of the manuscript of *Thomas l'Obscur*, the similarities between Thomas and Ulysses are immediate and very clear.

O.M., p. 1, l. 12: "Still stretched out on the sand, he began an endless voyage with his absence of body in an absence of sea, a crossing in which he did not run aground or drown. No weariness could recall him to himself. He was slipping through the void, irresistibly drawn by the retreating of the shore. He was endlessly called by his own downfall."

This veritable recursive use of the *Odyssey* is enriched with even more explicit references in the first pages of the manuscript of *Thomas le Solitaire*:

"Having himself given birth to some god of the sea, to some fantastic Siren, he came slowly back to the awkward pace of men" (*Thomas le Solitaire*, p. 1).

These same Sirens in the short story, whom "only obscene bodies and impure souls can fail to pity" bear, with their intellectual promises, offer the hero the first formulation of the temptation to, or attempt to, move beyond the human condition.

Maurice Blanchot thus effaced his early work by rewriting and rewriting, while at the same time paradoxically completing – through the "shared" character of Thomas, the fruitless quest of the "mythological" hero.

Nonetheless, there is still an element that, despite all the changes Blanchot's novel went through, stayed intact throughout the various manuscripts, typescripts and in the two published versions. This is a simple and prosaic proposition that is justified in its actual form neither by its narrative function nor by its aesthetic qualities. This is a perfectly ordinary phrase that is nevertheless systematically drawn to the reader's attention at the very beginning of the reading process. This is the very first line of both *Thomas le Solitaire* and *Thomas l'Obscur*, in the versions of 1941 and 1950: "Thomas s'assit et regarda la mer [Thomas sat looking at the sea]."

This action, as we know, is associated with a failure: "despite the fact that the fog prevented him seeing very far", which in turn provokes a "turning inwards on himself" that sets the story in motion.

Blanchot, though he did not put it right at the beginning of his first tale, punctuates his *Mythe d'Ulysse* with this stationary, repeated action, subjected to the same barrier. We have found several examples:

"They…sat down on a rock and listened to the sounds of the sea across the grey light," (p. 12 M.U.). "He came back to the daylight and stayed for a long time motionless, not looking at the sea at all," (M.U. p. 13).

In the same way, later on, when he is once more trying to look at the horizon: "There was a real fog in the way of his view."

"He remained still all day, facing the sea and half perched on the sound of the waves fleeing the open water," (M.U. p. 41).

It's on the final page of the short story that a line from Pallas Athena seems to provide a key to the interpretation of the enigmatic contemplative pose: "You have watched this dead earth long enough…Listen, the sea comes back to you…and turns itself towards your soul."

But beyond this early short story, the opening of *Thomas* is born from the roots of Blanchot's tale, Book V of Homer's *Odyssey* who, in a few lines, tells the story of his hero's journey to the nymph Calypso's island.

"But the great-hearted Odysseus [Hermes] found not within [the cave]; for he sat weeping on the shore, as his wont had been, racking his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and he would look over the unresting sea, shedding tears."

This short story is also significant, then, for Blanchot's giving the reader a highly significant mythological origin to his first novel.

The Odyssey, beyond *Thomas* alone, perhaps provides a framework for other stories, such as *Au moment voulu [At the wished-for moment]*, the first part of which appeared in a journal under the title *Le Retour [The Return]*. Besides this mythological kinship with Blanchot's future novels, *Le Mythe d'Ulysse* should be looked at (like any first attempt at a novel?) in the light of its relation to the figure of the artist as demiurge and more specifically, Blanchot himself. For the writer's allegories run through and, no doubt, carry the story, a powerful and fragile figure embodied by turns by the Sirens, Ulysses ("I do not envy the gods their kingdom if mine makes me the master of stories…") and above all, Proteus.

Proteus, the all-powerful master of shapes who gives Ulysses his power, declares: "So be, good Ulysses, the King of Chaos, the Father of Monsters, destroy what is made, unmake what is perfect, and sow everywhere the element of inequality, the enemy of stability where equilibrium breaks. In all these works, you will have me as a benevolent father and a helper."

But Proteus is also shifting, and his endless changes of shape are as much a source of power as a curse. "I will not reveal myself…I try to escape myself so that my changes of shape are not secret returns. These changes that dazzle the stranger are not, in fact, to flee him, but to flee myself and get closer back to him."

Is Proteus Blanchot's fictional doppleganger? What is for certain, at the very least, is that beyond this tutelary figure, Ulysses is certainly the "Toma" of the hero of the future novel, as he himself announces prophetically to the nymph: **"Calypso: […] because your thoughts are no longer melancholy as they were, is that nor right? Ulysses: Why do you ask me that? I don't believe that they were ever melancholy, but they are still obscure, more obscure than yesterday"** (M.U. p. 28).

The unique copy of Maurice Blanchot's previously unknown first work of fiction and the Rosetta stone for *Thomas l'Obscur*.

> SEE MORE

14. BLANCHOT Maurice

Complete manuscript and typescript, being an early version of *Thomas l'Obscur* [Thomas the Obscure]

1938, 135 x 210 mm (5 5/16 x 8 1/4 ") et 210 x 270 mm (8 1/4 x 10 5/8 "), 454 leaves among which 322 manuscripts ones

An exceptional complete set, for a large part unpublished, of 454 manuscript and typescript leaves with copious corrections and deletions, being an early version of *Thomas l'Obscur*, which sheds light on the process of the composition of the work based on the mythic earlier typescript: *Thomas le Solitaire* [*Thomas the Solitary*].

The document is made up of two states: a manuscript of 275 leaves, and a collection of 179 leaves composed of 132 leaves of the typescript (entirely corrected) of *Thomas le Solitaire*, and 47 inserted manuscript leaves.

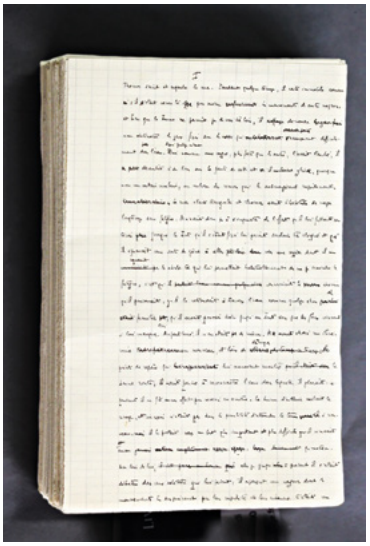
The 275-page manuscript finishes with a reference to the typescript-manuscript document, which itself has a double ending, for *Thomas le Solitaire* (typescript) and the end of *Thomas l'Obscur* (manuscript).

It would appear that the typescript-manuscript is a first step in the work leading up to the manuscript proper, but together with it forms an inseparable whole since the references from one to the other are constant. The pages of the manuscript in fact regularly contain cross-references to the typescript-manuscript and the sequence of pages is interrupted several times to include the numbering of the typescript-manuscript.

The manuscript version, as well as the typescript-manuscript version both show significant differences from the published version (which appeared in 1941). Some passages from the text of *Thomas le Solitaire* are still included in the manuscript and variances with the published novel are manifold.

This important document, therefore, marks a key moment in the work of the author, where the novel was still in full-blown development.

This unique set undoubtedly constitutes the **most important source of information** on the development of the novels of one of the most closed-off writers of the 20th century after Kafka.

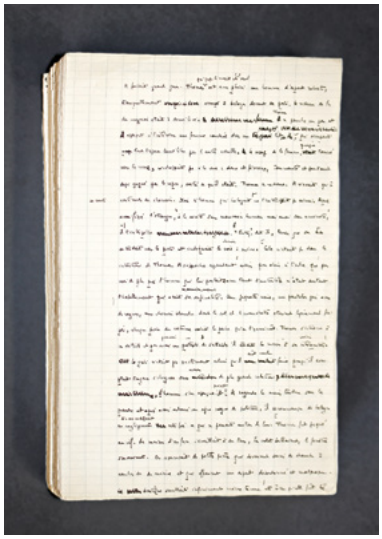


> SEE MORE

15. BLANCHOT Maurice

Aminadab. Original manuscript

N. d. [circa 1941], 135 x 210 mm (5 5/16 x 8 1/4 "), 348 loose leaves



"Any account that is not satisfied with realistic goals requires a secret meaning whose slow exposition is linked to the peculiarities of the narration. If that meaning corresponds unambiguously to the anecdote, but can also be completely fulfilled outside it, it's an allegory. If, on the contrary, it can only be grasped through the fiction and slips away when we seek to understand it in and of itself, it's a symbol...The meaning of story is the story itself. It seems mysterious, because it says precisely all that cannot be said," (from the blurb for *Aminadab*, October 1942).

The complete manuscript, heavily corrected, of Maurice Blanchot's second novel, *Aminadab*, which was published in 1942, one year after *Thomas the Obscure*, to which it is a sort of sequel.

The manuscript of *Aminadab* is composed of 348 numbered leaves, written on the rectos. Occasionally, one finds a leaf or half a leaf interposed between two pages, of which it generally forms a draft or a partial re-writing. One can thus be part of the very process of writing by which this novel took on its final form. As a result of this process, *Aminadab* underwent a real process of thinning down. There is not a single page of the manuscript which does not have reworkings or cuts, which can be as long as a dozen lines. The manuscript version is thus much more padded than the final text.

A number of aspects of so-called "realist" narration are excised systematically, as if Blanchot were constantly trying to refine his narrative vision. But, more than just lightening, these cuts also bear witness to a decisive transformation of authorial intention during the course of the writing process. Was it the allegorical temptation (evoked in the blurb) with which Blanchot was struggling and of which he decided to get rid with these cuts?

Thus, at the beginning of the novel, where Thomas puts on a jacket whose simple elegance he appreciates in feeling "barely bothered by the sleeves, which were too tight at the wrists," in the published version, the manuscript version has a section one could hardly qualify as simple descriptive realism: "He was…quite curious to see if the porter would not be surprised by this attractive new suit…Not being satisfied at admiring from afar, [the porter] wanted to touch the material, and ran his hand over the inside of the suit, which he stroked gently. The pleats, above all, delighted him. He would have liked there to be pleats all over, and Thomas had to speak sharply to tear him away from this delight and prevent him from changing the order of the buttons on his waistcoat."

Blanchot systematically eliminates the psychological realism that flows through the manuscript, adopting with his own writing the same severity Thomas just showed towards the porter. Indeed, in the manuscript, Thomas (much like the porter, by the way, reduced to a simple extra), expresses feelings, states of emotion, thoughts and reflections inspired by his paradoxical situation. Many elements are systematically shortened or eliminated in the final book. Psychology and Reason are two of the important components of the early manuscript and their systematic suppression marks a significant step in Blanchot's conception of the novel.

It is in the end the act of recounting that which in every act of telling prevents one from ever reaching the final word which is put to the test in this manuscript. **Blanchot must therefore "dump" the inexhaustible quantity of narration engendered by this quest for the end of things to say.**

The cuts made by Blanchot in the manuscript version lay out very clearly the author's choice of sacrificing scenes and characters which could have figured in the novel but which had to be reduced or eliminated so that it did not merely go on endlessly without reaching its goal.

That goal, which was nothing less that a sort of narrative *cogito ergo sum* occupied Blanchot to the very end of his life as a writer.

These 348 leaves with crossings-out, repetitions, additions and various diacritical symbols eluding a decision one way or another ("…", or "x…x", or "- – -") show an author in constant dialogue with himself, and are more than mere marks of creation: they constitute the act of writing itself.

The gulf of its own narration, this manuscript of *Aminadab* is like the labyrinthine building in which Thomas holes up. Like his hero with the characters he meets, the author seems to question the situations and characters he creates "to find out where he is, who they are, and more broadly how all this will end," (Michael Holland in *Maurice Blanchot, Archives de la fratrie*, catalogue raisonné).

> SEE MORE

16. BLANCHOT Maurice

Maurice Blanchot's complete correspondence with his mother, his sister Marguerite, his brother René and his niece Annick

1940-1943, various format, a collection comprising approximately 1 000 complete letters and 400 excised.

An exceptional set of more than 1,000 autograph letters signed by Maurice Blanchot addressed mostly to his mother Marie, his sister Marguerite and his niece Annick, as well as a few to his brother René and his sister-in-law Anna. Also included are more than 400 letters addressed to the same recipients but partly with passages – of too intimate a nature – excised by the family. This collection was kept by Marguerite Blanchot with the books her brother inscribed to her and the manuscripts of Blanchot's first novels and reviews.

This unique, complete correspondence, as yet entirely unpublished and unknown to the bibliographers, covers the period from 1940 to 1994.

The first batch of letters – more than 230 composed between 1940 and 1958 (when Marie Blanchot died) – are addressed to his mother and sister who lived together in the family house at Quain.

Then, from 1958 to 1991, there are almost 700 complete letters addressed to Marguerite, with a number of others excised.

Eight letters addressed to his brother René and his sister-in-law Anna from the 1970s, with whom he would go living, were also retained by Marguerite.

And finally, there is a set of 22 complete letters and numerous others excised, written from 1962 on addressed to his niece Annick and her son Philippe – grandson to Georges, Maurice's second brother.

Though Blanchot's intense affection for his mother and sister is evident from his inscriptions to them, we know almost nothing about their actual relationships. In the only biographical essay on Blanchot, Christophe Bident nonetheless tells us that: "Marguerite Blanchot worshipped her brother Maurice. Intensely proud of him…she attached great importance to his political thought…She read a lot…They would speak on the phone and correspond when apart; they shared the same natural authority, the importance attached to discretion". Blanchot sent her a number of works from his library, demonstrating a previously unknown intellectual link.

The large number of letters addressed by Maurice to his sister reveal an intellectual complicity and a greater trust from the writer than he placed in almost anyone else close to him.

The biographical part that dominates each letter reveals the intimate world – previously unknown – of the most secretive of writers. Essentially, he reveals himself as forthright with his sister and mother as intellectual and discreet with everyone else. Even his closest friends did not find out about the serious health problems that Blanchot faced throughout his life, which are laid bare here in detail.

Nonetheless, these intimate topics are only one aspect of this correspondence, which also aims to share the latest developments in the intellectual, social and political world – that Maurice Blanchot decodes for his little sister, who had sacrificed her independence and the artistic success she may have had as a noted organist for the sake of her mother.

Thus, from the Occupation to the Algerian war, from Vietnam War to the election of Mitterrand, Blanchot interprets for his mother and sister the intense and complex state of the world, sharing with them both his objective observations and his intellectual affinities, as well as justifying to them his standpoints and commitments.

An unembellished record, free of the posturing imposed by his intellectual status, Blanchot's correspondence with his family also has another unique feature: it is without doubt the only written record of the profound sensitivity of this writer who was known only for his outstanding intellect. This correspondence from the heart also reveals a Maurice fantastically benevolent towards his sister's and mother's religious convictions, and it is without any reticence that he punctuates his letters with explicit signs of the intense affection he bore for these two women – so different from the people in his intellectual set.

This precious archive covers the period from 1940 to the death of Marguerite in 1993. There is almost no trace of correspondence before this date, aside from a letter to his godmother in 1927, which leads one to suspect that the correspondence has been destroyed, perhaps at Blanchot's own request.

Among the letters to his mother and sister, we have identified some significant recurring themes.

Wartime letters in which Blanchot presents himself as both a reassuring son and a lucid thinker:

"Est-ce la mort qui approche et qui me rend insensible au froid plus modeste de l'existence?" ("Is death, as it approaches and makes me insensible to the cold, more modest than existence?")

"Il n'y a pas de raison de désespérer." ("There is no cause to despair.") At worst, he says: "nous nous regrouperons sur nos terres. Nous trouverons un petit îlot où vivre modestement et sérieusement"; "la politique ne va pas fort. L'histoire de la Finlande m'inquiète beaucoup" ("we'll regroup on our own land. We'll find a little island where we can live humbly and seriously"; "the political situation is not good, and the situation of Finland seems to me very worrying.")

"À la répression succèdent les représailles [...] Cela ira de mal en pis." ("Repression is followed by reprisals...It's going from bad to worse.")

More personal news about his involvement and setbacks with various revues:

– *Aux Écoutes,* run by his friend Paul Lévy, whose flight to Unoccupied France he recounts,

– the *Journal des Débats* and the political upheavals that transformed it,

– his quitting of *Jeune France* upon Laval's return,

– his involvement in the survival of the *NRF* and the political challenges it faced during this difficult time.

"Il est absolument certain qu'il n'y aura pas dans la revue un mot qui, de près ou de loin, touche à la politique, et que nous serons préservés de toute 'influence extérieure'. À la première [ombre?] qui laisserait entendre que ces conditions ne sont pas respectées, je m'en vais." ("It is absolutely certain that there will not be one word in the revue that touches on politics from a country mile, and that we will be spared all 'external influence'. At the first [shadow?] of these conditions no longer being respected, I'll be off.")

An astounding letter about the tragic episode that would become the subject of his final story, *L'Instant de ma mort:* "Vous ai-je dit qu'à force de déformations et de transmissions amplifiées, il y a maintenant dans les milieux littéraires une version définitive sur les événements du 29 juin, d'après laquelle j'ai été sauvé par les Russes! C'est vraiment drôle [...] de fil en aiguille j'ai pu reconstituer la suite des événements" ("Did I tell you that via a process of distortion and exaggerations in its repetitions, there is now a definitive version circulating in literary circles of the events of 29 June, according to which I was saved by the Russians! It's really quite amusing...one step at a time, I was able to reconstitute the chain of events.") He then recounts these at some length to his mother and sister, the same account – save for a few minor details – as presented in *L'Instant de ma mort*. "Et voilà [...] notez comme la vérité est tournée à l'envers. ... En tout cas c'est certainement ainsi ou peut-être sous une forme plus extravagante que nos biographes futurs raconteront ces tristes événements". ("And there you have it, the truth turned upside down...in any case, it's certainly like this or in perhaps an even more extravagant form that our future biographers will recount these sad events.")

This extraordinary letter throws (a very enigmatic) light on an event that we know only in its fictionalized form. At the heart of that fiction is...more fiction!

Letters from the Liberation period, in which Blanchot places special emphasis on his concern for the fate of Emmanuel Levinas:

"Son camp a été libéré, mais lui-même (à ce qu'un de ses camardes a affirmé à sa femme) ayant refusé de participer à des travaux, ... avait été envoyé dans un camp d'officiers réfractaires. On craint qu'il lui soit arrivé 'quelque chose' en route (et cela le 20 mars). [...] Impénétrable destin." His camp was liberated but he himself (so his comrades told his wife) having refused to

work…was sent to a camp for recalcitrant officers. They fear that 'something' may have happened to him en route (this on the 20 March)…An impenetrable fate.")

He also mentions great emerging intellectual figures, both friends and not:

Sartre: "Il y a une trop grande distance entre nos deux esprits." ("There is too great a distance between our two spirits.")

Char: "L'un des plus grands poètes français d'aujourd'hui, et peut-être le plus grand avec Éluard." ("One of the greatest contemporary French poets – perhaps the greatest, along with Eluard.")

Ponge, who asked him for "une étude à paraître dans un ensemble sur la littérature de demain" ("a study to be published in a collection on the literature of tomorrow.")

And Thomas Mann, whose death in 1955 affected him personally: "C'était comme un très ancien compagnon." ("He was like a very old companion.")

An observer of political events, he shows a benevolent but already suspicious interest towards General de Gaulle. "Comme homme, c'est vraiment une énigme. Il est certain que seul l'intérêt du bien public l'anime, mais en même temps, il reste si étranger à la réalité, si éloigné des êtres, si peu fait pour la politique qu'on se demande comment cette aventure pourrait réussir. […] Quand on va le voir, il ne parle pour ainsi dire pas, écoute mais d'un air de s'ennuyer prodigieusement. […] Il est toujours en très bons termes avec Malraux qui joue un très grand rôle dans tout cela. En tout cas, les parlementaires vivent dans la crainte de cette grande ombre." ("As a man, he's a real enigma. Certainly, it is the public interest alone that drives him, but at the same time, he is nonetheless such a stranger to reality, so far removed from other human beings, and so little cut out for politics, that it's hard to see how this adventure could succeed…When you go and see him, he doesn't talk just for the sake of it, listening instead – but doing so with an air of profound boredom…He's still on very good terms with Malraux, who plays a big role in all this. In any case, parliamentarians live in fear of this great shadow.")

But his view of the country's future remains strict: "La France n'est plus qu'un minuscule pays qui selon les circonstances, sera vassal de l'un ou de l'autre. Enfin, on ne peut pas être et avoir été." ("France is nothing more now than a miniscule country which – depending on circumstances – will be a vassal of some other. In the end, you can't live for today while living in the past.") Nonetheless, he followed the fate of Mendès-France as minister, whose fall he anticipated when he wrote: "Il sera probablement mort demain, tué par la rancune, la jalousie et la haine de ses amis, comme de ses ennemis." ("He will probably be dead tomorrow, killed by the rancor, jealousy and hatred of both his friends and his enemies.")

Post-war correspondence.

1949 marked a turning-point: "Pour mener à bien ce que j'ai entrepris, j'ai besoin de me retirer en moi-même, car la documentation livresque n'est profitable qu'à condition d'être passée par l'alambic du silence et de la solitude." ("In order to complete successfully what I have begun, I have to retreat into myself, because written documentation in the form of books cannot be worthwhile except if it is first filtered through the still of silence and solitude.") This is followed by long reflections on his relationship to writing and the world: "Je sais que la vie est pleine de douleurs et qu'elle est, dans un sens, impossible: l'accueillir et l'accepter … dans l'exigence d'une solitude ancienne, c'est le trait qui a déterminé mon existence peut-être en accord avec cette part sombre, obscure en tout cas, que nous a léguée le cher papa." ("I know that life is full of painful things and it is, in one sense, impossible to welcome and accept that… seeking age-old solitude, this is perhaps the trait that determined my existence, perhaps together with that more somber part – more obscure in any case – that dear Father bequeathed us.")

"Mon sort difficile est que je suis trop philosophe pour les littérateurs et trop littéraire pour les philosophes." ("My difficult fate is that I am too philosophical for the literary types and too literary for the philosophers.")

"Je suis radicalement hostile à toutes les formes de l'attention, de la mise en valeur et de la renommée littéraires – non seulement pour des raisons morales, mais parce qu'un écrivain qui se soucie de cela n'a aucun rapport profond avec la littérature qui est, comme l'art, une affirmation profondément anonyme." ("I am radically opposed to all forms of attention-seeking, of self-promotion and literary fame – not only for moral reasons, but because a writer who is concerned with that has no real deep connection with literature, which is – like art – a profoundly anonymous affirmation.")

Intellectual standpoint on Algeria.

"Quels lamentables et stupides égoïstes que les gens d'Algérie." (17 mai 1958) ("What lamentable and stupid egotists the people of Algeria are") (17 May 1958) "Et là-dedans l'intervention du Général qui achève la confusion." ("and then there's the General's intervention to complete the confusion.")

The day after the ultimatum sent by the conspirators of Algiers on 29: "Mon indignation est profonde, et je n'accepterai pas aisément que nous ayons pour maîtres à penser des légionnaires qui sont aussi, dans bien des cas, des tortionnaires" ("My indignation is profound and I will not easily accept that we have chosen to follow the lead of Legionnaires who are, in many cases, torturers.")

"Le 14 juillet n'est pas destiné à continuer de paraître – c'est plutôt une bouteille à la mer, une bouteille d'encre bien sûr!" ("14 July is not destined to keep being published – it's more a message in a bottle – a bottle of ink, of course!")

"Quant à notre sort personnel, il ne faut pas trop s'en soucier. Dans les moments où l'histoire bascule, c'est même ce qu'il y a d'exaltant: on n'a plus à penser à soi." ("As for our personal fate, one mustn't worry too much. There is still something exultant in moments of historical upheaval: you no longer have to think of yourself.")

"Cette histoire d'Algérie où s'épuisent tant de jeunes vies et où se corrompent tant d'esprits représente une blessure quasiment incurable. Bien difficile de savoir où nous allons." ("This Algerian story where so many young lives are extinguished, and where so many spirits are corrupted, represents an almost incurable wound. Very difficult to know where we're headed.")

"C'est bien étrange cette exigence de la responsabilité collective [Manifeste des 121] qui vous fait renoncer à vous-même, à vos habitudes de tranquillité et à la nécessité même du silence." ("It's very strange, this demand for collective responsibility [the *Manifeste des 121*] which makes you renounce your very self, your habits of peace and even the necessity of silence.")

Physical participation in May 1968.

"J'ai demandé qu'on envoie un télégramme à Castro: 'Camarade Castro, ne creuse pas ta propre tombe'." ("I've asked that they send a telegram to Castro: 'Comrade Castro, don't dig your own grave.'")

"Et je t'assure – pour y avoir été à maintes reprises – que ce n'est pas drôle de lutter avec des milliers et des milliers de policiers déchaînés…: il faut un énorme courage, un immense désintéressement. À partir de là s'établit une alliance qui ne peut se rompre." ("And I assure you – having done so many a time – that it's not fun to fight with thousands and thousands of policemen let loose… you have to have enormous courage, an incredible disinterest. And from there, an alliance builds that cannot break.")

"Depuis le début de mai, j'appartiens nuit et jour aux événements, bien au-delà de toute fatigue et, aujourd'hui où la répression policière s'abat sur mes camarades, français et étrangers (je ne fais pas entre eux de différence), j'essaie de les couvrir de ma faible, très faible autorité et, en tout cas, d'être auprès d'eux dans l'épreuve." ("Since the beginning of May, I have been night and day at the service of events, beyond all tiredness and now, when police repression is practiced on my comrades, both French and foreign (I make no difference between the two), I try to spread over them my weak – oh so weak – protection, and in any case to be on their side in this time of trial.")

"Cohn-Bendit (dont le père du reste est Français, ses parents ayant fui la persécution nazie en 1933), en tant que juif allemand, est deux fois juif, et c'est ce que les étudiants, dans leur générosité profonde, ont bien compris." ("Cohn-Bendit (whose father, by the way, is French, his parents having fled Nazi persecution in 1933), as a German Jew is doubly Jewish, and it is this that the students, in their profound generosity, have understood.")

"Voilà ce que je voulais te dire en toute affection afin que, quoi qu'il arrivera, tu te souviennes de moi sans trouble. L'avenir est très incertain. La répression pourra s'accélérer. N'importe, nous appartenons déjà à la nuit." ("That's what I wanted to say to you with all affection so that, whatever happens, you will remember me without difficulties. The future is very uncertain. The repression could gather pace. It doesn't matter – we already belong to the night.")

"Nous sommes faibles et l'État est tout-puissant, mais l'instinct de justice, l'exigence de liberté sont forts aussi. De toute manière, c'est une bonne façon de terminer sa vie." ("We are weak and the State is all-powerful, but the instinct of justice, the need for liberty are strong as well. In any case, it's a good way to end one's life.")

The 1970s, 1980s and 1990s, marked by a number of difficult challenges, were shot through with a growing pessimism. "L'avenir sera dur pour tous deux [ses neveux], car la civilisation est en crise, et personne ne peut être assez présomptueux pour prévoir ce qu'il arrivera. *Amor fati*, disaient les stoïciens et disait Nietzsche: aimons ce qui nous est destiné." ("The future will be hard for both [of his nephews], because civilization is in crisis and no one can be presumptuous enough to foresee what will happen. *Amor fati*, as the Stoics said and also Nietzsche: let us love what is written for us.")

"Je suis seulement dans la tristesse et l'anxiété du malheur de tous, de l'injustice qui est partout, m'en sentant responsable, car nous sommes responsables d'autrui, étant toujours plus autres que nous-mêmes." ("I am but in the sadness and worry of everyone's misfortune, the injustice that surrounds us all, and I feel responsible, for we are all responsible for one another, being always more others than ourselves.")

Still retaining his preoccupation with international affairs…: "Tout le monde est contre Israël, pauvre petit peuple voué au malheur. J'en suis bouleversé." "Sa survie est dans la vaillance, sa passion, son habitude du malheur, compagnon de sa longue histoire." ("Everyone is against Israel, poor little people destined for unhappiness. I'm stunned." "Its survival lies in its watchfulness, its passion, and its being accustomed to misfortune, the companion of its long history.")

"Comme toi je suis inquiet pour Israël. Je ne juge pas les Arabes; comme tous les peuples, ils ont leur lot de qualités et de défauts. Mais je vis dans le sentiment angoissé du danger qui menace Israël, de son exclusion, de sa solitude, il y a, là-bas, un grand désarroi, ils se sentent de nouveau comme dans un ghetto: tout le monde les rejette, le fait pour un peuple, né de la souffrance, de se sentir de trop, jamais accepté, jamais reconnu, est difficilement supportable." ("Like you, I worry for Israel. I'm not judging the Arabs; like all peoples, they have their strengths and their faults. But I live in the anguish of the danger threatening Israel, of its exclusion, its solitude. There is, over there, great disarray, they feel they are once more closed in the ghetto: everyone turns their back on them – which, for a people born of suffering, which felt unwanted, never accepted, never recognized, is very hard to bear.")

…as well as the domestic: "Mitterrand reste à mes yeux le meilleur Président de la République que nous puissions avoir: cultivé, parlant peu, méditant, les soviets le détestent." ("Mitterrand remains in my eyes the best President of the Republic that we could have: civilized, taciturn, meditative; the Soviets hate him.")

But it is without doubt the **more personal letters** in which he bears witness to his love and profound complicity with his correspondents which reveal the most interesting and most secret part of the personality of Maurice Blanchot. When, confronted with the tragedies of life, the son, brother or uncle expresses his love and his profound empathy, far from the pathetic commonplaces and received wisdom that is man's natural bulwark against misfortune, Maurice humbly offers his correspondent, to "ponder" the wounds of the soul, the form of words that is the highest expression of intelligence: poetry.

"Je pense à toi de tout cœur, et je suis près de toi quand vient la nuit et que s'obscurcit en toi la possibilité de vivre. C'est cela, mon vœu de fête. C'est aussi pourquoi, à ma place, et selon mes forces qui sont petites, je lutte et lutterai: pour ton droit à être librement heureuse, pour le droit de tes enfants, à une parole absolument libre." ("I think of you with all my heart and I am near you when night comes and overshadows in you the possibility of living. There it is, my festive wish. That is also why, in my place, and in accordance with my resources – which are small – I fight and will continue to fight: for your right to be freely happy, for the right of your children to absolutely free speech.")

"Attendons chère Annick, tu as raison, c'est souvent le silence qui parle le mieux. Les morts aussi nous apprennent le silence. Partageons avec eux ce privilège douloureux. Oncle Maurice." ("But wait, Annick dear, you're right, it's often silence that speaks volumes. Deads, too, teach us silence. Let us share with them this sad privilege. Uncle Maurice.")

> SEE MORE

17. BOULLE Pierre

La Planète des singes
[Planet of the Apes]

Julliard, Paris 1963, 150 x 200 mm
(5 15/16 x 7 7/8 "), original wrappers

First commercial edition, one of 50 numbered copies on alfa paper, the only *grand papier* copies (deluxe copies).

A rare and fine, unsophisticated, copy.

> SEE MORE

18. BUÑUEL Luis

Laminated employee identification card from Warner Bros for Luis Buñuel, with the company logo. With his fetish gold plated Cartier pen

Burbank, California 7 July 1944, 96 x 62 mm (3 3/4 x 2 7/16 "), one laminated card and a pen

Laminated employee identification card from Warner Bros for Luis Buñuel, with the company logo. Anthropometric photo of the director to recto, as well as his autograph signature, under which is the signature of Blayney Matthews, head of security. Fingerprint and physical characteristics of Buñuel to verso.

In December 1930, Buñuel first made the journey from Paris to New York, where MGM engaged to train him in American cinematic techniques. With his freshly-signed contract in his pocket, he went off to settle in Hollywood. Nonetheless, less than four months later, he broke his contract and went back to Europe. The same year, he was put in touch with Paramount Studios in Joinville, near Paris, by his friend Claude de la Torre to supervise the translation and dubbing of films into Spanish. Most of his work was done anonymously and it is therefore difficult to know precisely which projects he worked on. He varied this work with various stays in Spain until 1934, when he ended up settling in Madrid where Warner Brothers took him on for the same task. The Spanish Civil War forced him back to France in September 1937, where he stayed but a year before leaving again for the States.

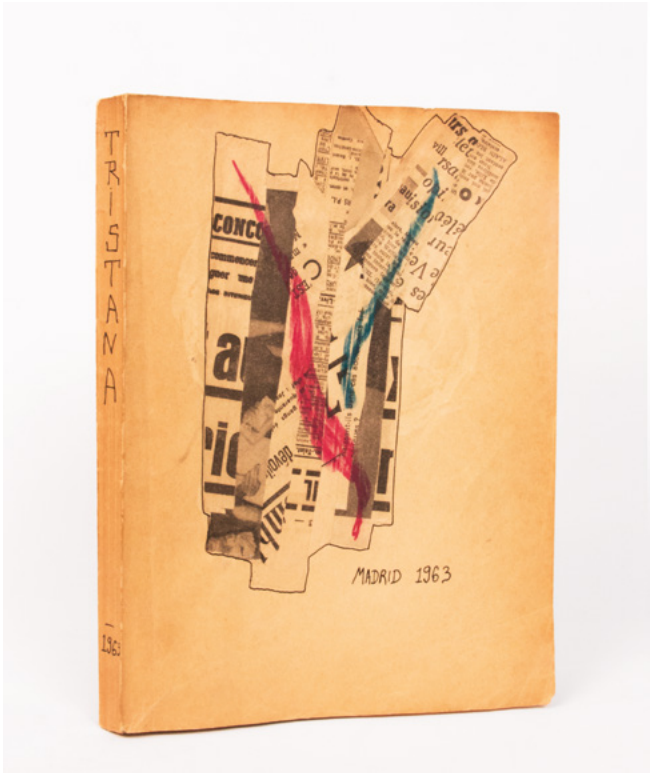
This card from Warner's was issued to Buñuel in 1944 during his third stay in Hollywood (Burbank) which was to last about a year and a half and was certainly the most intense. The original idea was for Buñuel to produce and direct Spanish versions of Warner's big hits. In a telegram from 21 June 1944 to Max Aub, he even says: **"Mr. Warner has given me permission to make movies in English."** But all these projects were abandoned as time wore on, and there was nothing but anonymous collaborations in several projects, the most famous of which was *The Beast with five fingers*, particularly the scene with the hand in the library, which Buñuel claims to have written without ever getting the credit (Buñuel, *My Last Sigh*, 1982). A director, but above all an emigré, he was eventually employed in various different roles that consisted primarily of reworking English-speaking productions from Warner for the Spanish and Latin American market.

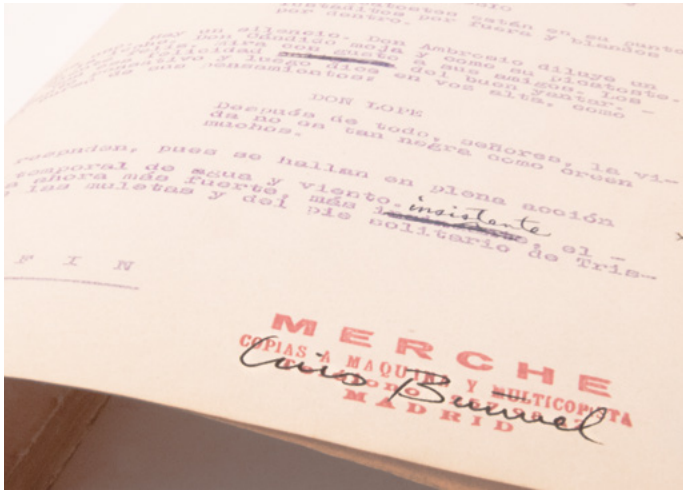
Frustrated by this lack of creative freedom, he struggled intensely trying to adapt to the regulated system of the big studios. Buñuel thus had bitter memories of this experience, which led to his developing a love-hate relationship with the US.

On the 17 November, Warner's terminated his contract, the dubbing of films into Spanish and Portuguese having been outsourced to Latin American to save money and also for political reasons, given the relations between the US and Spanish and Portuguese-speaking Latin America. Buñuel spent a few more months in Los Angeles before moving to Mexico. Buñuel's American experience was, in the end, mixed. Though it gave him a certain amount of financial security, it did not allow him to fulfill his cinematic ambitions. The director got there in the end: he took up his directing again in Mexico and won the Best Director prize at Cannes in 1951 for his social drama *Los Olvidados*.

With a gold plated Cartier pen, Vendôme type, a fetish accessory of the film maker during his career.

> SEE MORE





19. BUÑUEL Luis

Tristana – Unpublished original mimeographed typescript, 1963' version refused by the francoist censorship, with numerous manuscript annotations by Buñuel, upper cover illustrated with an original collage by the movie maker, highlighted with pastel

1963, 210 x 275 mm (8 1/4 x 10 13/16 "), 155 ff mimeographed, original wrappers

Unpublished original mimeographed typescript of 155 leaves. **Signature of Luis Buñuel to lower right of final leaf. Numerous manuscript annotations in biro by Luis Buñuel.**

Numerous underlinings (stage instructions) in color pencil.

An original collage by Buñuel to upper cover, made of newspaper and pastels and with the manuscript note "Madrid 1963". Manuscript title down spine and date at foot.

Adapted from the novel by the Spanish writer Benito Pérez Galdós, *Tristana* tells the story of an orphan girl from Toledo claimed by her uncle, who attempts to seduce her. The young woman runs away with her lover, the painter Horacio, to Madrid before coming back to her uncle's two years later with a serious tumor in her leg. Embittered and with a leg amputated, she refuses to marry her lover and instead weds her uncle. A few days later, the latter has a heart attack; Tristana merely pretends to call the doctor, in order to hasten his death. Though Buñuel maintain the narrative themes of the novel, he adapts it freely in moving the scene of the action from Madrid to Toledo and the timing of the piece, originally set at the end of the 19th century, to the 1920s. He nonetheless keeps the figure of the disabled woman who serves to demonstrate the process of emotional suffocation she suffers at the hands of an unenlightened bourgeois.

Luis Buñuel submitted the screenplay for *Tristana* to the censors in Franco's Spain in 1963; their response was unequivocal. After the scandal caused by the devilish *Viridiana* (which won the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1961) he saw permission for the film denied. It must be said that Tristana's 'elder sister' provoked a number of rebukes – the Vatican thought the film "sacrilegious and blasphemous", and it was immediately banned by the Spanish regime, which retroactively cancelled the shoot and disowned the film, which became Mexican. Bitter at the failure of a project that he cherished so closely, Buñuel went back to France to direct *Diary of a Chambermaid*, adapted from a novel by Octave Mirbeau.

Seven years later, Buñuel finally got permission to film *Tristana* in Toledo and thus completed his trilogy of portraits of women, which he had begun with *Diary of a Chambermaid* and *Belle de Jour*.

The script offered here for sale is thus the very first version of *Tristana*, submitted in 1963 to Franco's censors, and has key differences with the definitive version, filmed in 1970.

First of all, as for the characters, the director opted for serious changes. Don Lope, for example, has a radically more anti-clerical temperament in the script than in the film version. Essentially, several scenes in which he rebukes the young Tristana do not appear in the screen version: for him, the presence of priests is "a

bad sign" and he detests to see his niece at prayer. Saturna, his maid, even explains in the screenplay that he sprang a nun from her convent. **The sexual attraction of the old man towards his charge is also much more marked in the 1963 screenplay.** Thus, Buñuel deleted several scenes of physical contact where he kisses the latter, but also a key piece of dialogue in which the old hedonist – like the Sadean libertine – explains to his young protégé that happiness is not to be found in marriage and that passions must be freely pursued.

Tristana's physical condition after her amputation also undergoes a change. In the script, she is dependent and spends most of her time in a wheelchair, while in the film, she gets about with the aid of crutches. This feature of the original screenplay allows the reader better to understand the progressive decline of this vulnerable character. The *Tristana* of 1963 is, despite her missing limb, far more sensual and enterprising than that of 1970. Buñuel intimates in the script that after her return to Toledo, her lover Horacio comes to see her and that they have – at her request – a sexual encounter. The director, in his stage directions, gives a long description of the attitude of a woman who is lascivious and available to her suitor. This erotic scene, where painter is at the same time fascinated and repulsed by Tristana's condition, was cut from the film. The two lovers part after a brief discussion and never see each other again. The character of Horacio is also much more complex in the script. In a scene that was cut in the film, he confides to a friend that he loves Tristana less since she lost her leg and that he feels revulsion for her. This does not, however, prevent him from enjoying his mistress' remaining charms. Just like that scene, Buñuel also chose to get rid of a passage in the screenplay where Tristana seduces the gardener, who goes up to her room. In the film, all of Tristana's lasciviousness is condensed into a single scene: the one where she draws open her dressing gown on the balcony under the astounded gaze of Saturno, a naive adolescent bewitched by the beauty of the heroine.

The marriage of Tristana and Don Lope only takes up a few minutes of the filmed version and the viewer has the impression that this is a forced marriage made by the will of the old man. In the screenplay, Buñuel includes an illuminating dialogue in which Tristana explicitly asks the old man to marry her. She even goes so far as to present him with an ultimatum: if he refuses, she will leave him and go off again with Horacio. The uncle, refusing the demand at first, has no other choice if he wants to keep his charge near him.

But the most striking feature of the 1963 version is undoubtedly the ending. In fact, it ends with Don Lope and some priests taking hot chocolate, a scene also present in the film. The film, however, finishes with the death of the old uncle in circumstances sadly aggravated by the fateful behavior of his niece. Though it's snowing, she opens the windows of his room to make sure he dies more quickly. The character of Tristana, played by Catherine Deneuve, seems obsessed with the death of her uncle, as witnessed by a recurring nightmare that she has and that was not in the original script, the decapitated head of Don Lope swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a clock.

This important first version of the screenplay for *Tristana* is a significant testimony of Buñuel's working method, who took a long time in writing his stories – his favorite part of the directing process – only to bring in important changes and deletions while filming, when he would do very few takes. The example of *Tristana* is all the more symbolic because the original script having been censored, Buñuel had no choice but to make important cuts. **In 1970, the result was a success and Hitchcock, a great admirer of Buñuel's work, declared that** *Tristana* **was one of his favorite films.** Jean-Claude Carrière, Buñuel's assistant for almost twenty years relates the story of the meeting between the two directors at a dinner in Los Angeles in 1972: "Four minutes later, the sound of delicate steps on the parquet floor. Hitchcock entered, held out his hand and said: 'Buñuel, I'm so delighted to meet you.' Asked a few months before by an American television channel who his favorite directors were, he replied 'Apart from me, Buñuel.'...Hitchcock sat down next to him, almost touching him, one hand on his shoulder, and started describing shot for shot a scene from Tristana that he knew by heart. 'When she's playing the piano and you pan slowly down (gestures with both hands) and we discover that she only has one leg, and then you go slowly back up (gestures again) without cutting, without changing shot, *well*, when we get back up to her face, she's no longer the same woman.' A lesson in cinema in a single sentence." (Jean-Claude Carrière, *Le Réveil de Buñuel*, Paris, 2011).

> SEE MORE

20. BUÑUEL Luis

Nazarìn. Luis Buñuel's personal original typescript, with the program distributed at the American premiere of the film on 18 May 1960 signed by Buñuel.

1958, 210 x 320 mm (8 1/4 x 12 5/8 "), 104 ff., author's paper boards

Original Buñuel's typescript, comprising 104 leaves. **Personal copy of the author with his signature**, written with ballpen, bottom right of the cover. Manuscript annotations (calculations) by Buñuel to verso of final leaf.

Bound at Buñuel's request in red paper boards, spine with silver fillet and title.

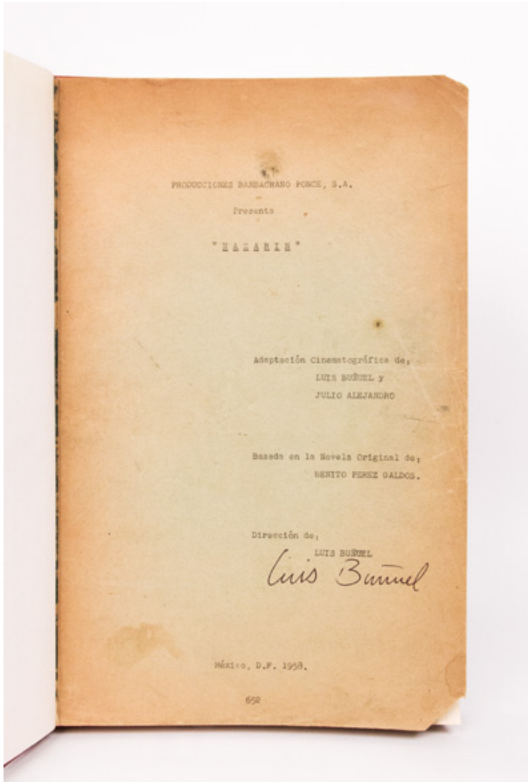
A little very slight rubbing to binding. A small angular lack to upper cover, which has a little marginal fading.

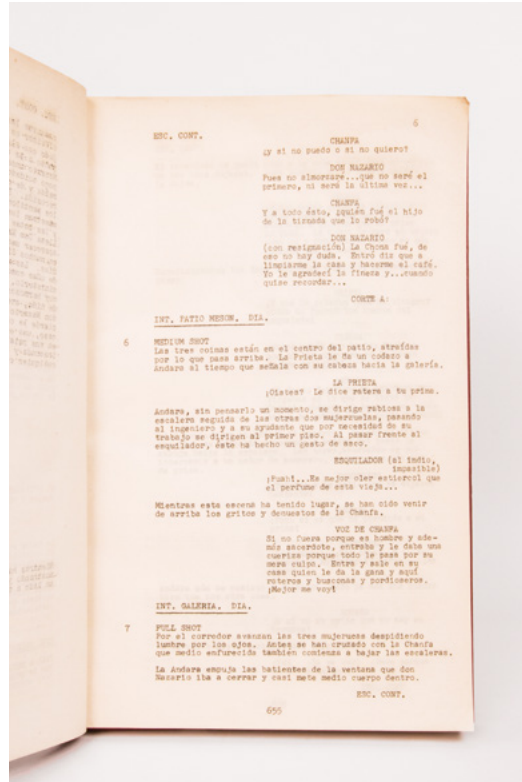
Adapted from the novel of Spaniard Benito Pérez Galdós (1843-1920), *Nazarìn* takes place in Mexico in 1900, during the reign of dictator Porfirio Diaz. Don Nazario, a humble priest of the village, follows the precepts of Jesus Christ and sacrifices himself for the indigents and outlaws. Misunderstood, despised and abused, he absconds with two women, the criminal Beatriz and the prostitute Andara.

Walking through the Mexican countryside the humble pilgrim faces the harsh reality of the people who pervert his Christ message. Thus being hired on a building site and only asking for little food, he infuriates the other workers. Later on, he will be credited for having miraculously healed a child and rejecting a plague-stricken woman nearing death, still preferring the memory of carnal love to the promises of divine sacraments.

Don Nazario end up lonely, as the women he attempted to protect return to their vice and suffering.

The film ends up with a scene showing the haggard pilgrim walking under police escort, surprised that a fruit and vegetable seller is giving him alms, somewhat muffled by the drum rolls of the soundtrack.





As he was shooting the life of this unlikely Christ, inconsistent with the atrocious reality of our world, Buñuel signs here one of his most naturalist and ruthless movies, winning an award in 1959 from the Grand prix du jury du Festival de Cannes.

Luis Buñuel, an admirer of the work of Benito Pérez Galdós, chose, like with *Tristana* (1963), also adapted from a work by the author, to change the location of the action, this time from Spain to Mexico. Freddy Buache, Buñuel's biographer, notes: "It might seem that he had simply adapted Galdós' text and yet, with a few twists or the addition of some scenes of his own personal devising, he completely changed the general meaning of the piece, which he inserted, as always, into his own system of thinking." (Freddy Buache, *Buñuel*, Lyon, 1964).

The screenplay offered for sale is an early version that differs in several places, notably with a scene cut in the editing room, which enlarges on the process of the sanctification of the character, re-baptized Nazarìn in a Christ-like scene with indigenous people. This scene, scene 88, is key for understanding the script, deliberately cut by Buñuel from the final version, in which he chose instead the name "Don Nazario" for his character, dropping the name he nonetheless kept for the title.

Likewise, the script concludes a little earlier than the film, with the long march of Don Nazario and his jailer. The final scene showing the fruit and vegetable lady offering a pineapple to the thirsty pilgrim was added only at the time of film-making. As yet this mysterious scene is a symbolic rewriting of Don Nazario's life.

Ending with the sight of degradation and the main character walking blindly, Buñuel's scenario offers the audience a pathetic conclusion of the life if this Quichotte-inspired Christ, whose only miracle was perhaps merely a coincidence.

Abandoned by all, he proceeds alone, only coming across Beatriz walking by him with "closed eyes", holding closely her former violent lover.

This scene completes the original script. Nihilist conclusion in which Nazarìn's attempts are doomed. The solitary march, Beatriz's closed eyes and even the distracted guard underline in the script the inability of the character to grasp reality, totally escaping from him.

"On his face there is much pain quietly dominating him, the man he is walking with does not even notice, he is starting to cry, eventually defeated by an infinite anxiety." ("En su rostro se nota el grand dolor que lo domina. Muy quedo sin que el hombre que va con èl se dé cuenta, comienza a sollozar, vencido al fin, por una ansiedad infinita")

This fundamental anguish of Man facing the absence of God, is surrealist Luis Buñuel's who thus from the beginning, like Cervantès, depicted the large defeat of the dreamer in front of the atrocious reality.

Offering a pathetic final to his hero he concluded the script with this absurd and desperate march : "Don Nazario is sobbing as he is walking" ("Don Nazario sollozando mientras camina")

When he added the seller's scene, Buñuel radically transforms the symbolism of the character who shows his misunderstanding to this unexpected offering. Because accepting the offering of the acid fruit, at the same time a crown of thorns and the passion venom, Nazarìn regains his Christ aura. From then on, his march becomes a way of the cross that Buñuel symbolically signs in his soundtrack with thunderous drumbeats, inspired by the memory of Christian processions in Calanda which marked the childhood of the film-maker. He recalls them in *Mon dernier soupir*: "I used the profound and unforgettable beats in several films, particularly *L'Âge d'Or* and *Nazarìn*".

Buñuel has thus come from a primitive deeply pessimistic writing to an ambivalent film-making, ending with a perhaps insane Don Nazarìn but escaping from dominating reality, "no longer defeated by an infinite anxiety."

Also included is the program for the film's American premiere on 18 May 1960, signed by Luis Buñuel on the bottom of the verso of the second page.

> SEE MORE

21. BUÑUEL Luis

Agón o El Canto del Cisne. Original unpublished screenplay by Luis Buñuel with significant manuscript corrections by Jean-Claude Carrière

1980, 210 x 295 mm (8 1/4 x 11 5/8 "), 109 ff., author's half binding

Typescript of Buñuel's last screenplay, which has remained unpublished.

Half marbled sheep over beige paper boards, spine in five compartments, bound for Buñuel.

The unpublished original typescript of Buñuel's screenplay, comprising 109 leaves with numerous corrections and deletions from Jean-Claude Carrière, who was a collaborator of the director's for nigh on twenty years, and two leaves entirely written in the latter's hand.

11 leaves bound in at the beginning, extracts from the autobiographical text *Pesimismo* (1980) by Buñuel.

This screenplay, entirely unpublished, was written in French. The only known version is of a Spanish translation published in 1995, which was based on a later copy with the corrections and additions from this typescript.

This typescript has no title page. In fact, Buñuel and Carrière had several titles in mind: "El Canto del cisne" ("Swan Song"), "Haz la guerra y no el amor" ("Make War not Love"), "Una ceremonia secreta" ("A Secret Ceremony"), "Guerra si : amor, tampoco" ("War yes: love, no more") or even "Una ceremonia suntuosa" ("A Sumptuous Ceremony", in homage to André Breton). The title, in the end, however, was to be *Agón*, as Buñuel explained in an interview with José de la Colina : "I was in Normandy to write with Carrière, the screenplay of a film, but we didn't know what to call it. We had several titles in mind. For example, Agón, or 'Agony', whose original meaning is combat. The theme of our plot was the struggle between life and death, just as in our Spanish 'Agony'. This was the shortest of my titles, and that's why I like it. But it could also have been Swan Song, which would have had an ambivalent meaning: the end of Western civilization and Luis Buñuel's final film..." ("Agón o El canto del cisne según Luis Buñuel" in *Contracampo*, n°1, 1979)

It was this latter title that was chosen for the binding of the typescript offered now for sale.

Despite a good deal of time devoted to the title and the successful completion of the typescript, the project was strangled at birth. Buñuel and Carrière used to hole up for several months in a little hotel in San José de Purúa (Mexico) to write their screenplays. When they arrived in August 1978, the monastic cells in which they were used to staying had changed, and to Buñuel's great annoyance, there was no bar any more. In his memoirs, Buñuel liked to blame the failure of this project on this loss: "Our destructive era, which sweeps all before it, does not spare even bars," (Luis Buñuel, *My Last Sigh*, 1982).

And it is just such a story, anchored in this "destructive era", or rather pre-apocalyptic era, that takes place in this screenplay, denouncing a triple complicity: science, terrorism and information, a macabre marriage, according to Buñuel. He imagines a complicated plot, in which a group of international terrorists are preparing to carry out a major attack in France.

In the end, we learn that an atom bomb has just gone off in Jerusalem. World war is imminent and general mobilization is decreed. The leader of the terrorist cell gives up on his project and tells the authorities exactly where they can find the bomb before it goes off: a barge moored beside the Louvre. The terrorists give up on their project, it having become unnecessary since national governments would now see to the destruction of the world, against a background of omnipresent media coverage and information flow.

If the narrative seems strangely relevant today, it was also inherent in the artistic and social reflections in all of Buñuel's work. **"I'm fascinated by terrorism, which is already universal and pursued like a sport.** It seems this has now become a temptation for anyone young who wants to go out and make a mark: it's a dandyism of our age...It's a temptation that is deeply stoked by the media, a means of achieving fame. Any old young person with a pistol or a submachine gun who takes over an airplane, terrifying a couple of countries, and getting the eyes of the world on themselves, becomes a star." (José de la Colina, op. cit).

This fascination with terrorism had its roots in the ideology of Surrealism, which colored Buñuel's artistic beginnings, as he himself recalled. "One cannot forget the words of our youth, for example what Breton used to say: 'the simplest Surrealist act consists of going out into the street, revolver in hand, and firing at random into the crowd.' As for me, I haven't forgotten writing that *Un chien andalou* was nothing less than an incitement to murder," (Luis Buñuel, op. cit.). Jean-Claude Carrière reiterates elsewhere, thinking about the screenplay for *Agón*, this essential and everpresent Surrealist element to Buñuel's cinema: "This was not an entirely realistic film...We went back to Buñuel's hatred of establishment art, his 'Screw Art'. He said he was ready to burn all his films if he had to, in a great cultural sacrifice," (Jean-Claude Carrière, *L'Esprit libre. Entretiens avec Bernard Cohn*, 2011).

The destruction of the aesthetic and the aesthetic of destruction: for Buñuel, the leitmotiv of Dada and Surrealism finds a troubling echo in the terrorist violence of the 20th century.

Buñuel even saw to some extent Surrealism as partly responsible for what he saw as this modern way of communication.

Though Buñuel never tackled the complex subject of terrorism before this last screenplay directly, he always introduced, in each of his films, a character or a situation that suggested this form of violence. Thus, in his last film, *That Obscure Object of Desire* (1977), there is an explicit allusion to terrorism, as Manuel Rodriguez Blanco highlights: "a last little wink in his final sequence: the improbable couple are walking down a passage...He gets further away and a bomb goes off. A wink to passing on...but also an evocation of a personal obsessions, terrorism" (Manuel Rodriguez Blanco, *Luis Buñuel*, 2000). A tragic premonition – a real bomb was to go off on 19 October 1977 at the Ridge Theatre in San Francisco, which was showing the film.

At the same time a passionate aesthetic flight of fancy and an unbearable everyday threat, terrorism runs through both the work, but also the life of the director.

Thus, as he writes in his memoirs, a visit to his office in the rue de la Pépinière from a young repentant fascist, come to tell him, bombs at the ready, of the planning of a major attack. The director tells us how, despite his warnings to both the French and Spanish authorities, he could not prevent the carrying out of the projected plot.

This event was the beginning for Buñuel of his intense thinking about the complex matrices of terrorism, which he envisaged as a re-appropriation of the Surrealist language that had been perverted by science, politics, and the media.

At the same time a negation of, and a product of, a self-destructive society, terrorism, for Buñuel, was not a means, but a destructive gesture in itself, devoid of all political or ideological pretext.

The peak of absurdity and nihilism, the terrorists in *Agón* are thus caught short by society, which deprives them of their rebellion in bringing about Armageddon by itself.

For, as backdrop to this entomological terrorism fomented by fragile criminals, Buñuel paints a portrait of a society that is organizing its own destruction, blinded by science and the media: "One thing is nonetheless for sure: science is the enemy of man. It encourages in us the instinct of omnipotence that leads to our destruction" (Luis Buñuel, op. cit.).

The ever-presence of the media in itself plays the role of a catalyst, television being the cynical spokesman of governments and scientists. Buñuel explains this aversion in his memoirs: "I hate the proliferation of information. Reading the paper is the most painful thing in the world...The information-circus is an abhorrence...Just one hunt after another" (Luis Buñuel, op. cit.)

The character of the journalist in *Agòn* thus approves the actions of the Prime Minister, who affirms that the situation on earth is wonderful, while the viewer sees images showing the destruction of the planet (the destruction of the forests, animal testing, hyper-industrialization, and so on). Buñuel makes a direct link between technological and scientific progress and the irreversible and imminent ecological tragedy of the modern age.

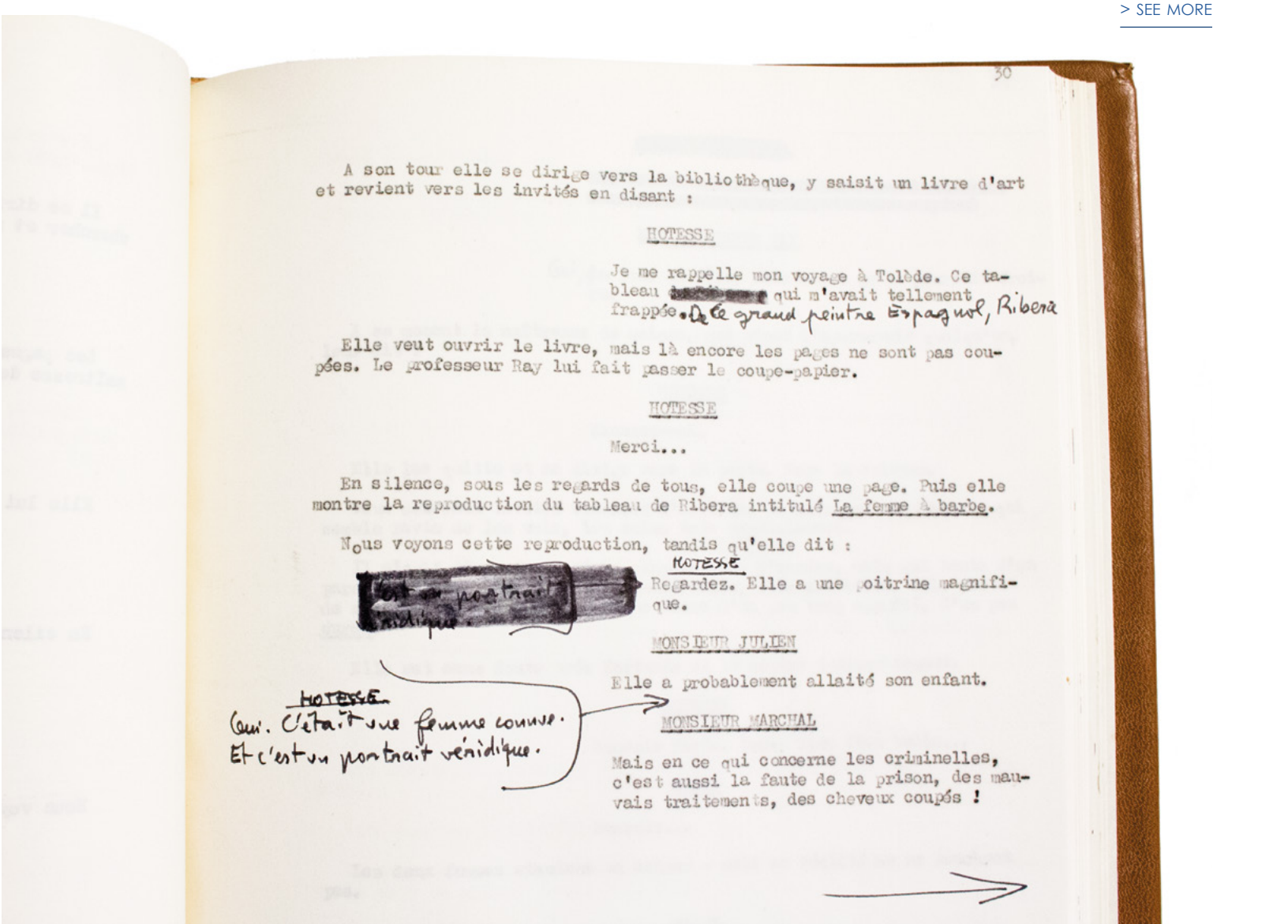
Written in 1978, this swansong of a director who had lived through the century and on various continents, show a stunning sharpness and a prescience for some of the major preoccupations of the 21st century: terrorism, ecology, the technological onslaught and the excesses of the media.

"Old and alone, I can only imagine chaos and catastrophe. One or the other seems inevitable to me...I also know that there's a tendency at the end of each millennium to start heralding the end of the world. Nonetheless, it seems to me that this whole century has led to unhappiness. Evil has triumphed in the great, ancient struggle. The forces of destruction and dislocation have carried the day. The spirit of man has made no progress towards enlightenment. It may even have slid backwards. Weakness, terror and death surround us. Where will the fountains of goodness and intelligence that one day may save us come from? Even chance seems to me impotent" (Luis Buñuel, op. cit.)

This major work, the apotheosis of all the director's preoccupations and a merciless diatribe against a society bent on self-destruction was paradoxically itself condemned by Buñuel never to be published.

Thus the screenplay with the uncertain title is very much the "Secret Ceremony" of a director who, at the twilight of his life, goes back over the founding motions of his cinematic œuvre: like *Un Chien Andalou*, *Agón* is a violent and absurd destruction of a viewpoint.

> SEE MORE



30

A son tour elle se dirige vers la bibliothèque, y saisit un livre d'art et revient vers les invités en disant :

HOTESSE

Je me rappelle mon voyage à Tolède. Ce tableau [redacted] qui m'avait tellement frappé. De ce grand peintre Espagnol, Ribera

Elle veut ouvrir le livre, mais là encore les pages ne sont pas coupées. Le professeur Ray lui fait passer le coupe-papier.

HOTESSE

Merci...

En silence, sous les regards de tous, elle coupe une page. Puis elle montre la reproduction du tableau de Ribera intitulé La femme à barbe.

Nous voyons cette reproduction, tandis qu'elle dit :

[redacted] portrait véridique.

HOTESSE

Regardez. Elle a une poitrine magnifique.

MONSIEUR JULIEN

Elle a probablement allaité son enfant.

HOTESSE

Oui. C'était une femme connue. Et c'est un portrait véridique.

MONSIEUR MARCHAL

Mais en ce qui concerne les criminelles, c'est aussi la faute de la prison, des mauvais traitements, des cheveux coupés !

22. CAMUS Albert

L'Étranger [The Stranger]

Gallimard, Paris 1942, 115 x 190 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/2 "), half morocco

First edition, of which there were no *grand papier* (deluxe) copies, a rare advance (*service de presse*) copy.

Half black morocco over marbled paper boards by Alix, spine in six compartments, gilt date to foot, marbled endpapers and pastedowns, covers and spine preserved, top edge gilt.

Ex-libris to one endpaper.

A fine copy in a very elegant binding by Alix.

This first edition of *The Stranger* was printed on 21 April 1942 in a few advance (*service de presse*) copies.

The copies for the author were lost on the way to Oran, where Camus was living (he received only one copy). The advance copies, which were not for sale, do not have a price [25 francs] marked on the lower cover.

The ordinary edition was printed in 4,400 copies and divided into eight fictive "editions" of 550 copies. Thus, most copies have a "false" mentioned of the 2nd to the 8th edition on the lower cover.

Paper was scarce in 1942 and Camus being as yet unknown at the time, Gallimard did not print luxury (or large) paper copies, as they often did. **The advance copies are thus the leading copies and take the place of the** *grand papier* **(deluxe) copies.**

> SEE MORE

23. CAMUS Albert

Les Justes [The Just Assassins]

Gallimard, Paris 1950, 115 x 180 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/16 "), publisher's paper binding

First edition, one of the 1050copies numbered 1050 on alfa mousse paper.

Publisher's paper binding with an original design by Mario Prassinos.

A handsome and important inscription from Albert Camus to René Char:

"à René Char, frère de ceux-ci, dont il a fait toute la route avec l'admiration et l'affection de son ami. / Albert Camus". [To René Char, brother of the undersigned, with whom he has been there all the way, with admiration and affection from his friend / Albert Camus.]

The friendship between Albert Camus and René Char is among the most touching and most fruitful in French literature.

There was nothing obvious to bring together the Algerian journalist and author and the Provençal poet, much less to suggest a mutual affinity. Camus had not come across Char's poetry and Char had no taste for novels, apart from those of Maurice Blanchot.

Nonetheless, it is through their respective works that the two artists found out about each other and developed a mutual respect. So – before Camus and Char actually met – they had met through *Caligula* and *Hypnos* – both illustrating the poet's responsibility in the face of the violent world.

"So in our darkness Beauty has no given space. All that space is for Beauty" (Char, *Feuillets d'Hypnos*).

It is this mutual need for Beauty as a political response to the outrageousness of ideologies that united the two artists at the end of the war.

Catalyst to their friendship, this first "acknowledgment" inaugurated a twelve-year correspondence, during the course of which their mutual affection grew and revealed an artistic convergence:

"I believe that our brotherhood – on all levels – goes even deeper than we think and feel" (Char to Camus, 3 November 1951)."What a great and profound thing it is to detach oneself bit by bit from all that and all those who are worth nothing and to find little by little over the years and across borders a community of spirit. Like with many of us, who all at once feel ourselves finally becoming of 'the few'" (Camus to Char, 26 February 1950).

These 'few' are a reference to a quotation from Gide: "I believe in the virtue of small numbers; the world will be saved by a few," whom Char and Camus tried to bring together in establishing the *Empédocle* review: "It is perhaps time that 'the few' Gide talked about came together," as Camus wrote to Guilloux in January 1949. They published writing by Gracq, Melville, Grenier, Guilloux, Blanchot, Ponge, Rilke, Kafka, and so on. However, internal dissension soon engulfed the review and they abandoned the project together.

Their friendship, however, remained unblemished. The two men met regularly in Provence, where Char was from and – thanks to him – Camus' adopted home.

They showed each other their manuscripts and confided in each other with their doubts: "The more I produce the less sure I become. Night falls ever thicker on the artist's path, his way. Eventually, he dies completely blind. My only hope is that there is still light inside, somewhere, and though he cannot see it, it continues to shine nonetheless. But how can one be sure? That is why one must rely on a friend, one who knows and understands, one who is walking that same path."

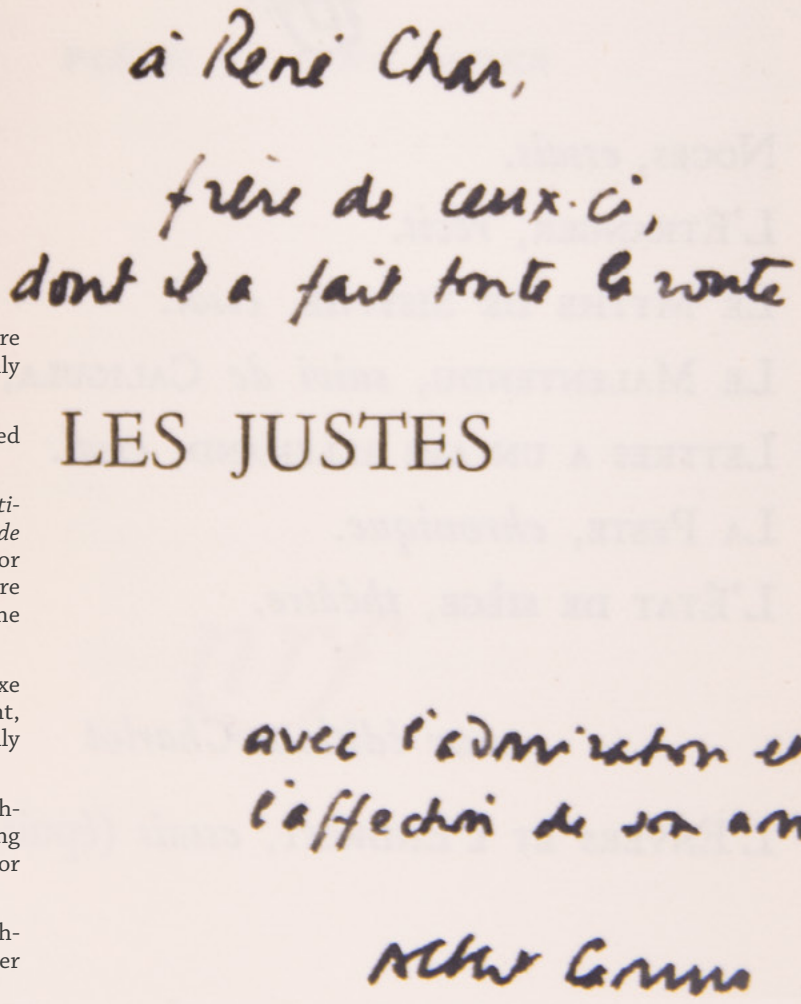
They inscribed works to each other (the reprints of *Feuillets d'Hypnos* and *Actuelles*) and in each new copy wrote inscriptions in which they both reinforced their comradeship in arms and in spirit.

"to René Char who helps me live, awaiting our kingdom, his friend and brother in hope," (manuscript of *The Plague*).

"For Albert Camus, one of the very rare men I admire and love and whose work is the honor of our times. René Char," (*Fureur et mystère*)

"[to René Char], fellow traveler, this guidebook to a mutual voyage into the time of men, waiting for noon. Affectionately, Albert Camus," (*Actuelles I*)

"For Albert Camus, whose friendship and work form a Presence that illuminates and fortifies the eyes," (*Art bref*).



"Oh if only poets would agree to become again what they were before: seers who speak to us of all that is possible...If they only gave us a foretaste of virtues to come. Nietzsche."

To you, dear René, the only poet of your time who responded to this call, from your faithful brother, A. C (*Actuelles II*)

This communion reached its climax when *Les Justes* and *Matinaux* were published [...] "The first copy of *Matinaux* on *papier de tête* will be for you and sent by myself. [...] If a book is written for someone, this one is for you (written and breathed). "This is a rare face, loved and admired, thought and heart are applying on the earth of a book. So is yours."

Camus answers to this inscription on the *grand papier* (deluxe copies) of *Les Justes*: "To René Char the first on the way to light, These *Justes* that were waiting for his *Matinaux* to be eventually justified, with the fraternal friendship of Albert Camus. "

Before this copy, Camus had Char send a press service, without any inscription "to keep you waiting. The one I am setting aside for you is waiting for me in Paris and I will dedicate it for you as you wish."

Our copy has perhaps been sent in October 1953 with the other « bound » (les cartonnages Prassinos – cf. letter of 23 October 1953).

Written at that date, the inscription of Camus on this work gains in importance: last opus of the cycle on revolt, *Les Justes* calls for the great theoretical work of Camus, *L'Homme révolté*, which triggers the attacks and enmities from the French intelligentsia, including Sartre. Camus is deeply affected by the strong misunderstanding from his peers. René Char, who was aware of the long maturation of the work, is one of the few who defended publicly "this great relief book, pathetic and accurate as a trepanned head".

A short while before the book was published, as Char was completing the reading of a manuscript, he wrote a prophetic letter to his friend: "After having read your *Homme révolté* over and over, I tried to find out who and which work – most essential- was the closest to you and to your work today? No one and no work [...] I have admired to which familiar extent (which does not make you out of reach, and showing your solidarity exposes you to all blows) you have unwound your thunder thread and common sense. What a generous courage! [...] How beautiful it is to sink into the truth."

This very truth facing his own violence is treated in *Les Justes* in which Camus actually dedicates a whole chapter in his essay.

Regarding *Les Justes*, Char wrote in 1949: "a great work whose persisting heart has just started beating". In 1951, he finds himself involved "in a fierce battle (starting with *L'Homme révolté*) of the only arguments – actions for the benefit to mankind, preserving the risks and moves."

When including the inscription in *Les Justes*, Camus of course expresses his gratitude for his support, but above all underlines their common belonging to an infinite community of "the very few". Like this letter he addresses to Char on 26 October 1951, after *L'Homme révolté* was published:

"You know at least that you are not alone in this search. What perhaps you do not perceive well is to which extent you are a need for those who love you and who without you, would not be worth much. I am speaking for myself: I have never resigned myself to see life lose its meaning and its blood. [...] One speaks about the grief of living. But this is not true, it is grief of not living we ought to say. [...] Without you, without two or three beings I respect and cherish, things would definitely lack depth. Perhaps I have not told you that enough. [...].There are so few opportunities for true friendship today, that men have become too modest sometimes."

On Camus' death, Char published *La Postérité du soleil*, the work they wrote together in 1952, an homage to their friendship and to that "hinterland which is the image of our own, invisible to others."

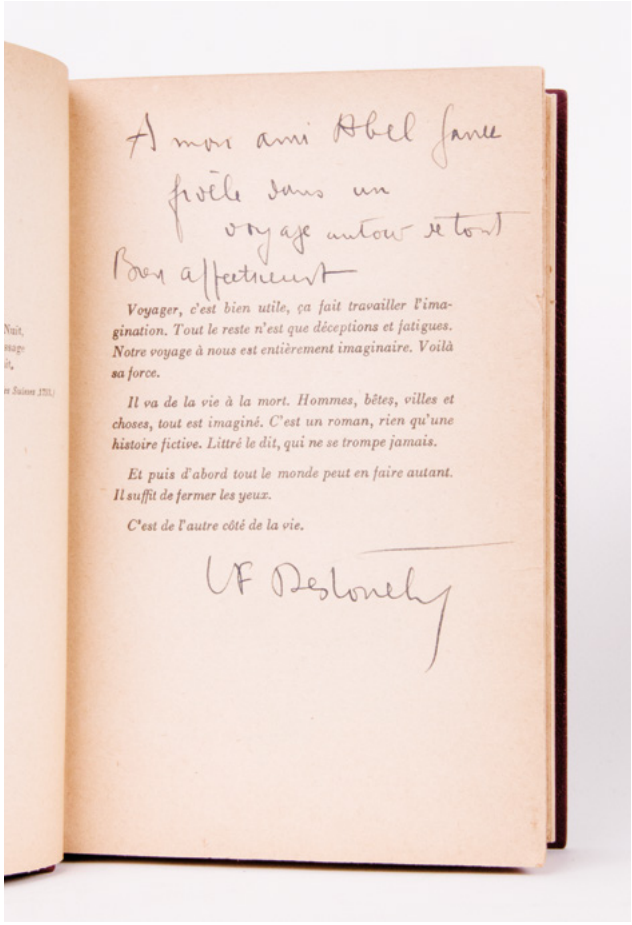
A very attractive copy with an exceptional provenance.

> SEE MORE

24. CÉLINE Louis-Ferdinand

Voyage au bout de la nuit [Journey to the End of the Night]

Denoël & Steele, Paris 1932, 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 "), full morocco, custom slipcase



Published in the same year as the first.

Red morocco binding by Patrice Goy, spine in six compartments with date at foot, marbled endpapers, covers and spine preserved, top edge gilt, slipcase trimmed with red morocco, marbled paper boards.

Inscribed by Louis-Ferdinand Céline to the movie maker Abel Gance: "À mon ami Abel Gance fidèle dans un voyage autour de tout. LF Destouches [To my friend Abel Gance, faithful in our voyage around everything. LF Destouches]."

A few marginal reader's marks in pencil at end.

A friend of Gance's since 1917, Céline bore him a deep admiration: "In a hundred years, so much more of your films will remain than of my big funerary drum." The respect was mutual and Gance was the first to envisage a cinematic adaptation of *Voyage* in November 1932, a project to which Céline became very attached. Abel Gance bought the rights from Denoël for 300,000 francs. An impossible task, he abandoned the project a year later. He was succeeded by Claude Autant-Lara, Michel Audiard, Sergio Leone, Federico Fellini, and François Dupeyron...all of them failed, though not for lack of enthusiasm ("The *Voyage* is not just a film, it's a duty – we owe the old man everything!" – Audiard) or the efforts of Céline himself. In 1934, he visited Hollywood to "sign an option for six months with Lester Yard...Of all the agents, he seemed the most able, the most cunning").

As to whether it was a missed opportunity or an impossible challenge, Céline concluded: "I'm leaving nothing to cinema! I've sent it packing...with its shifty melodrama...its simili-sensible! I've managed to capture all the emotion already..." (*Entretiens avec le professeur Y*). Following this exchange with his inflammatory friend, Abel Gance destroyed a large part of their correspondence, and this inscription thus is one of the rare witnesses of the meeting of two of the pioneers of modern artistic expression.

A fine and unique copy, perfectly presented.

> SEE MORE

25. [CHINA] (PHOTOGRAPHS) COULLAUD Henry

Two photographic albums: *Memories of the China Campaign 14 August 1900 – 18 September 1901 by a military Doctor*

14 August 1900 – 18 September 1901, Albums: 240 x 190 mm (9 7/16 x 7 1/2 "), photographies: various format, 2 albums, 20th-century half cloth

Exceptional albums bringing together a total of 177 original photographs, contemporary albumen and silver prints. These photos were taken between 1900 and 1901 by the French military doctor Henry Coullaud (1872-1954). Also included is a photograph of Baudet, Dr Coullaud's orderly.

Contemporary half blue cloth over flower-patterned paper, red label with Chinese characters laid down on upper covers.

The Chinese calligraphy on this label, as Professor Denis Coullaud explains, is of the doctor's surname. The Chinese inscription in black letters on the crimson background of a thin vertical strip could be translated as: "To Koo-Loo, whose magical hand brings back the spring." This is known as a "paï-pien". "This gift was presented on a fine spring morning in 1900, with great pomp and circumstance, to the nasal tone of a clarinet accompanied by the thin sound of a small flute and a tambourine. This was the Wang family's way of expressing their thanks for Major Coullaud's successfully operating on the patriarch's cataract. The Chinese had translated his name by its phonetic equivalent into two characters, Koo and Loo," (in Denis Coullaud, *La Main merveilleuse qui rend le printemps*, 1992).

Each image has been annotated (place and title) by the photographer, who has also written an inscription on the verso of the title of the first album: "To my sister, a souvenir, with best wishes from her brother Henry, Bordeaux 25 October 1901."

A young military doctor weary of barracks life in mainland and dreaming of adventure, Henry Coullaud requested to be sent out to join the Campaign in China. His request was approved and he left on 19 August 1900 on board the Alexandre III as part of the 1st march Batallion of an Infantry Regiment.

The beginning of the album consists of photos of the crew of the Alexandre III. Several images follow of the stops made by the ship: Port-Said, Djibouti, Singapore and finally the harbor at Ta-Koo, which they reached forty-two days after leaving Marseilles. This first part, which shows the crossing, is essentially composed of photos of ports and several of the locals in Djibouti. **This is precious testimony to the early development of the town, which was at the time the seat of French Somaliland.**

A second part concerns the various Chinese cities which Doctor Coullaud visited: Tong-Koo, Tien-Tsin, Pao-Ting-Foo, Tin-Tjô, Cheng-Feng, Sou-Kiao, Si-Gnan-Shien and Tai-To. **These images, which have a raw realism, give us a huge panorama of life in China, both of French-Chinese relations and the life of the native Chinese in the cities and the countryside.** It covers the official engagements of the French delegation, including visiting beauty spots, artistic performances (theatre, acrobatic parades, and a Chinese orchestra in front of the French flag on 14 July), as well as military parades and pictures of high-ranking individuals, both Chinese dignitaries and French officers. **A few of the images bring across the strange atmosphere at the time of the height of the Boxer Rising: faces of rebels displayed in cages in the public squares, French officers throwing coins to the populace on the occasion of 14 July.** Four rare photographs, like a mini-reportage series, show the stages of the execution of five people in Tien-Tsin.

The amateur photographer also makes much of historical monuments, taking pictures of cityscapes, pagodas, towers, doors, and walls. **Several images are devoted to the Emperor's Summer Palace at Pao-Ting-Fou, as well as the Forbidden City and the Imperial Palace in Peking.**

But what fascinated the young photographer most of all was the life of the locals, both in the cities and in the provinces. More than a wandering doctor, he becomes a true ethnographer immortalizing rural scenes, which he then captions with plenty of humor: "In search of manure (no manure around!)" and "Children (Growing China)". He takes advantage of monsoon season to photograph various stages of the agricultural process: sowing, gleaning, and harvesting are all captured by his lens. He also took part in the drying of the harvest, the crushing of spices and even in flour milling. River life is also a theme dear to Coullaud, who immortalizes people mid-stream: cormorant fishermen, bathers, washerwomen and boatmen. The figure of the major himself

pops up now and again, and, like a good reporter, he doesn't fail to photograph Chinese war-junks and French river convoys. The fact that his wandering clinic stopped in various different Chinese cities gave him the opportunity to get to know the urban population. His images are **a precious witness to all the various minor trades of the time**: money-bearers (of the famous, pierced Chinese Cash coins), waterbearers, barbers, postmen, cobblers, grocers, and so on.

His medical status allowed him to rub shoulders with all levels of society, from Chinese dignitaries to deprived peasants. Close to the locals, he even made it into their inner circles and took the occasion to make superb photos, especially of Tatar and Chinese women with tiny bound feet, a few years before the banning of this thousands of years-old tradition of erotically-inspired mutilation. **A rare image shows, unfiltered, the gynecological examination of a woman on a dining table in the middle of the street, under the eyes of locals and officers.** Witness to a traditional Chinese burial, Coullaud made a little documentary composed of ten photos showing the various stages of the ritual.

With this unique album, an important memorial with ethnological merit, Major Henry Coullaud gives us a glimpse into life in China at the turn of the 20th century.

> SEE MORE

26. DAUMIER Honoré & BELIN Auguste & PLATTIER Jules & PLATEL Henri-Daniel

Ces amours d'enfans – Joies et douceurs de la paternité
[Children. The Pleasures of Paternity]

Chez Aubert & Cie, Paris 1850, 250 x 165 mm
(9 13/16 x 6 1/2 "), later half morocco

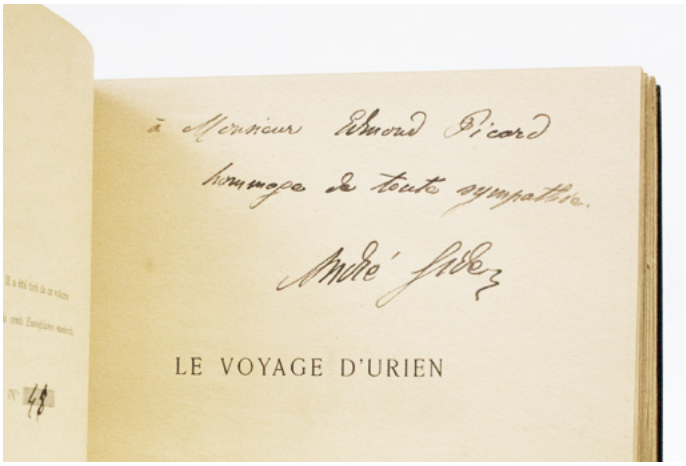
First edition of this series of sixteen lithographs by Daumier, Belin, Platel and Plattier heightened with watercolors, gummed and mounted on guards, taken from the *Croquis d'expression* [Expressive sketches] published in *Charivari* in 1838-1839.

Later half black morocco over cloth boards, the spine with four large blindtooled fillets with a very discreet tear, endpapers and guards of white moiré cloth.

Illustrated upper cover with a few discreet repairs preserved.

A few plates very lightly soiled.

> SEE MORE



27. DENIS Maurice & GIDE André

Le Voyage d'Urien [Urien's Voyage]

Librairie de l'Art Indépendant, Paris 1893, 200 x 200 mm (7 7/8 x 7 7/8 "), full morocco, custom slipcase

First edition, finished by the printers on 25 May 1893, printed by Paul Schmidt, typographer, and Edw. Ancourt lithographer in 300 numbered copies on vergé crème paper plus a few copies on China and Japon paper.

Brown morocco by Gruel, spine in six compartments, date at foot, pastedowns lined with red morocco with gilt fillet frame, brown silk endpapers, double fillet to edges of covers, gilt roulettes to head- and tail-pieces, covers and spine preserved, all edges gilt, brown morocco-edged slipcase.

Occasional light spotting.

This work was conceived and executed in collaboration with Maurice Denis, who illustrated it with 31 original lithographs printed in two tones, the background being now ochre, now light green. That member of the Nabi group managed to free himself of all descriptive servitude in order better to join the text as co-creator.

Handsome autograph inscription signed by André Gide to Edouard Picard in ink to half-title.

Le Voyage d'Urien is one of the great illustrated books in the tradition of painter's books begun by Édouard Manet, Charles Cros and Stéphane Mallarmé in 1874-1875. The collaboration between the painter and the author proved very close. "This book is the most heightened mark of Symbolism, the ratification by the Nabis of the principle of dialogue inherent to the book" (Yves Peyré). This journey *du rien* is an ironic Odyssey written "as a reaction to the naturalist school," where a few young people in search of "glorious destinies" set off on allegorical wanderings, culminating in the frozen wastes of sterility.

A fine copy handsomely bound by Gruel.

Naville, *Bibliographie des écrits d'André Gide*, n° VI.- Chapon, *Le Peintre et le livre*, 1870-1970, pp. 38-41.- Peyré, *Peinture et poésie, le dialogue par le livre*, 1874-2000, n° 4 et pp. 105-106.- *The Artist and the Book*, 1860-1960, Boston, n° 76.

> SEE MORE

28. DUBUFFET Jean

Ler dla canpane

L'Art Brut, Paris 1948, 135 x 190 mm (5 5/16 x 7 1/2 "), stapled, custom slipcase

The rare first edition of 165 copies, the author's calligraphic text throughout, illustrated with 6 original engravings by Jean Dubuffet.

With an exceptional and very rare inscription from Jean Dubuffet to Hans Bellmer: "à Hans Bellmer amitiés Jean Dubuffet".

This copy is housed within a folding box in full ochre calf lined with velvet, reproducing the calligraphy of the upper cover. Covers and spine lightly and marginally sunned as usual, discreet, skillful restoration to margins at head and foot of plates.

The first work by Jean Dubuffet, being calligraphic phonetically-spelled words stenciled (with linocut illustrations) on wood from crates and the bottom of camembert boxes, then hand-printed by the author on newspaper with 6 engravings in a run of 150 copies, plus 15 copies with 2 further plates, spattered with ink for "le samatere detrase etdanprinte".

Those 'lovers of marks and spots', however, should bear in mind that as far as we know Dubuffet only inscribed "ordinary" copies to his friends, in keeping with the very concept that dominates this founding work of Art Brut.

In his 1962 preface to *Vignettes lorgnettes*, which reproduces the engravings from *Ler dla Campagne*, Dubuffet recalled the origins of his first book: "with their makeshift printing methods, these little works were the exact opposite of the received wisdom of bibliophilia. They were as far as possible from the frigid solemnity of the thick and costly paper of luxury printing, the typography of the great publishers, the full margins and the profusion of endpapers and blank pages; they were printed in very humble circumstances with scant resources, in small format on the cheapest sort of newspaper. It seemed to us (it seems to me still) that even so they were just as attractive as the books usually sold to book collectors."

This copy, inscribed to Hans Bellmer, is rare and precious testimony to the major influence of the Surrealists on Dubuffet's thinking and the emergence of Art Brut. Though both art historians and biographers are in agreement in highlighting this link unambiguously, there are in fact few actual traces of the interaction between Dubuffet and the Surrealists. It was nonetheless under the aegis, and with the full collaboration, of André Breton that he founded the Compagnie de l'Art Brut in 1948. "The part laid out for you, as you say, in this Compagnie de l'Art Brut, is yours by absolute right, since your ideas, your temperament, your impulses definitely played a big part in guiding our spirit in all this; and it's absolutely right and proper that a place should be set for you at our table – had you not wanted to take it, it would have stayed empty, like the seat reserved for the angel," (letter of the 28 May 1948). This relationship, the first we know of between Dubuffet and a Surrealist (not an ex-Surrealist or a Surrealist to be) gave rise to an immediate warmth between the two artists, who developed several projects together (among them an *Almanach de l'Art Brut*). But from 1951 onwards, their relationship cooled and Breton stopped supporting the Compagnie; the *Almanach*, although finished, was never actually published. The failure of this project and of the budding friendship between the two artists contributed to the definitive rupture between the two movements and to a growing mutual mistrust. In branding Art Brut the "art of madmen," and trying thus to maintain the supremacy of Surrealism over this 'offshoot', Breton undoubtedly betrayed Dubuffet's hopes of a natural affiliation between the two movements.

Nonetheless, it was a price Dubuffet had to pay to become one of the major artists of the second half of the 20th century, while Surrealism only barely survived the war and the intransigent behavior of its founder.

The idea of Art Brut as Dubuffet put it from 1948 on could not really locate itself in any theoretical continuum, nor accept any artistic basis:

"Art works…owe nothing (or as little as possible) to the imitation of the works of art we see in the museums, salons and galleries; rather, they call out to the very depths of human experience and the most spontaneous and personal creativity possible. These are works that their creator has taken entirely…from their own depths," (Jean Dubuffet, *Notice sur la Compagnie de l'Art Brut [September 1948],* in *Prospectus*…volume I, p. 489).

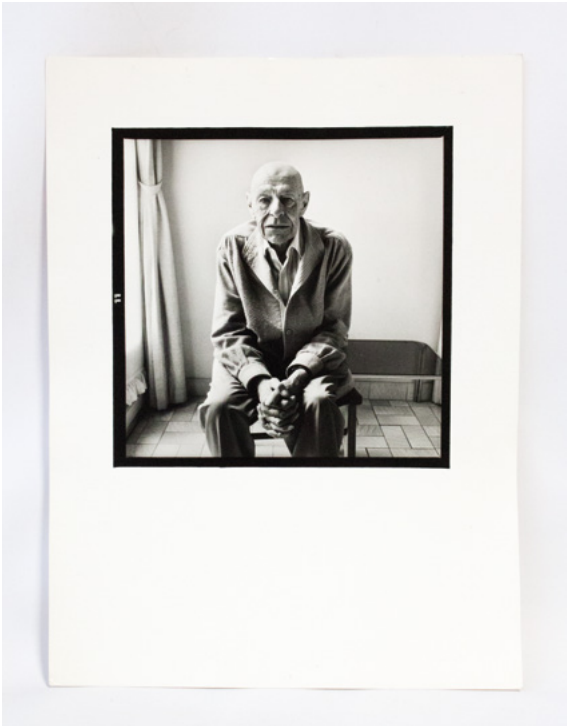
This (necessary) distancing and the frequently anti-Surrealist positions that served to highlight the lack of historical elements linking the two movements have constrained writers and biographers to broad guesswork, based on the obvious similarities in the movements' artists and ideas. Aside from this short friendship with Breton, the Surrealists barely appear in biographies of Dubuffet. But this friendly inscription to one of the most important Surrealist artists on this earliest of pieces is testimony to Dubuffet's proximity to other members of the movement – a proximity that nonetheless remains a mystery, since Dubuffet deliberately 'forgot' his links to Surrealism, of which he is, despite everything, one of the most important heirs and successors.

> SEE MORE

29. (DUBUFFET Jean) TRIVIER Marc

Jean Dubuffet. Original photograph

By the artist, n. p. 1983, 420 x 420 mm
(16 9/16 x 16 9/16 ") on Ilford paper 600 x 500 mm
(23 5/8 x 19 11/16 "), 1 photographic plate



Large original photograph portrait in black and white, made and printed by Marc Trivier. Unsigned silver print, as most of Trivier's works. Unique print from the artist.

"Thirty-five years of photographic practice, obsessions, this is maybe what remains; a singular recording mode of light burning, from one picture to the other, in a series of proposals looking alike, though each one as singular as the fraction of time it refers to" (Marc Trivier).

Marc Trivier takes facial photographs of figures from the eighties. The subject looks right into the lens. These are not portrait star photographs, but they are the result of a will of desacralization:

"Instead of being a writers' or artists' portraitist among many others, he marginalizes himself with his device: under the pretext of settings, he keeps his models waiting, he makes them pose several minutes, which gives them a worn look. Maybe he expects a more natural attitude. Here is Francis Bacon in a delicate balance, Samuel Beckett, Jean Dubuffet or even Michel Foucault, more or less sagged back in their chairs. Intimate pictures." ("Picture of tiredness at Marc Trivier's", S. Rousselle-Tellier, in *Marges*, 2004).

Most of the time photographed in their personal space, the subjects loosen up, no longer mastering their image. The resulting unbalance reveals these figures' frailties and allows Trivier to render the unity of the intimate body and the public artworks.

"I was reading Genet; to me, Genet was letters in a book. And then one day I saw his portrait, and there was like a rupture. How could it be possible that these signs were also somebody? Making a portrait is reuniting the name and the face" (Marc Trivier).

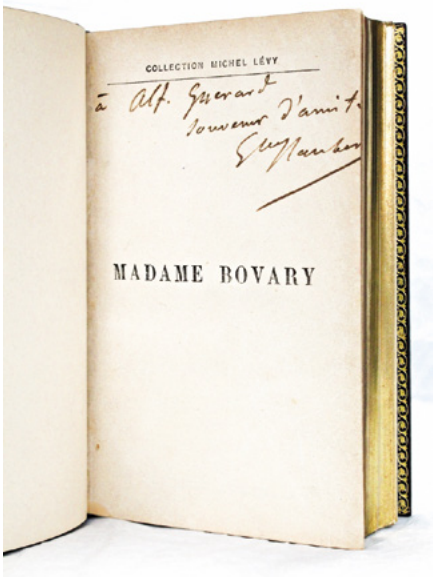
Dubuffet hates the seating position. To him, it is linked to the intellectual, that human too much seated, dead ("too often, the intellectual operates seated: seated at school, seated at a conference, seated at a congress, always seated. Often snoozing. Dead sometimes, seated and dead." Extract from the *L'Art Brut préféré aux arts culturels*, Jean Dubuffet, 1940). To him this position cuts out every creativity, it is a "circuit-breaker position" (op. cit). Dubuffet is here somewhat lost in this position. He is not as the artist on the move, making faces but more as a man, tired by this work made while he was standing. "The body collapses under the burden of an immense solitude. As if the works were a mission, a burden too heavy to handle." (Claire Guillot, *Le Face-à-face sans échappatoire du photographe Marc Trivier*).

> SEE MORE

30. FLAUBERT Gustave

Madame Bovary

Michel Lévy frères, Paris 1857, 105 x 170 mm
(4 1/8 x 6 11/16 "), 2 volumes bound in 1, contemporary shagreen



First edition.

Elegant contemporary purple shagreen (uncommon according to Clouzot), spine in five compartments with gilt fillets and triple blind-ruled compartments, blindstamped roulettes to head- and tail-pieces and edges of covers, quintuple gilt fillet frame and large blindruled fillet to covers, gilt dentelle frame to pastedowns, cream moirée silk endpapers and pastedowns, a little light spotting to endpapers and pastedowns, all edges gilt, ex-libris to one pastedown, clear light dampstain to foot of first few leaves.

A very rare autograph inscription signed by Gustave Flaubert to Alfred Guérard, a close friend of Louis Bouilhet, who is the dedicatee of the work: "à Alf. Guérard souvenir d'amitié. Gustave Flaubert [to Alf. Guérard, a friendly souvenir]."

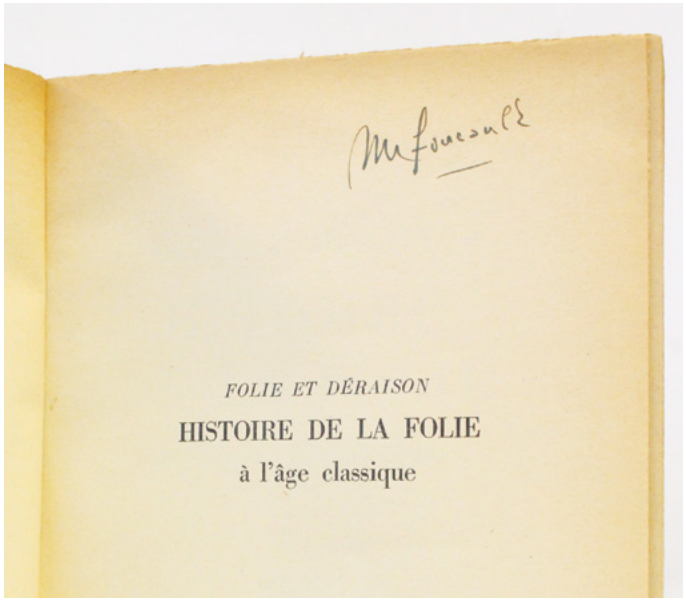
The final letters of the word "amitié" and Flaubert's name shaved by the binder.

Autograph inscriptions by Flaubert are very rare on copies of *Madame Bovary* (cf. Clouzot).

Alfred Guérard was, with Gustave Flaubert, one of the closest friends of Louis Bouilhet, and an important industrialist in Rouen, who was also a friend of the arts and a true patron of Bouilhet, who had dedicated several works to him. Flaubert, as his correspondence also tells us, always invited him to his literary or artistic dinners. He was, most notably, one of the very few people to hear, in 1863, the abortive féerie, the *Château des cœurs*, which only got as far as a "solemn reading before a learned council" that Flaubert assembled from among his society friends. "We wanted to have a bourgeois audience to judge the naive effect of the work" (see his letters to his niece Caroline in December 1863).

A very good copy with an autograph inscription, in a handsome contemporary binding.

> SEE MORE



31. FOUCAULT Michel

Folie et Déraison. Histoire de la folie à l'Âge classique [Madness and Civilization: A History of Insanity in the Age of Reason]

Plon, Paris 1961, 140 x 205 mm
(5 1/2 x 8 1/16 "), original wrappers

First edition, of which there were no *grand papier* (deluxe) copies, an advance (*service de presse*) copy. A second, revised, edition appeared in 1972.

Spine slightly bowed, retaining dj, dj with a few tears and lacks to plastic film cover.

Handsome autograph inscription signed by Michel Foucault, at the time a young teacher, on his first important work, taken from his doctorate.

A very rare advance copy, which could be said to have taken the place of the grand papier (deluxe) copies.

> SEE MORE

32. [INCUNABLE] HEMMERLIN Félix & BRANT Sébastien

De Nobilitate et Rusticitate Dialogus. Ejusdem de Switensium ortu, nomine, confederatione, moribus et quibusdam [...] *gestis (et alia opuscula)*

Johann Prüss, Strasbourg [entre 1493 et 1500], in-folio
200 x 280 mm (7 7/8 x 11 "), (4 f.) 152 ff erroneously numbered CLI – Sig: (1) A3 a-c8 d-z6t8, recased in an old vellum

First edition, edited by Sébastien Brant. Woodcut figure to leaf 77 representing the Wheel of Fortune. The initials in this copy have been left blank.

Numerous contemporary underlinings and manicules as well as voluminous marginal notes.

Recased in an old vellum binding, spine in five compartments.

Faint dampstain to outer margin throughout the book. A few wormtracks without significant loss to letters.

Hemmerlin (1389-circa 1460) was a precursor to the Reformation. Canon of Zurich in the first half of the 15th century, he praised the virtues of the nobility and the rustic lifestyle. He also recorded 146 verses from Konrad von Mure, written in the 12th century, which survive only in his version.

An important and erudite work on the emergence of the Swiss Confederation.

A very good copy.

> SEE MORE

33. HOLBEIN Hans

Biblia utriusque Testamenti juxta vulgatam translationem et eam, quam haberi potuit, emendatissimam [...]

Hugues de la Porte (Melchior et Gaspard Trechsel), Lyon 1538, in-folio 230 x 327 mm (7 7/8 x 12 7/8 "), (4f.) 569 pp (45 p.) – Sig: *4 a-z8 A-M8 N6 AA-BB8 CC6 (erroneously numbered CC4), 18th-century sheep

Editio princeps of the Holbein Bible.

Rare edition that followed the text of Robert Estienne's 1528 Bible, it was banned by the Inquisition and put on the Index by Rome. Text in two columns, a well-margined copy. Printer's device to title and colophon. The work, **a first issue**, has 95 illustrations (8.5 x 6cm), of which a series of 86 vignettes engraved after drawings by Hans Holbein the Younger (1497?-1543), by the virtuoso Hans Lützelburger (1495-1526). Numerous underlinings and contemporary marginalia, some a little shaved during binding.

18th-century brown sheep, spine in seven compartments, all edges mottled red. Tailpiece a little rubbed with small lack, corners rubbed and slightly bumped. A few light dampstains. Provenance: manuscript ex-libris of Nicolas Tournyer (or Tournier) to title, Royal Councilor and President of the Electors of Amboise, dated 1741. From the collection of Baron Paul Harth (Cat. II, 1985, n°14).

Between 1528 and 1532, when engravings were enjoying a roaring success, the Trechsel brothers ordered a new set of illustrations from Hans Holbein, then at Basle. This edition of the Bible was finished in 1538. In the same year, the Trechsel brothers also published the *Icones*, made up exclusively of Holbein's woodcuts. Long a subject of debate among bibliographers, the Bible's precedence was proved by Jean Vial who confirmed the theory of his colleague Henri Baudrier: the illustrations were indeed first published in the edition here offered for sale. Heavily copied illicitly, these previously unseen vignettes were printed again in Paris in 1539 and Antwerp in 1540.

The enormous expressiveness of the illustrations was skillfully captured by the engraver Hans Lützelburger, who used boxwood blocks, which are denser and thus allow for more detailed engraving than pear, and engraved the entire set of little scenes by line drawing, without cross-hatching. The vignettes, whose size wouldn't usually have allowed for a lot of detail, are masterpieces of detail and perspective. They also show Holbein's talent as a portraitist who, buffeted by the Reformation and recommended by Erasmus to Thomas More, would serve for some time as Court Painter in England. Essentially, at the time when the Bible was being published by the Trechsel brothers, he was travelling across Europe to make portraits of Princesses who were potential brides for Henry VIII.

"The compositions of the illustrations for the Bible are masterpieces of the first order. The expressions of the figures are just right and offer that mix of simplicity, energy, and naivety characteristic of Holbein." (Ambroise Firmin-Didot, *Essai typographique et bibliographique sur l'histoire de la gravure sur bois*, 1863).

A very good copy of one of the most important masterpieces of Renaissance wood engraving.

> SEE MORE

34. HUGO Victor

John Brown

E. Dentu & Dusacq, Paris 1861, 155 x 235 mm (6 1/8 x 9 1/4 "), original wrappers

The very rare FIRST EDITION.

This copy retains its original photograph of Victor Hugo's famous drawing of the hanging of John Brown and the facsimile of his manuscript text authorizing the reproduction of this drawing.

A militant for, and martyr of, the abolitionist cause who incited people to armed insurrection, John Brown was arrested in 1859 and hanged on 2 December in Charlestown, Virginia. His execution was one of the causes of the American Civil War.

From exile in Guernsey, Hugo tried to obtain a pardon, but failed. He wrote to President Lincoln: "America must know and be aware that there is something even more frightening than Cain killing Abel, which is Washington killing Spartacus." This request on the part of Hugo, which seems almost a premonition of the Civil War, won him numerous enemies in the United States.

> SEE MORE

35. HUGO Victor

La Pitié suprême [THE SUPREME COMPASSION]

Calmann Lévy, Paris 1879, 150 x 240 mm (5 15/16 x 9 7/16 "), half shagreen

FIRST EDITION.

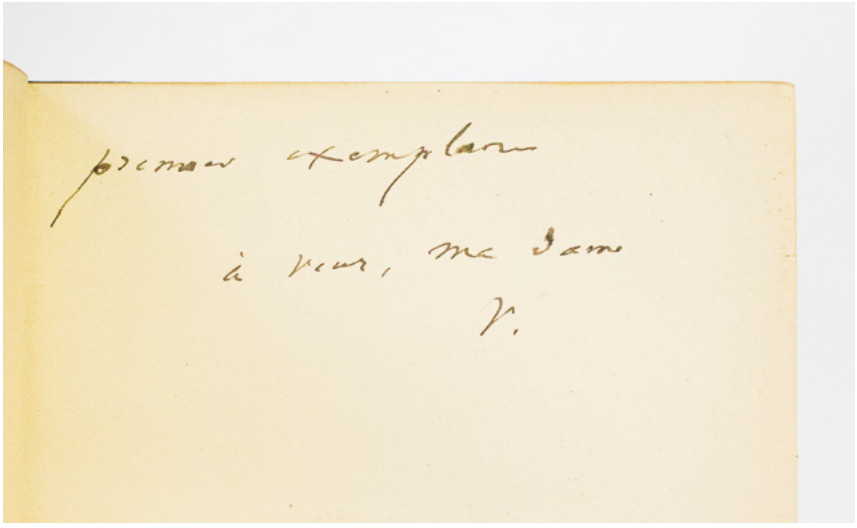
Elegant half dark blue shagreen over marbled paper boards by René Aussourd, spine in four compartments with gilt dots and double gilt compartments containing horizontal arabesques and gilt stars, date and "ex. de J. Drouet" in gilt to foot, marbled endpapers and pastedowns, covers and spine preserved (marginal repairs to covers), top edge gilt, ex-libris of Pierre Duché on one endpaper.

An exceptional autograph inscription from Victor Hugo to Juliette Drouet, the love of his life: "The first copy for you, my lady. V."

Written in 1857, this long philosophical poem on the Revolution was originally meant to conclude the *Légende des Siècles*. Victor Hugo eventually published it in 1879 when he took a stand on behalf of the Communards.

Pleading for the abolition of the death penalty, *La Pitié suprême* highlights one of the first and most heartfelt of Hugo's political struggles, which he carried on till the very end of his 80s: "if my name stands for anything in these deadly times in which we live, it stands for Amnesty" (*Letter to the citizens of Lyon*, 1873).

Comparing Hugo and Machiavelli, J. C. Fizaine underlines the intellectual rigor of the poet who put himself at the service of a humanism elevated into a universal principle: "Machiavelli writes for those who wanted to become princes. Hugo writes, first and foremost, for the people, who have known tyranny. It is *La Pitié suprême* that defines what will remain immutably sacrosanct, human life, without hate, resentment and the memory of past suffering being justifications for the transgression of its sanctity; and the danger of such transgression is the impossibility of establishing any kind of political system and falling back into a pre-civilized state." (*Victor Hugo penseur de la laïcité – Le clerc, le prêtre et le citoyen*)



It was together with Juliette Drouet that he waged this final struggle. Published in February 1879, not long after they had settled in the avenue d'Eylau, *La Pitié suprême* **seems to be a political echo of the newfound legitimacy of the two old lovers after fifty years of clandestine relations**. Hugo's last fight for amnesty and pardon reverberated in his emotional life, like with the poem he wrote on the death of Juliette in 1883:

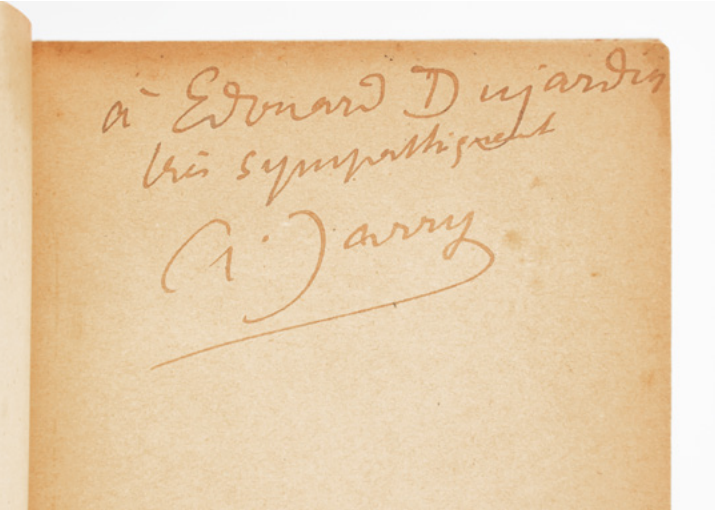
"On my grave they'll write, as a great victory,

The cherished, deep, embattled memory

of a love that was not sanctioned but grew virtuous..."

A fine copy in a handsome binding and with an extraordinary provenance, the most desirable one could wish for.

> SEE MORE



36. JARRY Alfred

Les Jours et les Nuits [Days and Nights]

Mercure de France, Paris 1897, 115 x 185 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/4 "), Bradel binding

First edition in part, a advance (*service de presse*) copy.

An elegant floral cloth pastiche Bradel binding by Laurenchet, spine with red morocco title label, wrappers preserved (with very slight angular lacks).

With a fine inscription by Jarry to Edouard Dujardin on the front free endpaper.

Provenance: from the library of Edouard Goerg, with his printed ex-libris at the foot of the ffep.

> SEE MORE

37. LACAN Jacques

De la psychose paranoïaque dans ses rapports avec la personnalité
[Paranoid psychosis and its relation to the personality]

Le François, Paris 1932, 160 x 240 mm (6 5/16 x 9 7/16 "), original wrappers, custom slipcase

The true first edition of Jacques Lacan's thesis, of which there were no *grand papier* copies. A first issue copy, without the subtitle: "*chef de clinique à la Faculté de Médecine de Paris*", which was added for the second issue.

A very rare, handsome autograph inscription dated 24 October 1932 and signed by Jacques Lacan: "à Cuel, dont la personnalité scientifique me fut d'abord prônée par notre maître Trénel, et dont la rencontre ne m'a pas déçu, en signe de très particulière sympathie [for Cuel, whose scientific personality was pointed out to me first by our master Trénel, and meeting whom was no disappointment, as a token of very special friendship]."

Spine very lightly sunned.

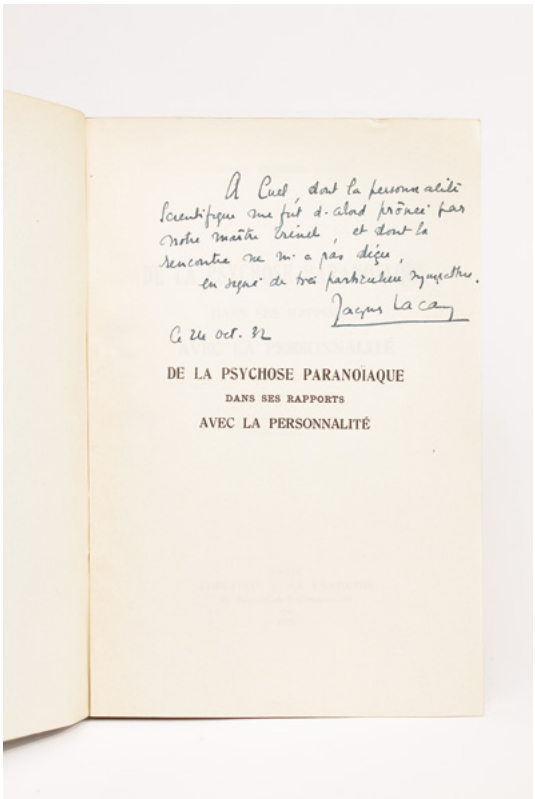
This copy has paper boards with abstract motifs, a half black morocco chemise, and an edged slipcase by Goy & Vilaine.

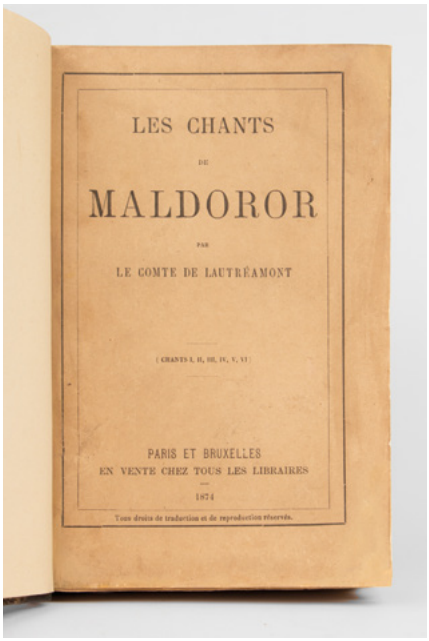
J.R Cuel, a young psychiatrist, was, like Lacan, a friend and student of Marc Trénel, the head of the Maison Blanche asylum, where Jacques Lacan began working with linguistic disturbance. We haven't managed to find out too much about this friend whom Lacan calls by his surname, without including his first name, other than a text of Lacan's from 1948 about a paper by J. R. Cuel (then a member of the *Groupe de l'Évolution Psychiatrique* [Psychiatric Evolution Group]) on the "nosographic place of certain pre-senile forms of dementia." On this occasion, too, we find the famous psychiatrist using the same appellation to begin his appraisal of his colleague's work: "I would like to join in praising Cuel..."

The bookseller Hervé Valentin created a census of the known copies of this thesis, which was printed in a very small number of copies and which Lacan no doubt pulled from sale after discovering that one of his patients was the son of "Aimée", whose case study is presented at length. Of the 27 copies known, only 9 are of the first impression, the "no-subtitle" impression, which were given to Lacan's close friends and colleagues. There were two copies without inscriptions and nine with autograph inscriptions between October 1932 and July 1933. We must also add this copy, which turns out to be one of the first three copies inscribed by Lacan, just after those to his parents, 23 October 1932, the oldest recorded.

> SEE MORE

An exceedingly rare copy of Jacques Lacan's famous thesis with a very early autograph inscription signed to a colleague.





38. LAUTRÉAMONT, Isidore Ducasse, Comte de

Les Chants de Maldoror [The Songs of Maldoror]

Chez tous les libraires, Paris & Bruxelles 1874, 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 "), full morocco gilt, custom slipcase

The *rare* FIRST EDITION, with the cover and title dated 1874.

Superb black morocco by Semet & Plumelle, spine in six compartments with septuple blind-ruled compartments, gilt date to foot, gilt roulettes to head- and tail-pieces, 12 blind-ruled fillet frame to covers, marbled endpapers and pastedowns, large gilt dentelle frame to pastedowns, gilt fillets to edges of covers, covers and spine preserved, all edges gilt, slipcase edged in black morocco over marbled paper boards.

Printed in 1869 by Lacroix, this edition was not circulated for sale for fear of the censor. Only a dozen copies were sewn into paper covers and sent to the author (five have been located so far). In 1874, Jean-Baptiste Rozez, another publisher-bookseller in Belgium, acquired the stock and published the work with a cover and title page with the date 1874, and with no imprint.

It was in his bookshop that the poets of *La Jeune Belgique* would first discover this text.

Literature of the void that takes us to the edge of the bearable, with an adolescent outspokenness and a total darkness, the *Chants de Maldoror*, or the epic of an evil figure wandering through the world, became famous thanks to the Surrealists who made it a veritable aesthetic manifesto.

Provenance: from the collection of François Ragazzoni with his ex-libris to one endpaper.

A fine copy in a splendid morocco binding by Semet & Plumelle, retaining its covers.

> SEE MORE

39. LISZT Franz & SÉGUR Anatole de

Le Poëme de Saint-François [Poem of St. Francis]

Librairie Poussielgue et Fils, Paris 1866, 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 "), half morocco

First edition.

Half red morocco (unsigned, but attributed to Canape) spine in six compartments, date at foot, original wrappers preserved with a few very minor repairs, top edge gilt.

Inscribed by Liszt to "Madame la Comtesse de Fleury – respectueux hommage d'un pauvre franciscain de tiers ordre [To the Countess de Fleury – in humble homage from a Poor Franciscan tertiary]."

A very good copy, nicely bound.

Provenance: from the library of the poet Armand Godoy.

This pious inscription on the work of another man combines, despite its apparent Franciscan humility, the three essential components of Liszt's Romantic spirit: mysticism, art, and above all, love.

A founding figure of the idea of the osmosis between man and nature, St Francis of Assisi very quickly won over the Romantics, in search of medieval heroes. Chateaubriand devoted some very fine passages to him in the second volume of *Memoirs from Beyond the Grave*, and he was an inspiration to Hugo, Lamartine, Vigny as well as Liszt, who joined the Franciscan order in 1865 and composed several works dedicated to him, among them the *Cantico del sol di Francesco d'Assisi* and *Saint Francis Preaching to the Birds* (both executed at the same time as the work by Anatole de Ségur that Liszt presented to the Countess de Fleury).

The *Poem of St Francis* is, in fact, one of the first works dedicated to the "Poverello", who experienced several centuries of neglect before this Romantic renaissance. Liszt, a keen observer of studies of, and artistic representations of, St Francis, had in his library several important works on the Franciscans, including a copy of this life of the Saint inscribed by Ségur to "the abbé Liszt", in "an homage of respectful admiration" (the work was catalogued as part of his library after Liszt's death).

Uniting spirituality and poetry, this verse hagiography could hardly fail to win over the composer of the *Poetic and Religious Harmonies*, freshly ordained a Franciscan tertiary.

Nonetheless this pious ex-dono from a "poor Franciscan" to a devout Countess herself withdrawn from the world, relit a more ancient and more sulphurous fire which had consumed the youth of the author of the *Reminiscences of Robert the Devil* and the *Mephisto Waltzes*.

The "Countess of Fleury" was in reality the "Duchess" de Fleury but Liszt had known her above all with the former title since, when he met her in 1831 in a Parisian salon, Adèle-Joséphine Quarré de Chelers was the Countess Adèle de La Prunarède.

After a significant mystical crisis, Liszt – then aged 19 – felt his first romantic stirrings. If "we know little about these various sentimental adventures...one name always stands out from this succession of crushes: that of the Countess Adèle de la Prunarède" (cf. Serge Gut, in *Correspondance Franz Liszt et Marie d'Agoult*).

The young composer's first real affair was to be with this "intoxicating woman", fifteen years his senior. "Barely six months after coming out of his contemplative lethargy, Liszt plunged himself into the delights and torments of a sensual and feverish passion" (op. cit.) which was to be interrupted only in 1832, when he met Marie d'Agoult.

Though Liszt had spent several months with Adèle in the Château de Marlioz in Haute-Savoie, this affair remains not very well known to biographers and historians.

Nonetheless, the importance of this lover is proved by the lively jealousy she inspired in Marie d'Agoult throughout her relationship with Liszt, as her correspondence and diaries show.

From the first years on, the letters of Liszt and Marie d'Agoult are pervaded by this menacing ghost.

The fears of Marie d'Agoult, who was tormented by Liszt's adventurous past, were particularly focused on Adèle (the only one to be referred to exclusively by her Christian name). Despite the care she took not to let her emotions show, Liszt's replies are explicit: "Miss Boscary is marrying Miramon, and I am pleased. Adèle in Geneva is devastated. That, too, is good."

Marie d'Agoult's reply is entirely mutilated at the passage concerning Adèle: "Talk to me of Adèle. What more can she suffer still? You know that I love her" (the rest has been cut out, as is common with very sensitive passages).

In the couple's letters between 1833 and 1834, references to this Adèle are as frequent as they are enigmatic: "You have it in your power to do me a great service; my poor and miserable fate is in your hands...it is neither you nor me I refer to, but Adèle" (Liszt to Marie, August 1833).

In May 1834, responding to an explicit request: "tell me what you wrote to Adèle," Liszt confirms to Marie d'Agoult her fears of the affection he bears for Adèle:

"I thought it better not to reply to her for the moment... The need to see her, to speak to her from the depths of my soul torments me sometimes...but rarely."

Not much later, following a new outbreak of jealousy on the part of Marie, Liszt was forced to go back over his painful break with Adèle:

"It was a time of struggle, anguish, and lonely torment – a time where I broke, destroyed, violently annihilated the love of Adèle. It was then that I wrote: I am and I would rather not be – I must suffer, and suffer alone..."

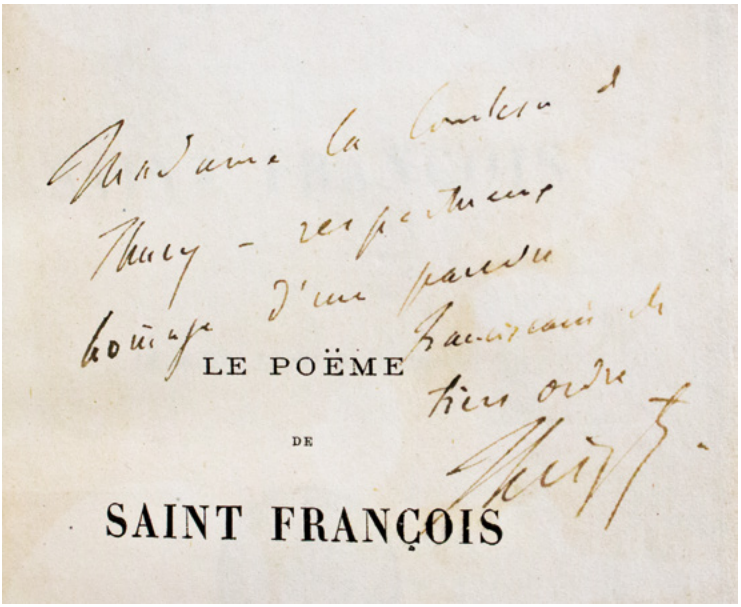
In letter after letter, he confides in Marie his guilty remorse: "I was nothing but a coward and a miserable poltroon [Liszt underlined these two words] for Adèle." Then he once more turns cruel: "What have I to say to her?...and what I have to say to her, would she understand?", or sarcastic: "Wolf told me a scandalous little story about Mr Ginestous and Adèle. The punchline was a few strokes with a riding crop, humbly borne by Adèle...That made me smile." Some of his letters even seem cynical, like in the following passage about another conquest thrown aside: "I heard her cry from her very innards: 'Love me, save me!', like Adèle, before."

Adèle seems to disappear for a time from the lives of Liszt and d'Agoult, but when they settled in Italy in 1837, her presence in that country immediately began to worry Marie (she had already noted in her diary "Adèle's pilgrimage to Rome" the year before).

"Would Mme Pictet happen to know in which Italian town... Mme de la Prunarède is currently to be found...?" (letter to A. Pictet, October 1837).

From then on and until their separation in 1839, the proximity of this rival remained a constant threat to the couple:

"Mme de la Prunarède is here with the Cadores. She is separated from her husband and divides herself between her lovers and her confessors" (letter to Louis de Ronchaux, Rome, 18 March 1839).


LE POËME

DE

SAINT FRANÇOIS

During their mutual stay in Italy, Marie avoided meeting Adèle, but her correspondence bears witness to the fact that Liszt, much to her annoyance, saw her all the more assiduously. Hence this bitter missive to Adèle from July 1839:

"Like you said yesterday to Franz, you are held in very high regard in the world. The same world that holds you in high regard holds me in no regard at all, and the worst of it is that I care not a whit...The regard you have acquired is the fruit of a certain prudence that must never be compromised by meeting my insolent sincerity head on. Truthfully! They say also that you convert fishermen, that you walk victorious on the paths of salvation, dragging with you your subjugated souls. Will I, too, give in like the others, to the irresistible eloquence of your pretty blue eyes? But I fear not."

Not much later, her diary tells us clearly of the fear that this first love of Liszt's still provokes in Marie:

"Adèle came...I received her in my room. My heart beat dreadfully. I recover when i see her. She has changed terribly. She is all out of shape, her eyes are shady, her lines grown dumpy, her color muddy. She has an air of excessive falseness...Franz thinks she's fat" (Diary, July 1839, in *Marie D'Agoult, Correspondance Générale Volume II*).

But what frightened Marie even more than the beauty of Adèle was her mysticism. In fact, Liszt's former mistress was on the same path as the lover of her youth; and having known, like him, "rather a tumultuous emotional life, she spent her final years in profound piety" (op. cit., p. 562)

Does Liszt's inscription therefore reveal a profound complicity with this woman whose sensuality bore her away from religion and with whom he reconnected once more after thirty-five years in their shared faith?

In 1877, Liszt summed up his life thus: "Having denied myself painfully for thirty years, from 1830 to 1860, of the sacrament of penitence, it was with absolute conviction that, coming back to it again, I could tell my confessor...'My life was nothing but a long distraction from the feeling of love.' I should add: above all by music – the art both divine and satanic at the same time which, more than any other, induces in us temptation."

A superb and very rare inscription combining the three great passions that consumed the heart of the Romantic composer – music, spirituality, and love.

> SEE MORE

40. [INCUNABLE]
LYRA Nicholas of (LYRANUS Nicolaus)

Moralia super totam Bibliam

Paul Butzbach, Mantoue 29 April 1481,
190 x 270 mm (7 1/2 x 10 5/8 "), [280] ff
[sig a10, b6,c4,d-z8, A-J8, K6, L12], stiff vellum

First Italian edition of the Franciscan Nicholas of Lyra's (1270-1349) famous moral commentary, the third edition of this work. The first was published in Cologne in 1478. The text, in Latin, used for this edition is the one revised by Ludovico della Torre (? – 1365) who added the alphabetical index at the end, preceded by his *Epistola pro operis emendatione et pro ipsius Tabula miro artificio ordinata*, dated December 1480 and addressed to Francesco Raimondo of the San Apollonio monastery near Brescia.

Manuscript reference to a former owner, Don Octavius Feragnus Casalmaiorensis, dated 4 February 1598 at Cremona and noting the price of the book ("2 lira 5 solidi") as well as that of the binding ("1 lira 10 solidi").

A very handsome printing by Paul Butzbach, based in Mantua, in Gothic Lettre Bastarde in 54 lines divided into two columns. **The large illuminated initial at the beginning of the prologue takes up the entire height of the page and a whole column, with delicate flower motifs.** Typical of the Northern Italian school, this initial is very fine: the artist has given it depth by heightening it with little light and dark touches, applied with a brush no more than two or three hairs thick. The gilt ground of the initial, the use of the color purple and the stark color palette all come directly from the Byzantine tradition of illumination, which would last in Italy more than in the rest of Europe. The other initials are alternately rubricated in red or blue.

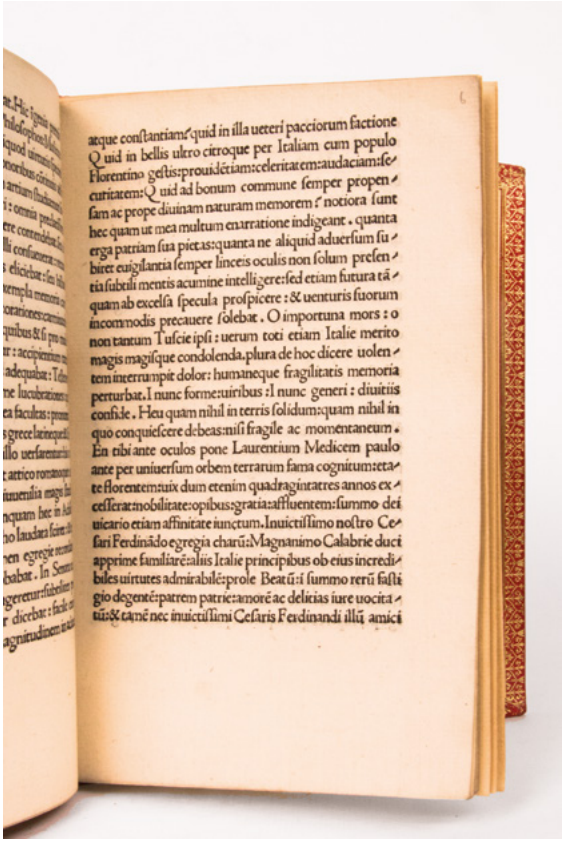
Stiff vellum with small flaps, reusing a page of a dedicatory epistle written in red, with a triple blue and red frame, vellum pastedowns from a 15th century gradual setting to music a text from Matthew's Gospel, staves in red, words and notes in black, two historiated initials with vegetal motifs in blue, red and gold and heightened with white, three smaller initials in red and blue. Lower edge with the note "Nicol. de Lyr. S. tot. Biblim".

Two wormtracks not touching text, one repaired in first leaves.

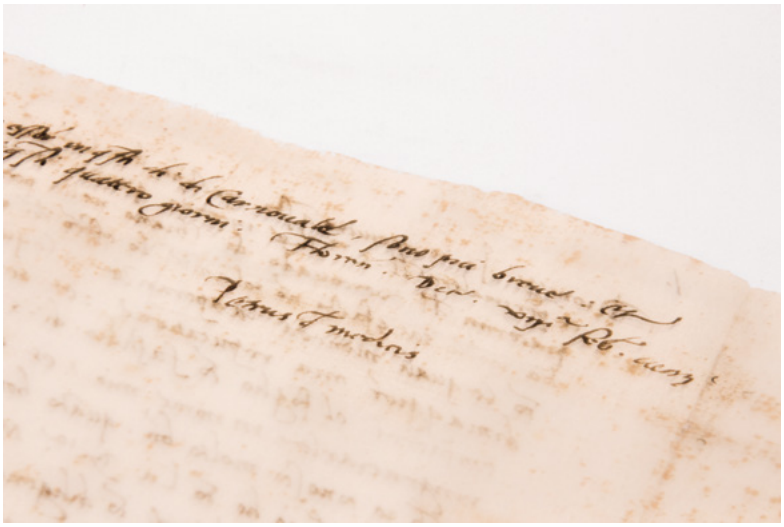
The last work printed by the German Paul Butzbach (circa 1447-1495) who started his career in his native province of Mainz, before emigrating to Italy and Verona, where he specialized in grammatical works. For reasons unknown, he moved to Mantua, where he established a press in which he printed 18 works in very different fields (theology, philosophy, exegesis and law). He then diversified his activities by beginning to deal in books: notarized documents from the period describe him both as a printer but also as *merchator librorum*; he even got together with a Venetian colleague to develop a distribution network. On the back of his success, he joined the court of Frederic II of Mantua, whose aesthetic traditions he took on.

A very good incunable with delicate illuminations, witness of a transitional period between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, between stylization and a form of representation closer to reality.

> SEE MORE



atque conſtantiam: quid in illa ueteri pacciorum factione
Quid in bellis vltro citroque per Italiam cum populo
Florentino geſtis: prouidētiam: celeritatem: audaciam: fe-
cutitatem: Quid ad bonum commune ſemper propen-
ſam ac prope diuinam naturam memorem: notiora ſunt
hec quam ut mea multum enarratione indigeant. quanta
erga patriam ſua pietas: quanta ne aliquid aduerſum ſu-
biret euigilantia ſemper linceis oculis non ſolum preſen-
tia ſubtili mentis acumine intelligere: ſed etiam futura tā
quam ab excelſa ſpecula proſpicere: & uenturis ſuorum
incommodis precauere ſolebat. O importuna mors: o
non tantum Tuſcie ipſi: uerum toti etiam Italie merito
magis magiſque condolenda. plura de hoc dicere uolen-
tem interrumpit dolor: humaneque fragilitatis memoria
perturbat. I nunc formeuiribus: I nunc generi: diuitiis
confide. Heu quam nihil in terris ſolidum: quam nihil in
quo conquieſcere debeas: niſi fragile ac momentaneum.
En tibi ante oculos pone Laurentium Medicem paulo
ante per uniuerſum orbem terrarum fama cognitum: eta-
te florentem: uix dum etenim quadragintatres annos ex-
ceſſerat: nobilitate: opibus: gratia: affluentem: ſummo dei
uicario etiam affinitate iunctum. Inuictiſſimo noſtro Ce-
ſari Ferdinādo egregia charū: Magnanimo Calabrie duci
apprime familiarē: aliis Italie principibus ob eius incredi-
biles uirtutes admirabilē: prole Beatū: i ſummo rerū faſti
gio degentē: patrem patrie: amorē ac delicias iure uocita
tū: & tamē nec inuictiſſimi Ceſaris Ferdinandi illū amici



41. [INCUNABLE] (MEDICI Lorenzo de') BIENATO Aurelio & MEDICI Piero II de'

Oratio in funere Laurentii de Medicis habita with an autograph letter signed by Piero II de' Medici to Dionigi Pucci

Philippus de Mantegatiis, Milan n. d. [after 8 april 1492] & n. d. [1493], book: 20,8 x 13,8 cm (13/16 x 9/16 "), letter: 22 x 30 cm (7/8 x 1 3/16 "), (8 f.) Sig : a8, 1 volume, later morocco & 1 page and a few lines on a folded leave

First edition of the eulogy of Lorenzo de' Medici, said by Aurelio Bienato, bishop of Martorano (Catanzaro, Calabria), on 16 April 1492 in the church of Santa Maria la Nuova in Florence, eight days after the prince died. This eulogy is followed by a short eight-verse poem. This is the only printed eulogy of Lorenzo the Magnificent (John McManamon, *Funeral oratory and the cultural ideals of Italian humanism*, 1989).

Bound after the 19th century, full red morocco, smooth spine framed with gilt fillet and blindstamped, full title, large dentelle frame and double gilt fillet framing the inside cover.

Several brackets and handwritten notes from then.

Ex-libris from the Prince Piero Ginori Conti (1865-1939), an Italian businessman and politician, coated on the first inside cover. Ex-libris embossed with the stamp of the Gianni de Marco Library.

Opposing a complete different approach form the usual laudatory praises, Aurelio Bienato introduces Lorenzo the Magnificent as a modern prince, a European model, a patron of arts and literature, but also a guarantor for peace in Italy.

The purpose of his text is above all political: he underlines and praises the recent diplomatic ties between Florence and Naples, enabling Lorenzo the Magnificent to establish his power over the Florentine city. This volume comes with an autograph letter signed by Piero de' Medici, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, addressed to Dionigi Pucci, himself a diplomat and friend of the sender. 28 lines written in a fine and slim writing. Address of the recipient at the back of the second leaf. Wax seal marks. Light brown spotting. In this letter Piero the Unfortunate confesses his allegiance to Ferdinand II of Aragon, king of Naples.

In reality, as he was writing this letter, he had already reached a neutrality agreement with Charles VIII King of France who was about to capture by force the realm of Naples he considered his. Despite this agreement, Piero II de' Medici was nonetheless compelled to surrender unconditionally and seek exile in Venice: this is the beginning of the first Italian war. In two years on the throne, he destroyed everything the Medici dynasty had built during the former century.

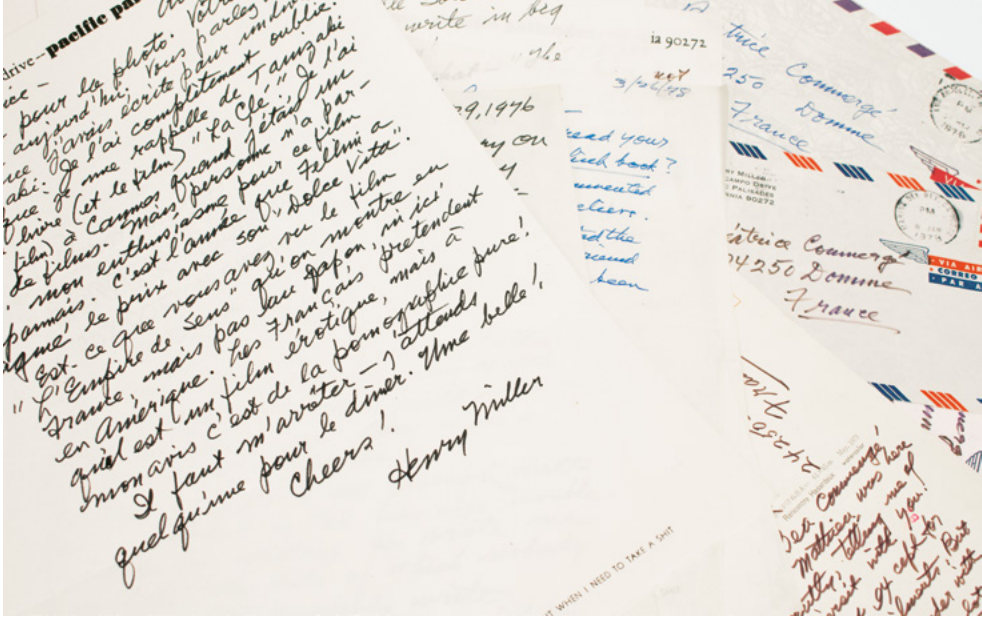
Rare collection of documents evoking the climax and the dawn of decay of the mighty Medici dynasty, the most influential family of the Italian Renaissance.

> SEE MORE

42. MILLER Henry

Henry Miller's complete manuscript correspondence with Béatrice Commengé

Pacific Palisades (CA) 1976-1978,
23 pages 210 x 297 mm
(8 1/4 x 11 11/16 ")



A superb complete set of 17 autograph letters signed by Henry Miller and addressed to the writer Béatrice Commengé, the author most notably of *Henry Miller, ange, clown, voyou [Henry Miller: angel, clown, thug]* and translator of a number of works by Anaïs Nin. With an autograph envelope addressed by Henry Miller to Béatrice Commengé and **an autograph letter signed by Anaïs Nin to Béatrice Commengé**.

In 1976, Béatrice Commengé, then a young literature student, began writing a thesis on Anaïs Nin and Henry Miller. From her home village in the Périgord region, she wrote to both. Nin, who was very unwell, apologized for not being able to help her. Miller, though, let himself be seduced at the outset by the idea of exchanging letters with an inhabitant of Domme, the village whose beauty he had lauded in *The Colossus of Maroussi*. Very quickly, impressed with the student's style and determination, he entered into a correspondence with her that would last until – two years before his death – Miller's eyesight broke down completely, preventing him from reading and writing.

At this time, Miller, then 85, was living almost as a recluse in Pacific Palisades in California, rejecting the American way of life and its illusions, and dreading all-too frequent offers and invitations. But the old writer was very quickly charmed by Commengé's outlook on his work: "You are a gem! One of the very few "fanas" to understand me. Merci! Merci mille fois!" he writes in his second letter. A true epistolary friendship then develops between the ageing writer and his young muse: **"I think of you as some sort of terrestrial angel"**, and "what a delight to get a letter from you"; "Keep writing me, please!"

In passionate letters that are written and re-written, with their English mixed with French, words underlined, copious brackets and exclamation points, and post-scriptums squeezed into the margins, Miller examines his work and his memories. He refuses a purely academic correspondence, "To be honest with you, I don't think either A.N. or I, who are naturally very truthful persons, really succeeded with truth as it is conventionally thought of. We are both confirmed 'fabulators'." Miller recommends the young woman the books he's been reading recently and his old friends: **"[Lawrence] Durrel is the friend to talk to about me, [...] he knows me inside out"; "[he] is wonderful when you get to know him. Éblouissant même**"; "that great master of the French language – Joseph Delteil"; "Delteil is almost a saint. But a lively one,"; "Alf[red Perlès] is the clown, the buffoon, who made me laugh every day".

He goes on to congratulate her on abandoning her didactic project in favor of an "imaginary book about [him]" and launches on a much more intimate correspondence. He confesses his shock, as well: "Did you read about the French prostitutes protesting and demonstrating in Paris against my receiving [the legion of honor]? They say I did not treat them well in my books. And I thought I had!!". He also shares his literary tastes: "I prefer the Welsh. They are the last of the poets".

He also warns the future translator of Anaïs Nin against his former mistress' duality: "**She is or was a complete enigma**, absolutely dual. [...] Actually, I suppose there is always this dichotomy between the person and the writer", and confides to her her secrets: "she is slowly dying (of cancer) she refuses to admit it. (This is entre nous!)". He also discusses his latest loves: "I am in love with a very beautiful Chinese actress [...]. I seem to go from one to another, never totally defeated, never wholly satisfied. **But this is near 'eternal' love as I've never been.**"

Indeed, despite his advanced old age, the author of *Sexus* has lost nothing of his passion for the fairer sex and his correspondent's being a woman is not lost on this Don Juan: "On est curieux – êtes-vous belle etc., je crois que oui. En tout cas je vous prie de m'envoyer une photo, S.V.P. [One is curious – are you pretty, etc? I think so. In any case, please send me a photo]". From the first year of their correspondence on, it is in the language of Molière – and Sade – that Miller presses his "chère Béatrice": "Est-ce que vous avez vu le film *L'Empire de* [sic] *Sens* qu'on montre en France, mais pas au Japon, ni ici en Amérique. Les Français prétendent qu'il est un film érotique, mais à mon avis c'est de la pornographie pure! Il faut m'arrêter – j'attends quelqu'une pour le diner. Une belle! [Did you see the movie 'In the Realm of the Senses' that they're showing in France, but not in Japan or here in America? The French pretend that it's an erotic movie, but in my opinion it's just pure pornography! I must stop there – I'm expecting someone for dinner. A real beauty!". Then, in the following letter, he writes, "if you have another photo do please send it to me".

But in the final letters, the tone is more downbeat, given the declining health of the author, and the letter dated the 25 January 1978 is superb but terrible testimony of an artist become too weak to practice his art taking an acerbic look at his own condition, as well as that of humanity itself: "Some days, I bang out a few memorable lines or have great ideas (never realized) for future books"; "c'est la grande foutaise, if that's the right word [It's not worth a damn]"; **"we are about to relive the last days of Rome. There is no hope – only to rejoice in the end. It needs another order of mankind to replace Homo Sapiens. I prefer the life and culture of the Pygmies..."**

But Miller nonetheless keeps his sense of humor throughout, right up to the final letter, which he cuts off abruptly, as was his wont, with a sarcastic, phonetic exclamation of: **"Enof!"**

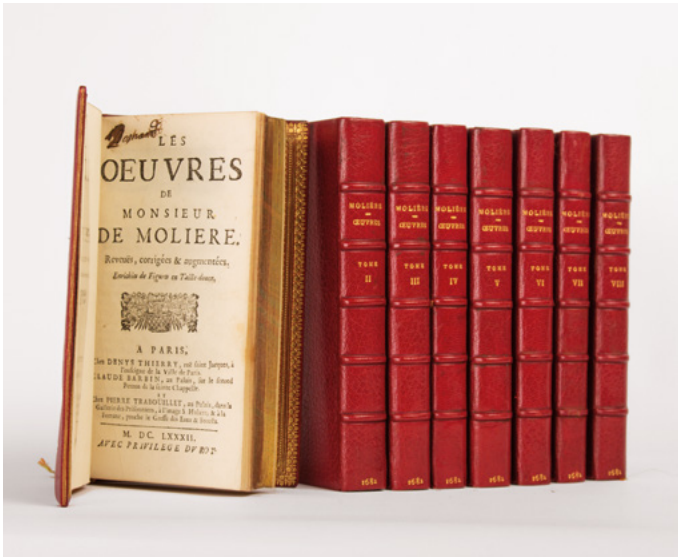
A superb complete set of one of Henry Miller's last epistolary correspondences, showing the affinity that the old writer at the dusk of his days and a young novelist in the making choose to develop through exchanges that are still seductive for Miller's ardent passions: literature, friends, and women.

> SEE MORE

43. MOLIÈRE

Les Œuvres de Monsieur de Molière [The Works of Monsieur de Molière]

Chez Denys Thierry, Claude Barbin et Pierre Trabouillet, Paris 1682, in-12: 90 x 165 mm (3 9/16 x 6 1/2 "), (24) 304 pp (4) et 416 pp (4) et 308 pp (4) et 296 pp (4) et 335 pp (erroneously numbered 535) (1) et 195 pp (5) et 261 pp (3) et 312 pp., 8 volumes, 19th-century morocco



The first complete collected edition and first illustrated edition. The first edition of *Dom Garcie de Navarre, L'Impromptu de Versailles, Dom Juan ou le Festin de Pierre, Les Amans magnifiques*, and *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*. With thirty copper engraved illustrations by Jean Sauvé after Pierre Brassart, 21 one of which hors texte and 9 included in the pagination.

19th-century red full morocco, Jansenist spines in six compartments, date gilt at foot, double gilt fillets to edges of covers and headpieces, large gilt dentelle frame inside covers, marbled endpapers, all edges gilt.

"The first complete edition of the works of Molière, published by the actor Charles Varlet de la Grange, one of Molière's closest companions and secretary of his troupe, as well as another of his friends called Vinot...The publishers made use for this edition of Molière's manuscript texts, more or less corrected by him either according to the needs of performances or publication. This means that the text of 1682 often differs slightly from the separate first editions and the collected edition of 1674....Despite this, it is the text that has most often served as a source for the numerous editions published right up to the present time" (J. Le Petit, *Bibliographie des principales éditions originales*).

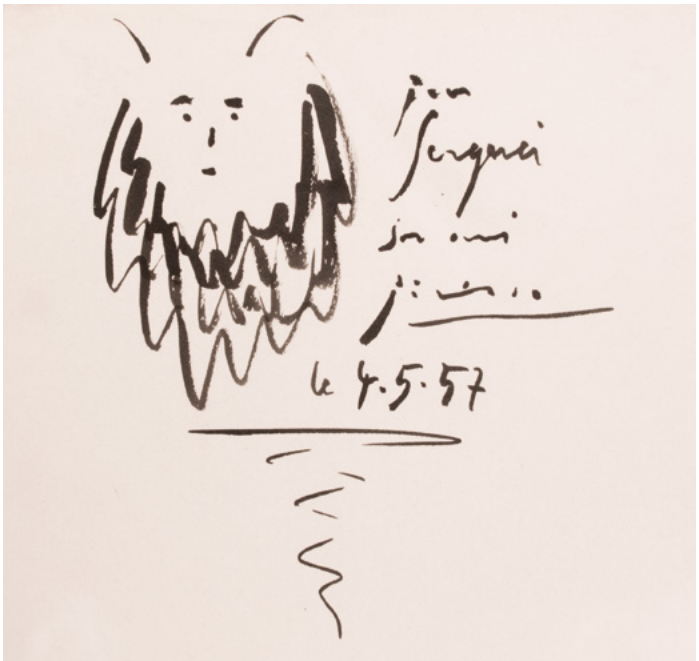
A superb copy of the famous 1682 edition presented in a very elegant binding by Marcelin Lortic.

> SEE MORE

44. PICASSO Pablo

Linogravures [Linocuts] With an original signed drawing

Éditions Cercle d'art, Paris 1962, book: 390 x 325 mm (15 3/8 x 12 13/16 "), drawing: 245 x 230 mm (9 5/8 x 9 1/16 "), publisher's cloth, custom slipcase



First edition.

Publisher's Bradel beige cloth, with dj (a little light spotting and rubbing).

With 45 linocuts by the artist.

An original drawing by Pablo Picasso in black ink of a faun's head, with an autograph inscription signed and dated by the artist to "Sergueï, son ami Picasso le 4.5.57" [Sergey, his friend Picasso], on a leaf laid down on the endpaper. It's very likely that the drawing was for the choreographer Serge Lifar (Sergey Mihailovitch Lifar, 1904-1986) for whom Picasso designed costumes and sets.

Discreet repairs to corners of leaf with drawing.

Added: the volume *Céramiques* from Pablo Picasso published by Albert Skira in 1948, **including an autograph colorful letter from Pablo Picasso, signed and dated, to the same Sergueï** which should have been topped by a drawing, cut out from the copy probably in order to be framed. Print left on the *serpente*.

An exceptional copy with an original drawing signed by Pablo Picasso.

> SEE MORE

45. PROUST Marcel

À la recherche du temps perdu [In Search of Lost Time]

Grasset & Nrf, Paris 1913-1927, first volume 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 ") & second volume 130 x 195 mm (5 1/8 x 7 11/16 ") & other volumes 145 x 195 mm (5 11/16 x 7 11/16 "), 13 volumes, original wrappers, custom boxes

First edition. First volume with all the characteristics of the first issue (Grasset error, the first plate dated 1913, no table of contents, publisher's catalogue at end), one of the advance (*service de presse*) copies (the head of the second plate marked with the publisher's initials). The first edition on ordinary paper with a false edition statement stating the fifth for the second volume. Numbered first editions on *pur fil* paper, the re-impositions on large paper only for the other volumes.

This complete set of *In Search of Lost Time* **bears three important, attractive inscriptions from Marcel Proust to Lucien Descaves:**

"à monsieur Lucien Descaves. / Hommage de l'auteur. / Marcel Proust" in *Du côté de chez Swann*.

"à monsieur Lucien Descaves. / Respectueux hommage de l'auteur. / Marcel Proust" in *Le Côté de Guermantes II – Sodome et Gomorrhe I*.

"à monsieur Lucien Descaves. / Admiratif hommage. / Marcel Proust" in *Sodome et Gomorrhe II-1*.

Each of the thirteen volumes is present in a full black morocco box, spines in the Jansenist style with date at foot, the interior lined with khaki green sheep by Goy & Vilaine. The copy of *Swann* is, furthermore, preserved within a chemise and slipcase of decorative paper and edged with ochre cloth, as is typically the case with books from the library of Lucien Descaves.

Inscribed copies of *Swann's Way* are themselves of the utmost rarity, but this one is moreover testimony to the 'young' author's first attempts to approach the prestigious Académie Goncourt, of which Lucien Descaves was one of the founding members.

The stormy deliberations of 1919 are often brought up with regard to Proust and the Goncourt, but what people usually omit to mention is that, urged on by Grasset (cf. letters to M. Barrès and R. de Flers, v. XII, letters 127 and 155) Proust manifested an ardent desire, right from 1913 on, to be submitted to the verdict of the Ten, and made a number of moves in this direction:

"My publisher [had me send] my book…to the Goncourt judges. Officially, it's not too late, they're still accepting books, but I think the winner is already more or less decided. There remains the hope that if I could find – not having one as yet – someone to act as advocate for the book, who could make sure it was discussed, it would carve a way for my work so that they'd read it, which is all I could hope for…I am very much afraid that no one will read me, because it's so long and tightly packed. But perhaps… you have some friends in the Académie Goncourt. There are two judges with whom it's not worth bothering. The elder Rosny, because Madame Tinayre (whom I don't know but who, it appears, has a predilection for my writing) has already recommended the book to him (without having read the rest); and Léon Daudet who will most likely not take my part, but with whom I am too closely tied to be able to put myself forward without making a fool of myself. Finally, Louis de Robert, (all this off the top of my head, for

this letter that I'm writing is my first step in all this) has written to Paul Margueritte. But I don't think that'll have much effect. Perhaps you know someone else? There are, I believe, Geffroy, Rosny junior, Elémir Bourges, Descaves (but I doubt he'd come back for this), Mirbeau…In any case, perhaps all this will be in vain. I just wanted to mention it, in case," (letter of the 8 November – the date the printers finished the book – to Madame de Pierrebourg, XII, 140). Madame de Pierrebourg did not know anyone and Louis de Robert's efforts came up against an obstacle, namely Proust's independent means: "As for the prize, there's something quite comic in that at a time when I'm…more or less ruined…my fortune should be an obstacle!" (letter to Louis de Robert, XII, 164). For his part, Léon Daudet – to whom he had, in fact, turned for support – held his age against him: "As for the Goncourt…I shall certainly mention your book to my friends. But…but the majority don't want to vote for an author *over the age of 35* [underlined]…I, happily, do not share this disposition," (XII, 144).

Resigned, Proust nonetheless hopes to be mentioned by the Academicians: "It seems impossible that I should have the prize… In any case, if my book is discussed by the Goncourt jury, it will in some measure make up for the distance I've been at for some years from literary life, which means that at my age I am less well-known than a number of people just starting out. Perhaps in seeing my book deliberated over by the jury, some people will decide to read it, and who knows if there won't be among them some friend to my thinking who without this would never have discovered it," (XII, 170). But none of the members referred to *Swann* during their deliberations and only the elder Rosny, according to Proust "gave [me] a voice" (XVIII, 221).

When *In the Shadow of Young Girls in Flower* did win the prize in 1919 (despite the same obstacles of Proust's age and fortune) Lucien Descaves disagreed with the decision, preferring instead Roland Dorgelès' *Les Croix de bois*. Proust mentions his animosity in a letter to the Abbé Mugnier:

"I'm sorry that you found out [about the Goncourt prize] from Monsieur Descaves, because he must have accompanied this piece of good news with some rather unflattering comments. In effect, he had campaigned against me and presented the results in the following terms: Monsieur Proust has the prize; Monsieur Dorgelès has the originality of talent and youth. You can't have it all." Proust goes on to add: "Don't think I harbor the least resentment towards Monsieur Descaves. Those who don't like my books are of exactly the same opinion as me," (XVIII, 333).

The copies of *The Guermantes Way* **and** *Sodom and Gomorrah* **that Proust gave to this harsh critic of his are proof of the honesty of this statement and the respect he had for the author despite their differences.** For his part, 'the Bear', as Lucien Descaves called himself, took great care of his copy of *Swann* in protecting it with a slipcase and chemise, no doubt aware of the importance of this founding work of modern literature. Nonetheless, one can note that he stopped reading *Sodom* at page 153, after which the quires are no longer opened.

In his study on Proust and the Goncourt prize, Luc Fraysse highlights that "the awarding of the Goncourt prize to Proust in 1919 for *In the Shadow of Young Girls in Flower* is a major literary event in 20th century history…It was an unparalleled summit in the life of the Académie Goncourt…[and] a decisive and definitive turning point in the literary evolution [of Proust]…[who] went – with no intermediate stage – from relative obscurity to worldwide fame. It was the Goncourt prize that led a larger readership to discover the depth and importance of Proust's work."

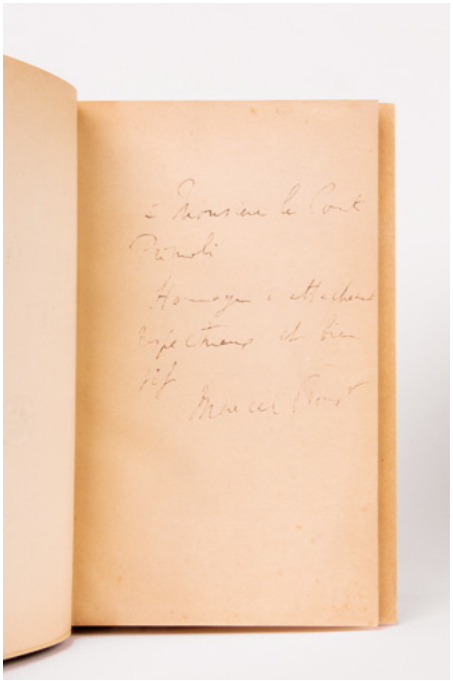
An exceptional set of *In Search of Lost Time* **as it appeared, bearing three attractive signed autograph inscriptions from Marcel Proust to Lucien Descaves.**

> SEE MORE

46. PROUST Marcel

Du côté de chez Swann [Swann's Way]

Grasset, Paris 1913, 115 x 185 mm (4 1/2 x 7 1/4 "), 20th-century half morocco



First edition, second issue, on ordinary paper, with the printer's date of 8 November 1913, the typographic error to Grasset on the title page corrected and no index.

Half grey morocco by Thomas Boichot with anthracite patches at corners, spine in six compartments, date at foot, covers and spine mounted on guards, top edge gilt, slipcase trimmed with grey morocco.

A fine autograph inscription from Marcel Proust to Count Primoli: "Hommage d'attachement respectueux et bien vif [As token of my lively and respectful feelings]."

Joseph Napoléon, Count Primoli (1851-1927), was the great nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte. Closely tied to the imperial family during the Second Empire, he was later a faithful visitor to his beloved aunt, Princess Mathilde's salon, held at her mansion in the rue de Berri. His refined and spiritual conversation were much admired there and – a passionate bibliophile – he also met some of the great writers of the age: Gustave Flaubert, Théophile Gautier, the Goncourt brothers and even Guy de Maupassant. It was also there that he got to know, from the 1890s on, the young Marcel Proust. The two men found a strong mutual sympathy and the Count, who was dedicated to strengthening literary and cultural ties between Rome (his city of birth) and Paris, invited the writer several times to visit the Italian capital. Proust never went, but in his eyes, Primoli's letters alone carried "a little of the charm of

Rome" (letter from Proust to Primoli, early 1907, cited in: Pasquali C., *Proust, Primoli, la moda*, p. 26). On the occasion of the death of Princess Mathilde, who had made their meeting possible, in 1904, Proust wrote to the Count: "allow me to say only that I shed bitter tears with you, because I loved the Princess with an infinite respect – and because it gives me so much pain to think of you so unhappy, you who are so good and for whom one would wish with all one's heart happiness; with your sad and wounded heart, one wishes that every evil blow would spare you." (letter from Proust to Count Primoli, 4 January 1904, *ibid.*, p. 21).

When *Swann's Way* was published in November 1913, Count Primoli was one of the very first people to whom Proust presented a copy, as a letter of Proust's from early January 1914 attests, mentioning the present copy: "Dear Sir, When my book came out you were one of the very first people I thought of. From the first day we were sending out books, I kept questioning my valet: 'has Count Primoli's copy gone out?' He told it had and it was true. Just today, when I received your card (so amusing and pretty) in which you talk of the Mona Lisa's escort 'in the guise of a musician,' I said to my valet: 'Look, a card from Count Primoli.' He looked at it. 'What? The Count is in Rome? But I sent the book to Paris!' I had a moment of fury and disappointment. Perhaps your concierge has sent your copy on to Rome. But just to make sure, I'm sending a second copy to Rome. Only, I have none left of the first edition. You'll find one in Paris when you come back, it's been there for some time. I can only send you a copy of the second impression, which, by the by, has fewer grave mistakes than the first. But I am too sick and too unhappy at the moment to correct them all myself..." (*ibid.*, p. 51). This copy, then, is the copy of the second issue that Proust send to Primoli in Rome and mentions in his letter.

A fine witness to the friendly links between Marcel Proust and Count Primoli.

> SEE MORE

47. [INCUNABLE] QUINTUS-CURTIUS Rufus

De rebus gestis Alexandri magni regis Macedonum

Giovanni Tacuino, Venice 1494, in-folio 220 x 330 mm (8 11/16 x 13 "), (68 ff.) [sig a8 d-l6], 15th-century binding

The very rare FIRST EDITION of Quintus Curtius Rufus' *History of Alexander the Great*, edited by Bartolomeo Merula who corrected (without altering the main body of the text) the errors in the editio princeps by Vindelin de Spire (1470 or 1471). A second edition appeared in 1496 with the same pagination. The *History of Alexander the Great* makes up books III to IX of the complete works of Curtius Rufus.

An attractive edition by Giovanni Tacuino with 46 lines to the page in Roman character and his printer's device to colophon: "Hos novem. Q. Curtii libros de rebus gestis Alexandri magni regis Macedonum q accuratissime castigatos eruditissimo [uro?] Bartholomaeo Merula. Impressit Venetiis Ioannes de Tridino alias Tacuinus. Anno. M.cccc xciiii. Die. xvii. Iulii."

Graesse II, 310. GW, 7876. Brunet, 448.

Three copies identified in European libraries, in Göttingen, the British Library and Cambridge.

Half chamois-type vellum over wooden boards, spine in four compartments, remains of clasps, two manuscript annotations to covers. Initial spaces left blank.

Wormholes to boards, slightly larger wormtracks to corners. Worming without loss to text. Brown dampstain (with a tiny hole to k4) from i4 to end, another, growing fainter, to leaves k5 and k6 and one smaller to margin of a4. Small lack to lower margin of b2.

Several manuscript ex-donos and titles from the 15th and 16th centuries to first endpaper. Numerous notes, some contemporary marginal running titles and underlining in red and brown ink. A few contemporary manuscript notes on the final two endpapers.

Giovanni Tacuino (1482-1541) was an important Venetian publisher and contemporary of Aldus Manutius. He was, after Comin da Trino and Gabriele Giolito, the third publisher from Trino to settle in Venice, a rich intellectual and commercial centre. His works are signed "Ioannes Tacuinus de Tridino", "Ioannis de Cereto alias Tacuinum de Tridin", "Zuanne de Trino dit Tacuino" or "Zuan Tacuino". The initials 'ZT' also appear in his printer's device at the end of our copy. His workshop produced first editions of great Roman writers as well as works by contemporary authors: Vitruvius, Erasmus, Aulus Gellius, Juvenal...

Bartolomeo Merula was a humanist and a collaborator of Giovanni Tacuino for whom he edited, and produced commentaries on, numerous Classical works. His most famous commentaries are those on Ovid.

An attractive copy in rare contemporary binding of this emblematic work of humanist printing in Renaissance Venice.

> SEE MORE

48. RILKE Rainer Maria

Original photograph of Rainer Maria Rilke, inscribed to André Gide

Château de Muzot-sur-Sierre 11 July 1926, 123 x 170 mm (4 13/16 x 6 11/16 x 7 1/4 ")

Precious original photograph of the Austrian poet Rainer Maria Rilke, inscribed and signed to André Gide.

Vintage black and white silver print, on cardboard, showing Rilke on his Muzot mansion lands.

Exceptional inscription by Rainer Maria Rilke a few months before he died: "to my dear Gide with my best regards and most sincere gratitude, Muzot, July 11th, 1926".

Rilke, a poet and nomad, settled in 1921 after years of wandering in the Muzot castle, acquired by his patron, the industrialist Werner Reinhart. The Valais plain on the photograph and the peasants' tough life gave a fresh impetus to his creative impulse: he completed several works such as *Les Elégies de Duino, Sonnets à Orphée*, and brilliantly translated Paul Valéry's works. His retreat in Switzerland was the opportunity to offer French readers the *Quatrains valaisans*, his only work in French, published one month earlier in June 1926 by the Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. His Parisian friends, led by André Gide (who wrote to him four days before he received this photograph "This is the finest tribute you could pay to a country which loves you") but also Romain Rolland, Edmond Jaloux, Maurice Betz and literary French reviewers gave him a warm welcome. As this autograph was being written, Rilke's health deteriorated and he frequently had to go to health cures at the Valmont clinic in Glion, where he died in December the same year.

The profound friendship developed between both writers "perfect example of Rilke's relationship with France", dates back to the 1910-1911 years, when Gide met Rilke in Paris and translated fragments of his only novel, *Les Cahiers de Malte Laurids Brigge*. They kept on writing to each other for more than 15 years, they discussed about their plans, their trips, but above all about the complex issue of translations and the qualities of each language, which worried them tremendously – Rilke translated with great care Gide's *Le Retour de l'enfant prodigue*, and did a lot to spread Gide's work in Germany. Rilke's touching words "my best regards and most sincere gratitude" reflect the admiration and affection he felt for Gide – the friend but also the writer whose limpid writing and rigorism would endlessly attract him. Rilke saw Gide again one last time in 1925, one year before the photograph shipment, during a traumatic seven-month visit in Paris, as Gide was about to leave for Congo.

The photograph itself attests for the melancholic hours Rilke has spent in Muzot, as he felt the end approaching. Rilke's slumped silhouette, fading in the Sierre valley mist seems a subliminal and poetic farewell to his dear friend Gide. Rilke signs with a large and sharp writing on a big part of the photograph the last words he sent to Gide before leukemia struck him. Let us remember a verse from *Vergers*, published one month before the photograph shipment: "because as you know, I am leaving..."

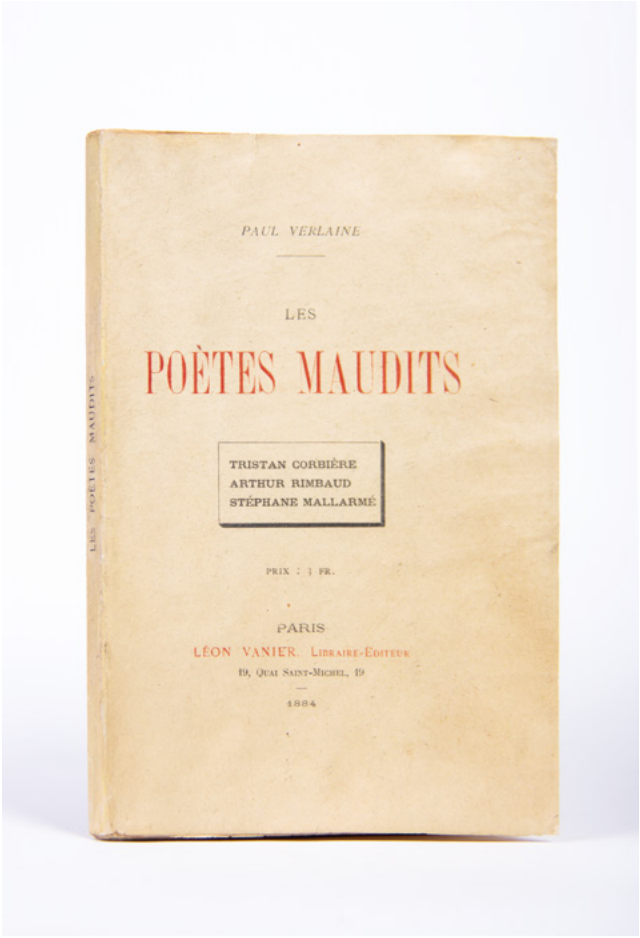
To our knowledge, this photograph, dedicated to Rilke is the ultimate tribute to their correspondence, sent one day after the last published letter he sent to Gide (*Correspondance*, Paris, Corrêa, 1952).

> SEE MORE

49. RIMBAUD Arthur & VERLAINE Paul & CORBIÈRE Tristan & MALLARMÉ Stéphane

Les Poètes maudits [The Cursed Poets]

Léon Vanier, Paris 1884, 120 x 185 mm
(4 3/4 x 7 1/4 "), original wrappers



First edition, one of 253 copies – there were no *grand papier* (deluxe) copies.

The work retains the three portraits *hors-texte* of Tristan Corbière, Arthur Rimbaud and Stéphane Mallarmé on Chine paper.

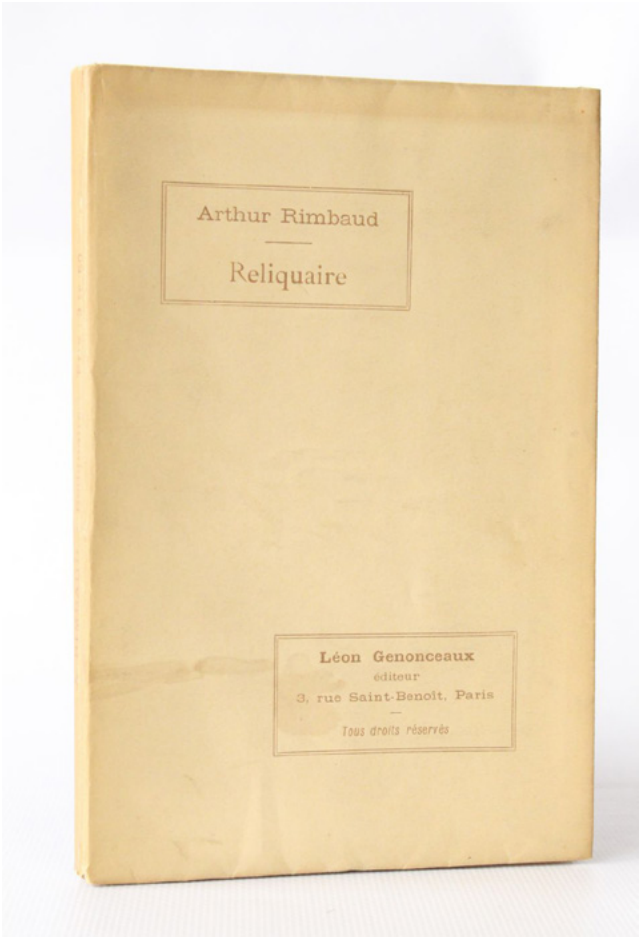
Several of Rimbaud's most famous poems appeared here for the first time, including "Voyelles".

L. Ponet, ex-libris pasted inside upper cover.

Spine very discreetly repaired.

Copies of Poètes maudits in this condition – unsophisticated – are extremely rare.

> SEE MORE



50. RIMBAUD Arthur

Reliquaire

Léon Genonceaux, Paris 1891, 115 x 180 mm
(4 1/2 x 7 1/16 "), original wrappers

The first edition for large parts of the text, printed in 550 copies with the correct date of 1891 on the title.

First appearance of 31 of the 41 poems in this collection.

This copy with the original preface by Rodolphe Darzens, removed from most copies of this printing.

Spine lightly sunned (but not serious), one small light stain to margin of first plate.

A good and rare copy, as issued.

> SEE MORE

The Marquis de Sade and the Theater

Sade "held his theatre dearer than anything he'd produced previously," his biographer Maurice Lever tells us. Of all his work, it is thus to these twenty-something plays that the author of *Justine* was most attached. When his family destroyed all the compromising documents left by the unconscionable Marquis upon his death, they fortunately retained these notebooks, carefully copied out during his last years at Charenton, which bear testimony to what seemed to be the only decent passion of the black sheep of the family.

All the documents that escaped the bonfire lay forgotten in a sealed box for almost a century and a half in a disused room of the Château de Condé, and only came to light in the second half of the 20th century, collected and edited thanks to the Surrealist Gilbert Lely and the publisher Pauvert.

Nonetheless, though all Sade's novels have since been published in numerous different editions, his plays, after a first edition in 1970, with their apparent lack of connection to his major works, suffered from the neglect of the Marquis' new readers; the strange fate of a man whose life and work were marked by an arbitrary and endless schism between good and evil, madness and sanity, freedom and imprisonment, publication and censorship, fantasy and reality, the known and unknown, the philosopher and the hedonist, the novelist and the dramaturge.

With his complex personality and disconcerting work, Sade once faced incomprehension and rejection for the darkness of his writing. Isn't that still the case today, in the rather perverse attitude that relegates anything by him that isn't "Sadean" to the dust-heap of literature?

However, if we look at him in a more holistic way, we should certainly bring his theatrical work to the foreground, as he himself did. In it, we can see the profound intellectual and literary unity of a man whose "vice" – so often decried – was nothing but the most easily visible part of a hedonism that is both profound and intellectually very accomplished.

"Sade loved the theatre to distraction, in all its forms. As actor, head of a company, set designer, director and even prompter when the need arose, the theatre would accompany him throughout his life" (Maurice Lever).

Born, no doubt, in the Collège Louis-le-Grand – which was famous for its theatrical productions put on by the Jesuits – this passion took a particular form in each stage of the Marquis' life. At first, this was regimental cabarets (when he wrote his first play) for the actresses he had picked up – more or less discreetly – as a young bridegroom, going so far as having one of them play his wife at the Château Lacoste. From 1763, he began to act and direct, later taking on the running of the theatre company at the Château d'Évry. In between episodes of libertinage, he would have his wife and mother-in-law act in plays by Voltaire, before writing his own plays and having a sizeable theatre (with 120 seats) built in his castle, the Château Lacoste. It was around this time that the Marquis first started getting in trouble with the law.

As with his inflammatory novels, Sade wrote most of his plays in prison; what's more, he wrote both at the same time, as Sylvie Dangeville tells us in her impressive essay on Sade's plays. Dangeville also notes that "these juxtapositions are testimony of his capacity to produce works rooted in complex but distinct networks of meaning."

When Sade writes to the Abbé Amblet in April 1784: "As for the rest, my dear friend, I find it impossible to resist my talent – it pulls me to this profession despite myself and, try as they might, they'll never turn me from it," it is – beneath the ambiguous terminology – his dramatic flair to which he refers and which he contrasts to his other, "dark", talent. "This will take up a good deal of my time and energy [having his plays produced in Paris] and will keep me from the rest. I could even go so far as to say that this is the only thing that can – the reason being physical: a strong force needs an even stronger one to counterbalance it."

The final years of his life, spent at Charenton, were also the years in which his theatrical work came into its own.

Thanks to the intelligent complicity of the Director of the Asylum, Sade was able to maintain an intense theatrical activity, whose notoriety spread far beyond the walls of the asylum. He had a new auditorium built in the asylum, for which he wrote numerous pieces to be played by the inmates, as well as organizing public productions, to which the cream of Parisian society flocked, drawn principally by the delicate balance of acting and insanity on the part of the players.

It was also at this time that he had his fellow inmates copy out his entire theatrical work, from the very beginnings to his latest output. This set of notebooks, written out by improvised scribes and corrected by hand by Sade constitute, for the most part, the only manuscript trace of the Marquis' theatrical œuvre.

This endeavor by Sade was more than just a re-copying by the mature artist of the works of his youth – it was a rewriting and a restructuring of his dramatic works. This is another sign of the importance he accorded to this form of artistic expression and the individual plays, whose final versions he would approve with a note and by methodically assigning them a number within the corpus of the twenty plays thus brought together, with a view to the publication of his complete dramatic works.

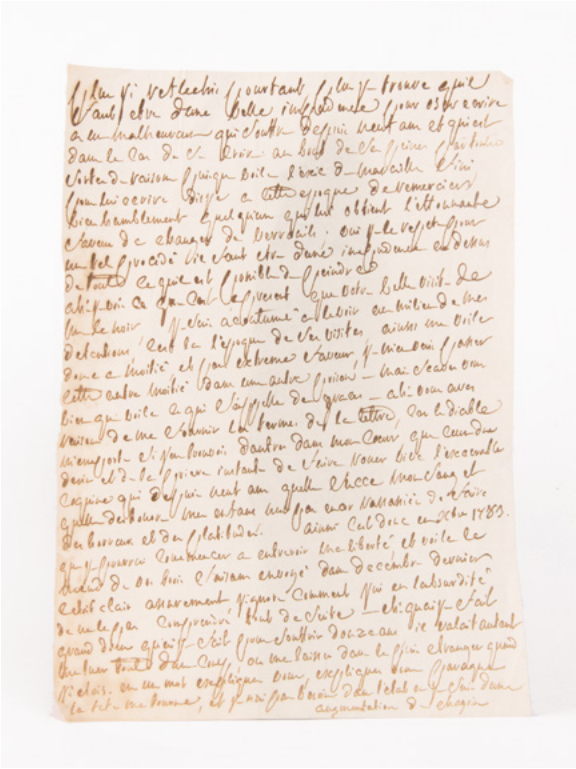
Brilliantly analyzed by Sylvie Dangeville, the relationship between Sade's theatre and his public and secret lives, his erotic and philosophical writings, his literary influences and "the irreducible originality of his thinking" remains to this day an inexhaustible mine of information "on the textual circulation of the whole of Sade's work." But beyond intertextuality, the very physical conception of the theatre that Sade brings to his plays bears witness to a phantasmagorical relationship with the body, which proves far broader than the Sadean "stagesets" of his novels.

It is hardly surprising that this facet of Sade's work, hardly touched by scholars, should today be the subject of intense artistic reflection. In 2008, with her piece *Sade, le théâtre des fous*, the choreographer Marie-Claude Pietragalla took over Sade's theatre at Charenton to explore his thinking as it is "intimately, viscerally and erotically tied to the body: I am therefore I think, and not vice versa."

51. SADE Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de

Autograph letter to his wife. Hommages à la Présidente: *"Faire noyer vive l'exécrable coquine qui depuis neuf ans [...] suce mon sang..."*

N. p. [Vincennes Castle] n. d. (circa 1781), 157 x 201 mm (6 3/16 x 7 15/16 "), single leaf



"The more I think about it, however, the more I think you have to have quite a nerve to dare write to a poor suffering unfortunate..."

Autograph letter unsigned from the Marquis de Sade to his wife. One page, closely written in ink on 31 lines.

This letter was written during Sade's imprisonment at Vincennes, probably in April 1781, if one is to believe the occasional indicators of date referenced by the writer. Sade mentions the end of his **"exile from Marseilles"**, referring to the decision of the court in Aix-en-Provence to overturn his conviction for debauchery and libertinage on the 14 July 1778, but which nonetheless banned him from living in or visiting Marseilles for three years. Sade also mentions one of the defining episodes of his life, his flight to Italy between January and November 1776: **"they may as well have killed me straight off as left me in that foreign country where I was."** Sade also mentions the **"amazing favor"** that befell him of **"moving house"**, which is to say his potential transfer to the fort at Montélimar. In April 1781, Madame de Sade, through the good offices of her friend Madame de Sorans, got authorization from the King for her husband to be transferred to the prison there. Sade explains in the letter: **"I think you have to have quite a nerve to dare write to a poor suffering unfortunate who has been beset these nine years...telling him to thank, ever so humbly, the woman who obtained for him the amazing favor of moving house."** Sade is here no doubt referring to the famous Madame de Sorans, a lady of Louis XVI's sister's bedchamber and a friend of his wife's who, out of a spirit of adventure, accepted the task of petitioning the King in his favor.

It was to Commissioner Le Noir, referenced in this letter, that Renée-Pélagie left the task of breaking the news to the prisoner: **"Ah, I see now what this nice little visit by M. Lenoir means, I'm used to seeing him in the middle of my incarcerations."** Despite the fact that, as Pauvert points out in *Sade vivant,* this change of "house" occupied the Marquis' thoughts to a large extent, he was never actually moved, preferring to stay in the gaols of the keep at Vincennes. At this point, Sade had been imprisoned for several years and this letter, full of movement, reveals his thirst for freedom.

This letter was written when Madame de Sade withdrew to the convent at Sainte-Aure. If she saw this act as a liberation from the yoke of her marriage, the Marquis for his part was obsessed by the idea of his own liberation and mentions a potential date: October 1783. His long incarceration, which began in 1777, would last till April 1790, when *lettres de cachet* were abolished. Madame de Sade's visits were not reauthorized by the prison authorities until 13 July 1781, after four years and five months of separation.

Several important themes in Sade's correspondence already appear in this letter from his first years in prison. First of all, his hatred for his mother-in-law, the *Présidente de Montreuil*, an "execrable wretch who drinks [my] blood...disgraces [her] children, who has not yet done scattering her horrific deeds and platitudes" and whom he would like to **"drown alive"**. The Marquis also complains of his poor physical health: **"my head spins and in my condition I hardly need any more misery"**, using very Sadean epithets to express his despair. **"A poor suffering unfortunate who has been beset these nine years"; "what have I done, what have I done dear Lord, to suffer for twelve years?".**

Provenance: family archives.

> SEE MORE

52. SADE Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de

Unpublished autograph letter to his wife. *L'œil du Marquis: "... et suis-je donc ici pour des années? Adieu je suis au désespoir."*

N. p. [Vincennes Castle] n.d. [February 1783?], 117 x 191 mm (4 5/8 x 7 1/2 "), one page on a folded leaf

"What monster, oh dear God, what monster breathes these lazy expressions that you use and am I then here for years to come? Farewell, I am at the edge of despair."

Unpublished autograph letter by Donatien Alphonse François de Sade written in a fine and close hand on one page addressed to his wife.

Madame de Sade's Paris address to fourth page.

Two small burns with loss of a few letters to top of first leaf.

Undated, this letter was written at the beginning of February 1783 during the Marquis' incarceration in the prison at Vincennes.

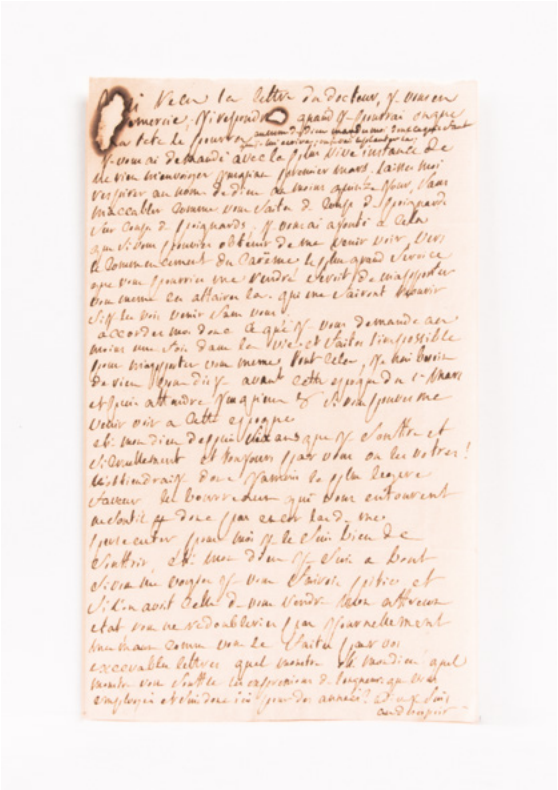
The letter, full of both physical and emotional pain, was written from the locked cell in the dungeon to which 'Monsieur le 6' was confined, denied visits for over two months and suffering from partial blindness and terrible headaches. Apparently rambling, the letter is a mixture of thanks, complaints, supplications and reproaches, and is as much a love letter as a letter of hate, revealing the terrible vulnerability of the prisoner during this transitional period of his incarceration. It was in fact precisely during this period that the unique literary universe of the Marquis de Sade took shape in his sick head.

"I received the doctor's letter and I thank you for it, I shall reply if ever my head allows me." It was at the beginning of 1783 that the Marquis suffered from significant swelling to his eyes; he lost the use of his eyes almost completely from January to July 1783. Sade wrote a detailed report of his illnesses in an important record entitled *Diary of my Eye*. As for his headaches, he writes in his *Diary* for February: "9th, suffering terribly, I had a good night but strong headaches. The 10th it was so bad with my head that I couldn't get up till three". It is, by the by, this sole allusion that allows us to date the letter. The **"doctor"** mentioned here is none other than Henri Grandjean, the King's surgeon and eye doctor, and that of the royal family, sent to examine the prisoner following his insistent demands: "Please send me an eye doctor, the best in Paris" (letter to Renée-Pélagie, 4 February 1783). The Marquis was very concerned at the time at the prospect of losing his sight, as we can see by his frequent use of the verb "to see" every few lines: **"come see me"**, **"if I see them"** and **"if you could see me"**.

It was nonetheless while suffering from the onset of this blindness and various pains that deprived him of all other distractions and confined him to inactivity that Sade began to conceive his future erotic Odysseys, as he would note in a letter a few months later, in April 1783: "My eye is unchanged, and even the prospect of a cure seems to be very far off…Thus I am less occupied, I read less and work less, and my mind wanders to other things with a force so prodigiously more lively that, really, however grave the inconveniences I am faced with, I am almost tempted not to mind. I've always heard it said that when one of the senses is diminished, it triples the power of the imagination, and I am the living proof. It has made me come up with a singular rule of sensual pleasure. I am deeply convinced that one can whip up the pleasure of love to the utmost possible extent in shutting down one or two of the senses, or even more, each time one wants to climax.".

But at the time, the Marquis, still far from this fruitful introspection, is overwhelmed by the ever-present suffering that seems to keep him in a state of profound confusion. Weakened by this violent affliction, Sade is **"at the edge"** of imminent **"despair"** and, stepping out of the virile pose that he usually adopts, becomes a powerless victim, subject to the cruelty of the Montreuil clan.: **"Will I never gain the slightest favor from the executioners who surround you, are they not tired of persecuting me? As for me, I am tired of suffering. Oh, God, I'm exhausted."** This supplication seems to prefigure the long complaints of the future Justine who, the victim of an unfortunate fate and the most appalling punishments, allows herself to fall into lamentation. Like his heroine, Sade here displays an unfeigned vulnerability, marked by the extraordinary vocative litany of **"Oh, God".**

Wounded as much emotionally as physically, he turned to Renée-Pélagie who, despite the ban on visiting her husband (in place since 28 November 1782), and her entering the convent of Sainte-Aure, continued to be faithful to him and to correspond with him.



Nonetheless, these dutiful exchanges seem to make the Marquis peculiarly angry: **"Let me breathe for two weeks at least, in the name of God, without harassing me like you do with dagger blow upon dagger blow."** In the rare extant letters from Renée-Pélagie from this period, there is, however no trace of animosity or of **"execrable letters"** or **"daggers"**, which more probably reflect an expression of Sade's paranoia.

We can also see on display here an obviously bipolar personality, which reveals a Sade divided between the physical suffering brought on by his illness and an emotional suffering caused by the prohibition on visits. **"I wanted to add that if you could arrange to come and see me before the beginning of Lent, the greatest service you could do me would be to bring yourself the things that would make me die if I saw them arrive without you"**. To avoid going mad, he put together a relatively detailed calendar, as the numerous references to time in his letter attest. He wants peace **"until the first of March"**, which is to say **"at least two weeks"**, which would put a potential visit from his wife off until **"about the start of Lent"** or in other words **"around the first of March"**, but which could potentially be pushed **"until the 8th"**.

But the reassuring calendar of these conjugal visits suddenly dissolves in a frightening sense of time where the precise awareness of the time that's gone by **"in the six years that I've suffered"** echoes, as well as the uncertainty of his future in prison. **"Am I then here for years to come?"**

From then on, the Marquis de Sade, an aristocrat nonetheless hapless when it came to his liberation, and who devoted all his energies to this one goal, became a permanent resident of the dungeon at Vincennes. And from this new attitude was to come, not much later, the possibility of finding a far greater liberty than the one he longed for most of his life: writing.

One of the rare intimate letters of the Marquis de Sade that remains unpublished.

Provenance: family archives.

> SEE MORE

53. SADE Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de

Les Antiquaires. [The Antiquarians] Unique complete autograph manuscript

[Charenton asylum] August 1808, in-8: 175 x 215 mm (6 7/8 x 8 7/16 "), (40 f.) (3f bl.), original wrappers

The complete original manuscript of one of Sade's first works, ruled in pencil throughout, comprising 40 leaves written recto and verso. This manuscript, like the other extant items from the Marquis, was dictated to a scribe and corrected by Sade himself.

Contemporary green paper wrappers with a small lack to middle of spine. Ink title, partly erased, to upper cover: *9/ Net et corrigé en août 1808 – bon brouillon. Les Antiquaires. Comédie en prose en 1 acte [Copied and corrected August 1808 – a good draft. The Antiquaries. A prose comedy in 1 Act]*. This title is repeated on the verso of the upper cover.

Numerous manuscript corrections, annotations and deletions in Sade's hand, principally adding blocking, and rich in both stage and acting directions.

Written in 1776 and re-copied at Charenton in 1808, and most likely augmented at the time with various topical references – notably including an allusion to Napoleon, "of whom he was hoping, in vain, to receive permission to leave the asylum at Charenton as a free man" (p.94) – *Les Antiquaires* **is one of the first theatrical pieces written by the Marquis and therefore one of his first literary works overall,** written eight years before the *Dialogue entre un prêtre et un moribond [Dialogue Between a Priest and a Dying Man]*.

Though the precise dating of these pieces is made difficult due to the lack of the original manuscripts, several clues have allowed bibliographers to date the initial composition of this piece to 1776, possibly with a corrected version during the Revolution and a few final changes at the time of this last edit, which is today the only extant manuscript of this play.

These clues include the status of the Jewish and English characters, the style of the dialogues, and Sade's correspondence with theatres; the strongest clue being biographical in nature.

Les Antiquaires **can essentially be considered the true "theatrical version" of Sade's** *Voyage en Italie* **with which it shows a sustained intertextuality.**

The play is about an antiquary – in the 18th century sense of the term, which is to say a learned devotee of Classical culture – who wants to marry off his daughter to a friend with the same passion, who nonetheless finds a way of convincing him to let her marry her young lover.

Whether it be in the learned dialogues of the antiquaries or in their eccentric parody by the young lover imitating them, Sade draws upon his own experience and observations from his travels, which he expands or twists, according to the viewpoint of his various characters. Hence, the description of Mount Etna by the lover – Delcour – is a parody of Sade's detailed description of the Pietra Malla volcano, and the made-up "subterranean tunnel linking Etna to America" is directly inspired by the tunnel of the Crypta Neapolitana, described by Sade in his *Voyage*. The Marquis would reach back to this same experience of volcanoes in one of the most famous scenes in his *Histoire de Juliette*.

Barely returned from his latest grand tour and almost at the same time as writing his passionate and detailed account of the experience, Sade was thus also writing a satirical version of his own work (until his problems with the military authorities). The work is at the same time a social critique of pointless erudition and a self-mockery of his own passion for history and of his "zeal to see everything, his insatiable curiosity" (cf. Maurice Lever, preface to *Voyage en Italie*).

This virulent satire is paradoxically twinned with a very erudite display of the author's knowledge of the latest architectural discoveries and the major contemporary questions in the field.

This was, in fact, the element criticized by the two heads of theatres to whom Sade sent the play for consideration, most likely during 1791 or 1792: "The work is well-written. It shows the author's spirit and depth of knowledge, but it's too serious, too scientific" (Théâtre du Palais-Royal); "Less display of knowledge, more ridicule…would be needed to stage *Les Antiquaires*. The author, who shows himself very learned, is bound to come round to this idea himself" (Théâtre de Bondi).

Though it seems that the version critiqued above was only an initial iteration and that Sade took into account these comments and corrected the faults in the surviving work, it would appear that the critiques arose from a failure to understand what makes this piece special.

For, despite a very traditional structure of an inter-generational conflict pitting an obtuse, obsessive, and naïve father against a quixotic and free-spirited youth, the play does not come down one way or the other in judgment and the older characters are not, in the end, fooled by the tricks and stratagems of the young couple, who themselves end up conceding their elders a certain amount of authority and respect for their knowledge.

As the play is heavily inspired by Molière, it is as a worthy heir of Diderot's that Sade presents this new battle between the Ancients and the Moderns, which is to say the antiquary versus the philosopher, as described by Jean Seznec in his *Essais sur Diderot et l'Antiquité [Essays on Diderot and Antiquity]*.

D'Alembert, in his preliminary discourse in the Encyclopedia, takes a definite position on this issue: "That is why, being of unequal merit, a Scholar is far less useful than a Philosopher." Diderot, more restrained, lists in the article on "erudition" the boons and limits of the two intellectual positions. It's clearly this heritage with which the young Sade claims communion, and his play shows "the paradoxes of this debate with an irresistible satirical virtuosity" (S. Dangeville). The author defines his position in the battle between the antiquaries and the philosophers through the figure of Delcourt: "Eh mais vraiment il me serait difficile de passer pour un [savant]. J'ai pu acquérir toutes les connaissances d'un homme de mon état, sans néanmoins avoir étudié les sciences que Monsieur votre Père et ses amis cultivent depuis si longtemps." ["Ah, but really, it would be difficult to call myself a scholar. I've

managed to pick up all the knowledge fit for a man of my station without ever having studied the sciences that your noble father and his friends have been cultivating so long."]

The response of the maid, Cornaline, demonstrates on her part a conscious freedom when faced with the erudition that seems both to herald and outline the atypical philosophy and perversion of the values of the future author of the *120 Days of Sodom*: "Fussiez-vous vous-même aussi profond qu'eux, je ne veux pas que vous le paraissiez; battez la campagne, faites des anachronismes, petit à petit on se méfiera de vous, on soupçonnera du mystère et de là même naitre et l'instant de vous dévoiler et la nécessité de ne plus feindre." ["If you yourself were as profound as they, I would not have you seem it; daydreaming, stuck in anachronisms, one would soon start to mistrust you, suspecting you of some secret and thus a need to unmask yourself and no longer have to feign something you are not."]

This analogy of excess to the point of disbelief, still limited in 1776 to the field of knowledge, could very well have been the basis for a philosophy that would develop during the apocalyptic upheavals, of a need to "unmask [ourselves] and no longer have to feign something [we] are not".

This first literary exploit, whose importance Gilbert Lely played down, in actual fact shows an author who is far more experienced than he seems at first sight. Certainly, as Sylvie Dangeville points out, *Les Antiquaires* clearly belongs to the young Marquis' 'apprenticeship' in writing for the theatre. She cites by way of example the very powerful influence of the *Fourberies de Scapin*, the *Malade Imaginaire* and the *Femmes Savantes* on the action of *Les Antiquaires*.

Nonetheless, let us not forget that Sade drew only very slightly on the dramatic structure of these plays, and much more heavily – to excess, once again! – on the comic potential of situations.

In presenting to the audience characters hidden in sacks and beaten, lovers springing up out of crates about to be burned and predatory women ("Un loup dans mon enfance se jeta sur moi et depuis lors j'entre quelque fois dans des accès de fureur; je crois que je vous dévorerais, Monsieur [A wolf attacked me in my youth and since then I occasionally have fits of fury; I think I will eat you up, Monsieur]."), Sade is already and entirely Sade.

Provenance: family archives.

> SEE MORE

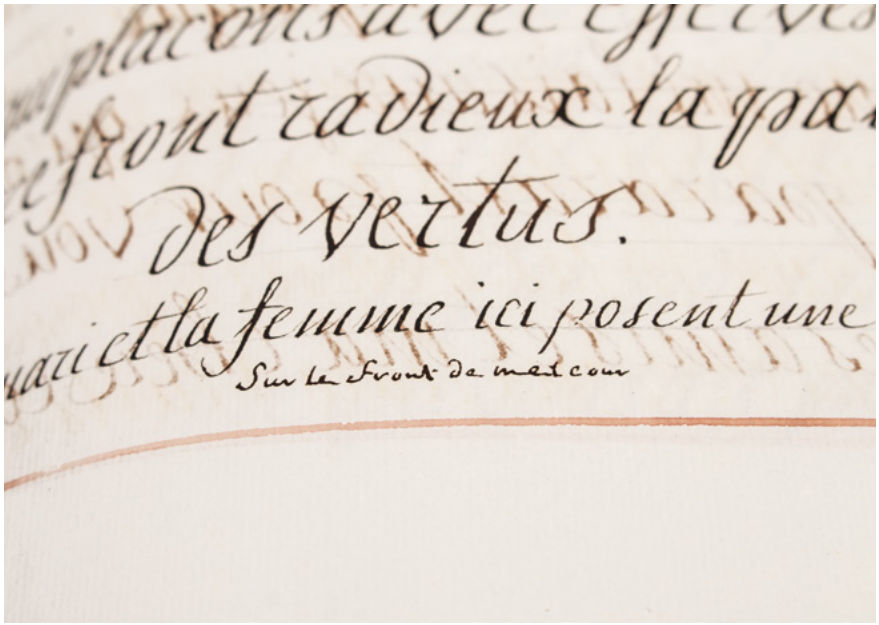

Agathe.
Cornaline.

54. SADE Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de

La Fête de l'amitié. [The Friendship's Party] Unique complete autograph manuscript

[Charenton asylum] n. d. [1810-1812], in-8: 185 x 235 mm (7 1/4 x 9 1/4 "), (1 f.) 2 f shaved (78 f.), original wrappers

The complete original manuscript of the last play by the Marquis de Sade, ruled in red throughout, comprising 78 leaves of 12 lines written recto and verso. This manuscript, like the other extant items from the Marquis, was dictated to a scribe and corrected by Sade himself. Two pages at the beginning of the notebook were excised before the text was written.



Contemporary pink paper wrappers, a few lacks to head and foot of spine. Ink title to upper cover "5/ La Fête de l'amitié" including a prologue and a vaudeville sketch entitled Hommage à la reconnaissance, these forming two acts of mixed prose, verse, and vaudeville. This title is incorrect, as shown by the first page, on which the following title appears: "La Fête de l'amitié. Prologue. Encadrant l'Hommage à la reconnaissance. Vaudeville en un acte." Manuscript note by the Marquis to verso of upper cover, indicating the position he intended this work to occupy within his oeuvre.

Several manuscript corrections, annotations and deletions in Sade's hand, including a quote from his own work as prelude to the vaudeville: "On est des dieux l'image la belle quand on travaille au bonheur des humains. Hommage à la reconnaissance. [We are in the finest image of the gods when we work for the good of humanity. Homage to recognition.]"

"This piece, written by the Marquis in honor of the director of the Charenton Asylum, M. de Coulmiers, was played in the Charenton theatre between 1810 and 1812, approximately a year before the total ban on the plays there was introduced on the 6 May 1813. **This late work is the only play of Sade's entire theatrical output at Charenton that has come down to us**."

The play is historic testimony of Sade's genuine respect – despite the inevitable tensions – for the director of his final home, whom the play lauds under the transparently anagrammatic name of Meilcour. But La Fête de l'amitié is also, by its very subject, a precious source of information on the progress of psychiatric medicine, just freeing itself from its repressive accoutrements in favor of new therapeutic methods, like the drama productions to which Sade contributed heavily and to which he here pays singular homage.

The piece is particularly Sadean in its approach of casting madness not in the negative form of an illness, but quite the opposite, through the character of the benevolent God Momus, the focal point in this atypical vaudeville.

Essentially, though the feast the play describes is a celebration in honor of the director of an asylum similar to Charenton located in ancient Athens, the central figure is the god of insanity himself, whose presence completely upends the relationship between the sane and the sick – much like with the players in the production itself, in which you couldn't distinguish the professional actors from the inmates of the asylum.

The whole production, including both song and dance, is made up of two plays – a prologue/epilogue, La Fête de l'amitié, followed by a vaudeville: Hommage à la reconnaissance, played by the same characters as the prologue. The complete production was played at the "festival for the Director." Each dramatic layer is an allegorical variant on the real situation and there's no doubt that the actors, as they got deeper and deeper into the piece, were still playing their own parts. The work of a polished writer in full control of his subject and all the various dramatic and narrative tools, this seemingly frothy piece – by virtue of belonging to the literary genre of homage, which is very conventional and strictly codified – nonetheless contains the subversive elements so dear to the Marquis.

And it's also a man who has suffered the regular confiscation and destruction of the texts found in his room at Charenton that here offers up to all and sundry the deceptively innocent spectacle of insanity triumphant in a narrative that presents a veritable harem of women, euphemistically referred to in the cast of characters as "a group of young countrywomen."

This, in itself, replaces the expression "of the same age", which has been erased, being – perhaps – too explicit. These same young women go on to play the "nymphs" in the second piece, incorporated into the first.

Similarly, the dialogues are replete with textually ambivalent phrases which – given the way the play was presented – could hardly have escaped the attention of a contemporary audience, who were familiar with the Marquis and his reputation:

"Du zèle ardent que vous faites paraître, / à votre exemple ici nous sommes pénétrés, / Mais il excite en nous le désir de connaître [Your ardent zeal apparent / penetrates us all / and excites in us a desire to know]"; "si le métier n'a pas grande prétention, / Il est au moins fort agréable / Et le plus souvent préférable / à toute autre occupation [though devoid of lofty ambition, the profession / Is at least very pleasant / And more often than not / better than all other kinds of work]."

But leaving his plays on words aside, this play is above all one of the last, very rare personal relics of the Marquis, who was generally as discreet about himself in his writings as he was expansive in person with the world around him. Here, alongside the obvious figure of Meilcour, the author describes himself in the traits of the principal character in his comedy, Blinval.

"Essentially, the story of this itinerant troupe, made up of actors led by the distinguished Blinval, whose passion for the stage led to him to the Bohemian step of taking to the road, recalls throughout the tumultuous youth of the Marquis, who took to the roads of Provence with his company in 1772, deeply scandalizing his mother-in-law." (S. Dangeville).

Incidentally, we can see that names including the syllable "val" often recur in connection with characters who are more or less autobiographically inspired (Belval in *L'Union des arts*, Valcour in *Aline et Valcour*).

The most interesting thing in this character is not so much the references to Sade's past but to his contemporary situation at Charenton.

In deciding to live freely with Meilcour, Blinval reveals a Marquis whose presence at Charenton is for the first time experienced not as unjust imprisonment, with the impatient expectation of release, but as a positive accomplishment, freely chosen.

In fact, the entire play is shot through with this hidden feeling underlying the apparent frivolousness of the singing, with allusions to the omnipotence of this paternal figure: "ah! mon cher enfant, tu lui dois bien plus qu'à ta mère [ah, my dear child, you owe him far more than you do your mother]". Other examples include a secret, not revealed but shared with Meilcour, and even the structure of the story within a story, consisting of a recursive image of the role of the actor, hiding behind successive masks. Blinval, played by Sade himself, takes on first the role of an actor and later a director in L'Hommage à la reconnaissance, all the while shielding himself from view until the final reveal.

The only piece written at Charenton and carefully preserved by the Marquis shows itself a literary testament written at the twilight of his life and presenting a Sade mollified and reconciled with himself and his divine madness through the action of his first and final passion: the theatre.

Provenance: family archives.

> SEE MORE

55. SADE Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de

Bronze cast of the Marquis de Sade's skull

2012, 200 x 135 x 150 mm (7 7/8 x 5 5/16 x 5 15/16 ")

Bronze cast of the Marquis de Sade's skull by the master founder Avangini. One of a unique numbered edition of 99 bearing a reproduction of Sade's signature.

Also included is a certificate of authenticity signed by the Comtesse de Sade, with the family's wax seal.

Provenance: family archives.

On Friday 2nd December 1814, Donatien Alphonse François, Marquis de Sade died at the Charenton Asylum, at the age of 74.

Despite his final wishes, the Marquis had a religious burial in the cemetery at Charenton. In an ironic twist of fate, Sade would not stay in the bosom of the Church for long even after death, for a few years later, his tomb was "profaned" in the name of science by the Asylum's doctor, Dr. L. J. Ramon. Having studied the enigmatic Marquis' skull, he passed it on to his German colleague Johann Spurzheim, a student of the famous Franz Joseph Gall, the founder of phrenology, very new and very popular at the time.

Spurzheim made a cast – today in the Anthropological Lab of the Museum of Mankind – of the precious skull and exhibited the original during his European conferences before mislaying it, appar-

in Germany or America. What greater freedom could someone who had spent the best years of his life behind bars have hoped for?

The museum also preserves the notes from the very partial phrenological analysis of the "Marquis de Sade's cerebral structure" carried out by Spurzheim's assistant, which was nothing less than a new, posthumous, trial culminating in another guilty verdict, this time without appeal:

"Born from the most shameful passions and marked by feelings of opprobrium and ignominy, a world-view so monstrous – if it were not the brainchild of a lunatic – would render its creator unworthy of being called a man, and would blacken his reputation for good."

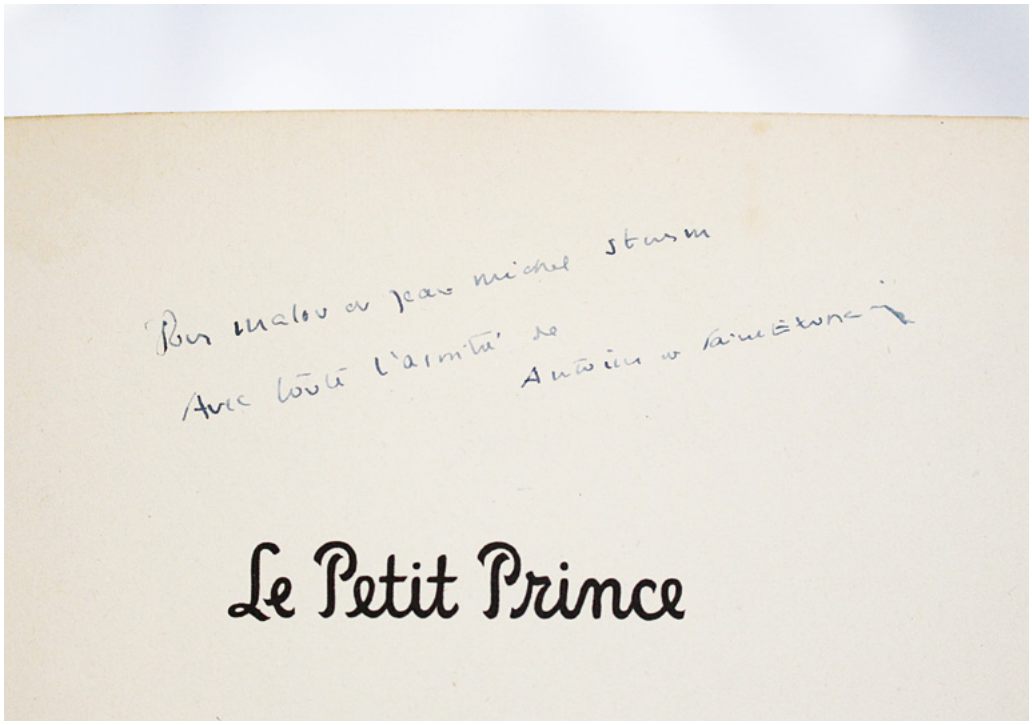
We, however, prefer the more honest description provided by Dr Ramon in his *Notes on M. de Sade*: "Sade's skull, nonetheless, had not been in my possession many days before I examined it from the phrenological point of view, something I was very taken with at the time (as well as magnetism). What did this examination show me? A well-developed crown (Theosophy, goodwill); marked projection behind and underneath the ears (a conflict point – similarly developed organs in the skull of du Guesclin); mid-sized cerebellum, an elongated distance between one mastoid part of the temporal bone and another (indicating excesses in physical love).

In a word, just as I was unable to discover in Sade, as he walked along seriously and, I would even say, almost in a patrician way, the author of *Justine* and *Juliette*, my inspection of his head would have made me absolve him altogether of the charge of producing such works: his skull was in all respects comparable to that of a Church Father."

A witness to the impenetrable secret of the Marquis and his intolerable freedom, this bronze skull, **the only replica of the occiput that so mysteriously disappeared**, seems to respond to the Shakespearean question with a sarcastic reformulation:

To be free or not to be!

> SEE MORE



56. SAINT-EXUPÉRY Antoine de

Le Petit Prince [The Little Prince]

Reynal & Hitchcock, New-York 1943, 185 x 230 mm (7 1/4 x 9 1/16 "), publisher's cloth, dust jacket, custom slipcase

Third printing, produced a few weeks after the first and the same as the first edition ("*marque au corbeau*", price, publisher's address), but in a blue-grey binding and with the notice "third printing" on the front free endpaper.

One of the two referenced copies of the *Petit Prince* in French to date, signed by Saint-Exupéry.

Publisher's blue-grey cloth with illustrated dust jacket (two small repairs to foot of spine).

A very rare and handsome autograph inscription by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: "Pour Malou et Jean Michel Sturm avec toute l'amitié de Antoine de Saint-Exupéry [For Malou and Jean Michel Sturm with friendly good wishes from Antoine de Saint-Exupéry]".

Drawings by the author.

This copy has a protective chemise by Julie Nadot, featuring the illustrations from the dust jacket on the covers.

"Fairytales are like that. One morning you wake up, and you say to yourself: 'it's nothing but a fairytale…' You smile at your foolishness. But deep down, you're not convinced. We all know that fairytales are the only really true things in life" (Saint-Exupéry, *Lettres à l'inconnue*, May 1943).

It is generally known that Saint-Exupéry, who left for combat before the French version of the *Little Prince* appeared could only inscribe – before his departure from New York – a few rare copies of the English version. During the 16 months he spent in North Africa, where his books were banned, he had only one copy, which he "never len[t]…and ma[de] people read it at [his] home, in [his room]" – even his closest friends. Nonetheless, two children from Algiers, unknown to Saint-Exupéry's biographers, had the honor of owning this extraordinary inscribed copy of what Martin Heidegger called "one of the great Existentialist books of the century."

A universal fairytale if ever there was one (the *Little Prince* is, after the Bible, the most-translated book in the world), this hymn to travel, friendship and childhood was considered a masterpiece right from the start. It took – in the guise of a children's story – a profound look at the tragic present, revealing a more complex philosophy on the author's part than that for which his critics gave him credit at the time.

Though we don't know precisely the genesis of the character – Annabella, the actress', reading of Andersen, the gift of a box of watercolors by René Clair, an idea from his publisher Elisabeth Reynal, or simply the memory of his late brother – the actual writing of this tale was heavily marked by the war, by exile, and by Saint-Exupéry's difficult relationship with the authorities of the French Resistance.

Demobbed in 1940, the writer celebrated for *Terre des Hommes [Wind, Sand and Stars]* in 1939, sought refuge in New York where he wrote and published (in February 1942) *Pilote de Guerre [Flight to Arras]* in an effort to convince American public opinion of the courage of French soldiers despite their inevitable defeat. Too philo-Semitic for some and too defeatist for others, this story, quickly banned in France, earned him the ire of both the Petainists and the Gaullists, who forced him into inaction despite the fact that North Africa had been retaken by the Allies, opening the way for renewed armed combat.

Despite an intense social and emotional life, it was with a feeling of profound solitude and being misunderstood that Saint-Exupéry wrote, in 1942, the *Little Prince* for his publisher in New York, who had just published Mary Poppins, Eugene Reynal & Curtice Hitchcock.

At the end of 1942, Saint-Exupéry added fuel to the fire by broadcasting on the radio and then publishing his *Lettre aux Français [Letter to the French People]* which called on Frenchmen abroad and the French in France to unite against Nazism. His call for a reconciliation and a united front without exceptions against the common enemy, his refusal to judge the choices made by a people oppressed and his implied criticism of the power struggles between the combatant parties earned him the inimitable dislike of the followers of De Gaulle, who were at the time competing for power with those of General Giraud.

Accused of being overly tolerant, this radio message drew some very sharp criticism, including from a writer dear to Saint-Exupéry, the philosopher and theologian Jacques Maritain. These violent attacks on the writer obscured, for his contemporaries, the profound intimacy shared by this call to arms for adults and the tale for children which appeared a few months later.

The forced exile from his country "lost somewhere in the night, all its lights extinguished, like a ship," the France that "must be saved…both in the spirit and in the flesh," the absurdity of people who drew apart even to the point of fighting among themselves and the two questions "what is a spiritual inheritance worth when there are no more heirs?" and "What good is an heir if the Spirit is dead?" of his *Lettre aux Français* are all themes developed in what would be the last and most important of all his books, the Little Prince; that "little book [written] only for friends, those who understand it".

The latter did not fail to read the tale in light of the manifesto and would have recognized in the wisdom of the Fox warning the Little Prince, "language is a source of misunderstanding," the almost perfect echo of the fighter addressing his fellow-countrymen: "language is an imperfect instrument."

Inspired by a childlike character that Saint-Exupéry doodled in the margins of his letters and notebooks and which was originally a self-portrait, the *Little Prince* is just as much poetic fable as philosophical testimony. In that sense, the death of the child hero of the tale, which Saint-Exupéry refused to cut to the great chagrin of his publishers, would not have been alien to his stubborn nature, which sent him hurtling to his heroic and absurd death.

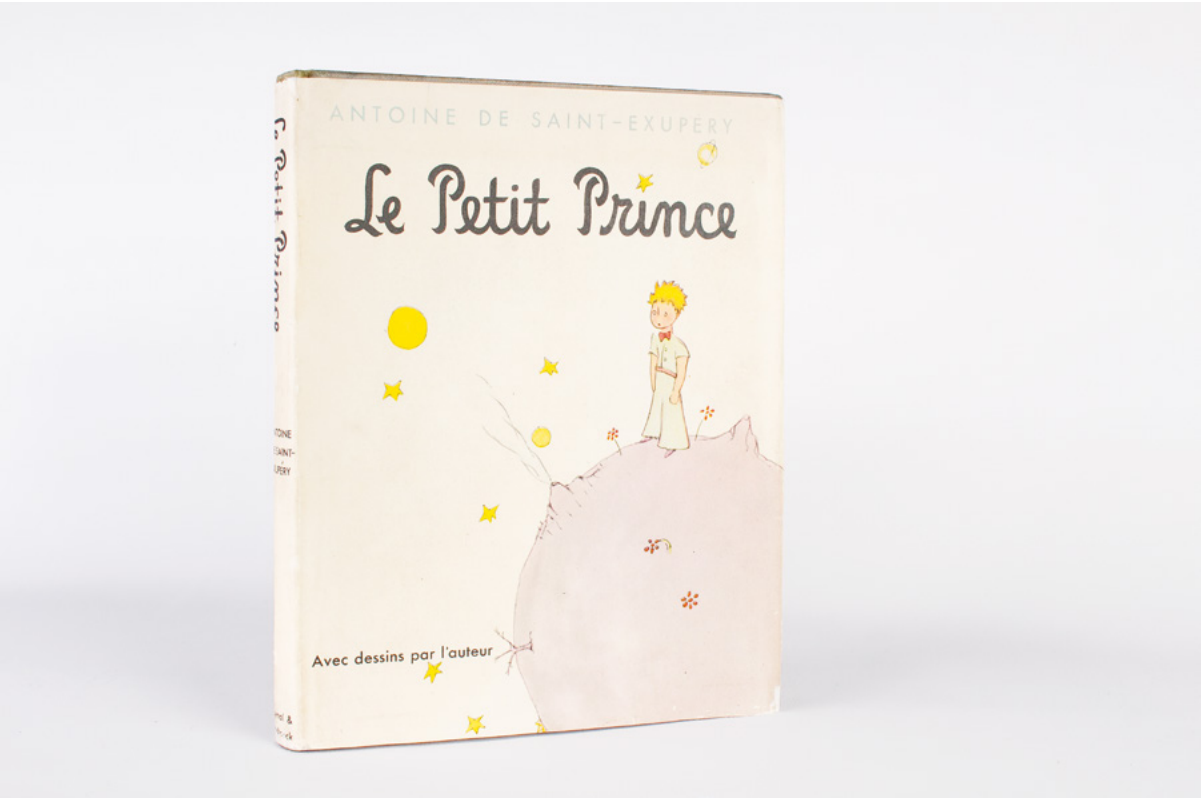
In essence, Saint-Exupéry had had only one preoccupation since his arrival in the United States, which was to obtain a commission in his former unit, Group 2-33, which he had immortalized in *Flight to Arras*. In February 1943, despite his age, despite the enmity of the Gaullists, and despite his failing health, Saint-Exupéry was finally mobilized in the "Free French Air Force", formed after the liberation of North Africa by the Americans. At the start of April, on 12 or 13, he left for Algiers, never to see America again.

It was at that point that the fate of the work and the fate of its author took permanent leave of each other. The *Little Prince*, which was meant to appear simultaneously in French and English in a translation by the publishers, was in the end published first in English on 6 April 1943.

Was Saint-Exupéry there to take part at the publication? Contemporary accounts vary. Nonetheless, we know that he signed 785 *grand papier* (deluxe) copies – possibly only the justification sheets before they were bound – and, above all, inscribed a few precious copies of the English version, of which only three are known:

– The first, to the French actress Annabella, is in a speech bubble on the cover of an incomplete set of proofs: "I wrote this book only for friends, who would understand it, like Annabella, and if it does not please her, I will be even sadder than I am on this photograph…And I send her all my deepest and oldest love, St Ex," (the "photograph" in question is the drawing of the Little Prince on the cover) [in the Jean Bonna collection].

– The second was to Dorothy Barclay, Hélène Lazareff's secretary, to thank her for her research on the number of stars in the heavens: "he'd been absolutely mad to choose this planet! It was only nice at night when its inhabitants were sleeping… / The Little Prince was wrong. There are on the earth some inhabitants, whose



bearing, kindness and generosity of heart make up for the avarice and egotism of the rest. For example, Dorothy Barclay…In friendly remembrance Antoine de Saint-Exupéry" [in a private collection].

– We have found no trace of the third known copy, which belonged to Nelly de Vogüé.

The few more or less complete typescripts were left by Saint-Exupéry in the days before his departure to his friend Nadia Boulanger, his translator Lewis Galantière, and two others we've been unable to identify.

The original manuscript, given to his lover Sylvia Hamilton, is now in the Morgan Library, while the final drawings which served to provide the printed versions were taken by Consuelo de Saint-Exupéry and are now in private hands.

All these gifts and inscriptions were made in New York before Saint-Exupéry left, and – aside from the manuscript and the typescripts – were all copies of the English translation.

But for Saint-Exupéry, who was absolutely uninterested in the translation of his book and whose English was so poor that he could not even understand the radio transmissions from control towers (the only phrase he knew, memorized by rote for the benefit of American Military Headquarters, was "I want to die for France"), the only edition that mattered was the one in French.

If he only inscribed copies of the *Little Prince* in English, that was because, no matter the precise date he embarked on the Stirling Castle, his leaving predated the printing and publication of the original French version, which was only put on sale 15 days after the English.

Thus, it was not until he wrote to his publisher from Oudjda on the 8 June 1943 that Saint-Exupéry could ask how his book was doing: "I know nothing of the *Little Prince* (I don't even know if it's come out [in French]!)…I know nothing at all; write me!"

Published in a far smaller number of copies than the English version, the first edition in French, his editor replied, had already sold almost 7,000 copies by mid-summer 1943 (and 30,000 for the English version). Sales continued at almost a thousand copies a week.

Nonetheless, despite this success (the book ran to at least three printings before the end of the summer of 1943), the French version of the *Little Prince* did not manage to cross the Atlantic before the death of its author.

Thus Saint-Exupéry could take with him only one copy of the true *Petit Prince* specially printed for him in a hurry before his departure (as Henry Elkin, who made the crossing with him, recalled).

He did not receive any more copies in Algeria where, because of his disagreements with De Gaulle, his books were simply banned, as they were by the Vichy government in France. He complained of this in his correspondence, especially to Nelly de Vogüé: "all these books coming in from America. Except mine. Banned in North Africa" (December 1943); "a huge shipment of books arrived here from the States. Mine are the only ones not for sale. I am a leper…" (January 1944).

We know, thanks to some precious inscriptions made after his departure from the United States that Saint-Exupéry took a few rare copies of his other works to Algeria. Thus he gave his own copy of *Pilote de Guerre* to Henri Laugier (perhaps the only trace of a friendship – fleeting – with a Gaullist), and another copy to the Chabberts, who hosted their friend at their house in Casablanca in 1943. But there is no trace, even in these collections, of an inscribed copy of the *Little Prince* in French.

An episode in Saint-Exupéry's life in Algiers seems to confirm that he was not able to get hold of another copy of his precious fable.

Living during the whole of his stay in Algeria with his friend Doctor Georges Pélissier, in an uncomfortable room which he did not – however – want to leave for fear of offending his host – for whom he bore a profound affection – Saint-Exupéry mentioned, in an argument with the former, the unique nature of his precious copy: writing to his host, he accuses him, in essence, of having lent his copy just when he wanted to give it to an English film producer. "I never lent it to anyone, knowing that I would need it today and why." In the absence of this sole copy, the producer left and Saint-Exupéry bitterly reproached Pélissier: "If I lose 50,000 dollars in 5 minutes, I think it's worth 30 seconds to discuss it. Where is my book?"

Pélissier having confided that he'd borrowed the *Little Prince* in order to re-read it, Saint-Exupéry calmed down and then apologized profoundly:

"Old man, don't think I'm angry at you. If you'd lent my book to someone (given that I never lend it to anyone, it being my only copy, and make people read it at home, in my room), I would have been livid. But the fact that you took it for yourself moves me deeply." Then, in a letter written "ten minutes later": "friends can't be bought even with billions. If you enjoy reading my book and Mr Korda has to wait and leave without it, I don't care…Korda's money is worth what it's worth, which is to say…: nothing. But I would not have lost the advantages Korda had to offer so that some no-name passerby for whom I care nothing and to whom I would not have lent my book, could read it. Which was the source of a reflex reaction that I would never have entertained if I had thought you were 'enjoying' re-reading my little book."

That this close friend did not have his own copy of the most important work by his guest and that the latter indicated the importance of his book never being lent out so virulently are also proof of the extreme rarity of this work in Algiers.

There is only one other copy signed by Saint-Exupéry. It is aimed at my friend and comrade Colonel Lionel Max-Chassin, who obtained for Saint-Exupéry his last assignment in the 31 bomber squadron in Sardinia, at that time under his command.

How is it possible that the only other dedication on a *Petit Prince* copy is made to a family, completely missing in the author's biography?

Grounded a short time after his arrival in Algiers for having destroyed a P38 on landing because of a lack of due attention (which was becoming habitual for him), Saint-Exupéry was at the time going through a period of profound despair.

What's more, he was subject to humiliations by the Gaullists, who intercepted his mail, refused to publish him, prevented him from getting his commission again and accused him of Pétainist sympathies, all the while spreading the rumor in the cafes of Algiers that De Gaulle – who had already left him out of his homage to the exiled French writers – had personally rejected his request for a new commission in the fighting forces, saying: "leave him in Algiers – he's only good for card tricks, anyway."

It was perhaps in this context that Commandant Saint-Exupéry was chosen "at random" to look after the children of Marcel Sturm, who had lost his wife and two of his four children during a typhoid epidemic in 1941.

Head of the Protestant Chaplaincy to the armies, Marcel Sturm undertook field visits to operational sites in Algeria and Tunisia. Also the head of a Resistance network specializing in false papers, this widowed pastor had frequent "missions", which took him away from his children Malou and Jean-Michel. Sturm and his family were to leave Algeria in 1944 to go back to France and take part in the Liberation. The pastor was then named Chaplain in Chief of the occupying French troops in Germany and charged

with establishing links between the French and German Churches, which earned him an honorary doctorate from the University of Göttingen.

Saint-Exupéry's biography makes no mention of this foray by the pilot into "babysitting". Only the memories of the Sturm family and the inscription on this copy bear witness to this moving episode in the life of the writer.

But no matter how close the obvious affection that the precious and unique inscription on this copy represents, this third printing of the *Little Prince* in French cannot be Saint-Exupéry's personal copy. It may have belonged to the Sturm children, without our being able to determine exactly how they themselves got hold of it. A manuscript ex-libris on the first page of text with the name "Madeleine Picinbono" may, however, give us a clue. There was, in fact, a young woman of that name and the same age as Malou, living in Algiers in 1943. Did she have the tale in her possession and did she happen to give it to her schoolmate when she found out he knew Saint-Exupéry? Or, did the Sturms make a present to this friend of this tale of hope, not to be had in Algeria, when they left to rejoin the front?

The final moments of Saint-Exupéry's life are largely swathed in obscurity; and though the received wisdom has been for some time that he could not have signed any copies of the French version of the *Little Prince* aside from the justification leaves of the de luxe copies and a few extremely rare copies of the English version before he left New York, the existence of this improbable copy underlines the lacunae in our documentation of the last eight months of the life of the pilot.

Thus, no one knows what became of his personal copy, from which he was never apart, after his disappearance on the 31st July 1944 at the controls of his Lightning plane.

But even more than a unique inscription on a major work of world literature, this mark of affection addressed to some children who had lost their mother and sisters as "the former child" Saint-Exupéry had lost his father and brother, serves to safeguard the intimate relationship of the writer and his Prince. And it is thus not far from the Little Prince's dunes of sand that the pilot, once more grounded, "tames" by a stroke of his pen this little girl and this "little boy, just like a hundred thousand other boys" and girls.

The departure of his "little pal" left the writer "terribly sad." His flying ban plunged the patriotic pilot into despair. In this final year of his life, it was with the children of another man fighting for freedom, inspired by the same faith in mankind and the desire to repair the broken links between peoples, that Saint-Exupéry wove again a "single [link] to the world" before a hit from a Luftwaffe Focke-Wulf took him in his turn.

Just like his Prince, we can only suppose that "he went back to his planet, since when the sun came up [they] did not find his body."

> SEE MORE

57. SARTRE Jean-Paul

Le Mur [The Wall]

Gallimard, Paris 1939, 120 x 190 mm (4 3/4 x 7 1/2 "), 20th-century calf, custom slipcase

First edition, one of 40 numbered copies on vélin pur fil paper, leading copies.

Black calf by C. and J. P. Miguet (1985), spine blindtsamped *à la chinoise* with title, covers mosaiced with a perspective geometric pattern in red, orange and burgundy calf, pastedowns framed in black calf, pastedowns and endpapers in burgundy suede, all edges gilt, covers and spine preserved, half black calf chemise over faint pink wood-paper, slipcase of same edged with black calf.

Inscribed by Jean-Paul Sartre to Raymond Gallimard, brother of Gaston and co-owner of Gallimard, the publishers: "à Monsieur Raymond Gallimard en hommage de J.P. Sartre [to Monsieur Raymond Gallimard with best wishes J.P. Sartre]."

Provenance: from the library of R. and B. L. (ex-libris).

A very good copy of the only collection of Sartre's short stories, in a magnificent signed binding by Miguet.

> SEE MORE

58. TAMAYO Rufino & PERET Benjamin

Air mexicain

Librairie Arcanes, Paris 1952, 195 x 250 mm (7 11/16 x 9 13/16 "), loose leaves, custom slipcase

First edition, one of 20 numbered copies on vélin crème de Renage paper, the only printing, with one copy on Hollande

With 4 color original lithographs by Rufino Tamayo

This copy, as called for in the justification, is enriched with a suite of the 4 lithographs by Rufino Tamayo at end

Autograph signatures of Benjamin Peret and Rufino Tamayo on the justification page

A good and rare copy in a pink slipcase.

> SEE MORE

59. TÀPIES Antoni & LLULL Ramon

LLull-Tàpies

Daniel Lelong & Carles Taché, Barcelona 1985, 360 x 500 mm (14 3/16 x 19 11/16 "), loose leaves, custom box

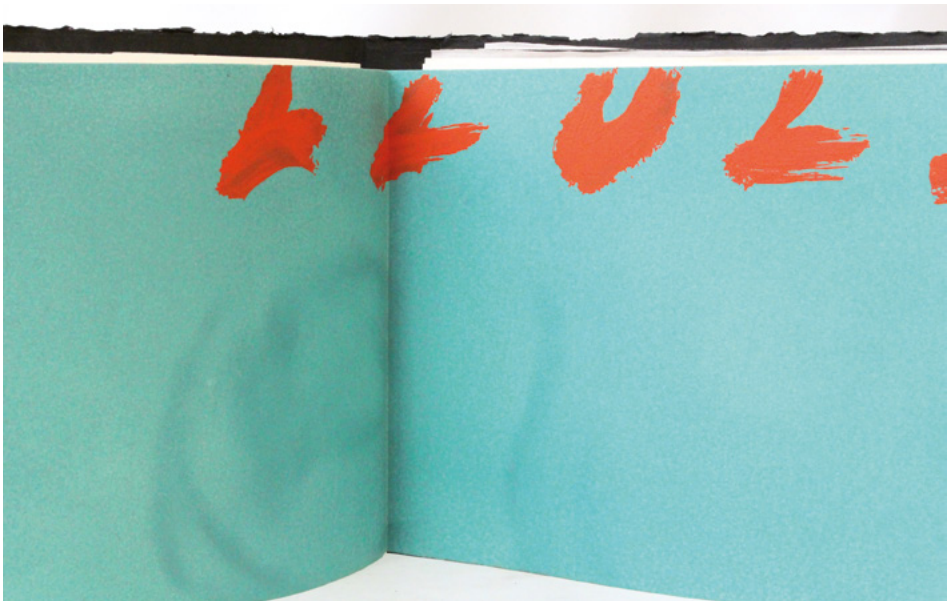
The very rare first edition of the most important *livre d'artiste* executed by Antoni Tàpies.

One of 120 numbered copies on vélin d'Arche paper, justified by the artist by hand on the colophon, with 25 original engravings, two signed and justified in pencil by Antoni Tapiès; the only printing after 45 leading copies with a monotype. This copy retains its offprint of the text in French.

Moving autograph inscription signed by Antoni Tapiès with a pencil drawing from the artist's hand – literally! – on which is superimposed a heart, to his close friend and the greatest expert on his work, the writer and essayist Georges Raillard.

Raymond Lull, a 13th century Catalan philosopher and poet, considered the first great Catalan writer, had a major influence on the thinking and work of Antoni Tàpies, who had a number of old and significant works by the mystical thinker in his library. It was in 1973 that Tàpies decided to undertake this monumental work, which he only finished in 1985; it is, at the same time, an homage to a fellow-countryman by a spiritual heir and an examination of their shared metaphysical explorations. This affinity across the centuries between a contemporary artist and a mediaeval writer gives this work – created over 10 years – a particular place within Tàpies' œuvre.

The Catalan artist wanted, in this way, to create a "livre d'artiste" in the fullest sense of the term, starting with the encounter between the book and the object as an aid to literary thinking, by exploiting the full range of expression of the concept of plasticity: line, color, material, and relief, down to the very "size" of the leaves.



More than just a juxtaposition of text and image, Tàpies here establishes a true graphic and written dialogue between the "ravaged clarity" of his work and the "occult wisdom" of Mad Raymond, as Pere Gimeferrer notes in his introduction.

"The meeting of these two worlds – the verbal and the plastic – will allow us to see their revelatory similarities. It is a dialogue between two voices, torches in the sparse and distant silence."

> SEE MORE

60. TURGOT Michel Etienne & BRETEZ Louis

Plan de Paris, Commencé l'Année 1734. Dessiné et Gravé, sous les ordres de Messire Michel Etienne Turgot [Turgot's Map of Paris 1734]

Paris 1739, in-plano 45 x 56,5 cm (1 3/4 x 3 15/16 "), 21 plates, 18th-century calf

The most famous map of Paris.

First edition, rare and precious, consisting in one general layout divided into 20 numbered rectangles, picking up schematically the 20 following perspective maps of Paris, i.e. 21 double-page charts on strong paper. Number 18 and 19 are bound and can be folded out, and contain the title block with the title and editorial data. Some might find the disposal of charts in this collection surprising, but they observe a strict order. The charts are bound following the general layout, from left to right; when removed the charts can easily be placed together in the right order to reassemble the big perspective map of Paris, with a size of approximately 2,5 x 3 m (8 2/4 x 9 10/11''), each chart measuring approximately 50 x 80 cm (19 7 x 31 5'').

Full marbled and glazed calf vintage binding with the coat of arms of Paris. Spine with fleurs-de-lis, one central and four spandrels. Covers with the coat of arms of Paris in the center. Large frieze frame with fleurs-de-lis in the corners. Very subtle and skillful restorations.

Michel Etienne Turgot, Marquis de Sousmont, back then Provost of the Parisian merchants, wished to promote the image of Paris and empowered Louis Bretez (member of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture and perspective professor) for a new map of Paris. Bretez started his work in 1734. With the Turgot's consent to enter anywhere he wished (gardens, houses, monuments) he has taken accurate measurements for two years.

He started engraving only in 1736. The maps of Paris were designed according to an isometric projection, giving more accuracy than the usual aerial views, and for the first time showed real scientific advances in the way of engraving maps, and a real scientific achievement, all monuments, gardens and houses being very precisely depicted, down to the smallest details. The perspective map according to an axonometric projection was so renowned that it took the commissioner's name.

Beautiful copy with the coat of arms of Paris.

> SEE MORE

61. VERLAINE Paul

Chansons pour elle [Songs for Her]

Léon Vanier, Paris 1891, 125 x 185 mm (4 15/16 x 7 1/4 "), 20th-century full morocco, custom slipcase

First edition, one of 25 copies on Japon paper, the only *grand papier* (deluxe) copies.

A magnificent pale pink morocco binding by A. & R. Maylander, the spine in five compartments with floral decoration, inlaid pieces of red, beige, and green morocco making up the petals and leaves, the covers within a similar frame of garlands of flowers, gilt-rolled decoration to head and foot, double gilt fillets to edges of covers, pale pink morocco frame to pastedowns with a double frame of gilt fillets and floral decoration (as to boards and spine) to corners, pastedowns and endpapers of light brown moiré silk, additional marbled endpapers, covers and spine preserved, all edges gilt; half pale pink morocco chemise over marbled paper boards, spine in six compartments, marbled paper slipcase edged with pale pink morocco, lined with cream felt.

This copy enriched with an autograph poem mounted on guards, signed and dated by Paul Verlaine, entitled: "Tu m'as frappé, c'est ridicule [You hit me, it's absurd]," one of the poems in this collection.

One can spot one variant and two errors not noted by the editors at *la Pléiade*:

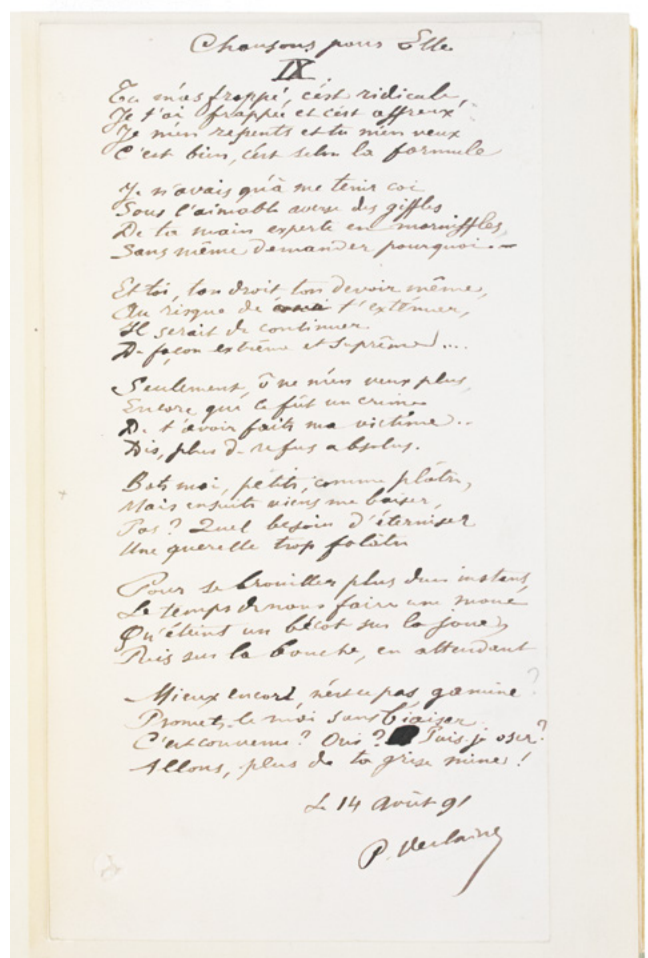
In verse 2 of the autograph version: "Je t'ai frappée et c'est affreux", while in the printed version: "Je t'ai battue…".

In verse 3 of the manuscript: "Je m'en repents", while in the printed version: "Je m'en repens".

In verse 7 of the manuscript: "morniffles", while in the printed version: "mornifles".

Provenances: from the collections of Louis de Sadeleer and Edouard-Henri Fischer with their ex-librises pasted in.

A very good copy exceptionally enriched with a manuscript poem by Paul Verlaine in a superb binding by Maylander.


Chansons pour Elle
IX
Tu m'as frappé, c'est ridicule,
Je t'ai frappée et c'est affreux.
Je m'en repents et tu m'en veux
C'est bien, c'est selon la formule

Je n'avais qu'à me tenir coi
Sous l'aimable averse des gifles
De ta main experte en morniffles,
Sans même demander pourquoi. —

Et toi, ton droit, ton devoir même,
Au risque de t'exténuer,
Il serait de continuer
De façon extrême et suprême…

Seulement, je ne m'en veux plus,
Encore que ce fût un crime
De t'avoir faite ma victime..
Dis, plus de refus absolus.

Bats-moi, petite, comme plâtre,
Mais ensuite viens me baiser,
Pas ? Quel besoin d'éterniser
Une querelle trop folâtre

Pour se brouiller plus d'un instant,
Le temps de nous faire une moue
Qu'éteint un bécot sur la joue,
Puis sur la bouche, en attendant

— Mieux encore, n'est-ce pas gamine ?
Promets-le moi sans biaiser.
C'est convenu ? Oui ? Dois-je oser ?
Allons, plus de ta grise mine !

Le 14 Août 91

P. Verlaine

> SEE MORE

62. VERLAINE Paul

Complete autograph manuscript signed by Paul Verlaine of one of his *Hospital Chronicles*: "*We poets, as well as they, the workers, our companions in misery*"

Paris n. d. [1890], 213 x 140 mm (8 3/8 x 5 1/2 "), 3 pages in-8 at the back of 4 leaves of the *Assistance publique de Paris*

Complete autograph manuscript signed by Paul Verlaine of one of his *Hospital Chronicles*, 90 close lines in black ink on the verso of paper from the Assistance publique de Paris.

The chronicle of one of Verlaine's stays in hospital between September 1889 and February 1890. The note "III" has been crossed out in blue printer's pencil. In the definitive collection, this text is, in fact, second. In the version published by *Le Chat noir* on 5 July 1890, there appear to be no variations with the text of this manuscript. This is thus the final state of the text, the one sent to the printer.

Jacques Borel dates the writing of this chronicle to a hospital stay in Cochin in June 1890. Verlaine spent many days in hospital during his life, especially in this period. During these stays, he wrote *Hospital Chronicles*, prose poems in eight parts. Here, he mixed anecdotes, observations of the lives of the patients, and a delicate poetical analysis of the world of the hospital.

Verlaine starts off with a troubling and tired observation: "But certainly, all the same, the Hospital darkens, despite the fine June weather…Yes, the Hospital is dark despite philosophy, insouciance, and pride." Despite the fine weather, the inflexibility of the system, the misery and the sickness give the poet a gloomy take on things: "let us punish all objections under pain of expulsion, still severe, even in this month of flowers and hay, of warming days and clement nights, if you have the devil at your back and debt and hunger at home."

Discharge, whether by way of being thrown out or getting cured, and life outside did not offer more comfort than the stay itself: "Clearly, we'll all get out sooner or later, more or less well, more or less happy, more or less sure of the future, at any rate more or less alive. So we will think sadly…of our suffering, emotional and otherwise, of the doctors, good or inhuman". This was a feeling he had already experienced during what he called "my intervals", the times when he was out of hospital.

Life outside hospital was a miserable prospect, despite his established fame. Verlaine compares his misery to that of the working classes who share his stays in various hospitals. The poet calls for resignation from his "brothers, artisans of one sort or another, workers without a life's-work and poets…and publishers too, let us accept our fate, let us drink up the cup of tea with (barely any sugar), or this little hot chocolate, and let us be brave whether it be with our medicine, or an enema, or chewing tobacco. Let us follow their prescriptions closely, let us obey all injunctions, so that injections and colonics will seem sweet to us, and let us reprimand all objections…". And along with them, the poet wanted to take advantage of the beauties of June in quoting two verses from the *Chanson sentimentale* of Xavier Privas: "We are pleased with ourselves in the strong sun. And under the green branches of the oaks, we poets, as well as they, the workers, our companions in misery…". Equal in the face of misfortune, whether active or passive, they might feel nostalgia once they were out: "And perhaps some day we will miss these good times where you workers, you could rest and where we, we poets, worked, and where you artists earned your wine and your cups …?"

Despite this reverie, Verlaine was: "tired of so much poverty (provisionally, believe me, because I have been so used to it these last five years!)" and concludes bitterly with the observation of the lack of humanity in modern medicine: "Hospital with a capital H, an awful idea, evocative of an indecipherable misfortune, a modern Hospital for the modern poet, who cannot, in his hours of dejection, but find it black as death and dark as the tomb and the cross on a grave and as the absence of charity, your modern Hospital you built, all civilized, the men of this century of money, mire and spit!".

> SEE MORE

63. (WARHOL Andy) TRIVIER Marc

Andy Warhol. Original photograph

By the artist, n. p. 1981-1982, 220 x 220 mm (8 11/16 x 8 11/16 ")
on Ilford paper 300 x 400 mm (11 13/16 x 15 3/4 ")

Large original photograph portrait in black and white, made and printed by Marc Trivier. Unsigned silver print, as most of Trivier's works. Unique print from the artist.

Small stain on the upper margin of Warhol's photograph.

Artists, madmen, abattoirs, trees – Marc Trivier photographed each of his subjects with the same interrogative intensity. All his photographs are in the same square format, simple and confined, with no retouching or alteration of the framing, and seem less to show off a subject – famous or unknown, in or out of power, dead or alive – than to seek out a presence.

"Thirty-five years of photographic practice, obsessions, this is maybe what remains; a singular recording mode of light burning, from one picture to the other, in a series of proposals looking alike, though each one as singular as the fraction of time it refers to" (Marc Trivier).

Marc Trivier takes facial photographs of figures from the eighties. The subject looks right into the lens. These are not portrait star photographs, but they are the result of a will of desacralization:

"Instead of being a writers' or artists' portraitist among many others, he marginalizes himself with his device: under the pretext of settings, he keeps his models waiting, he makes them pose several minutes, which gives them a worn look. Maybe he expects a more natural attitude. Here is Francis Bacon in a delicate balance, Samuel Beckett, Jean Dubuffet or even Michel Foucault, more or less sagged back in their chairs. Intimate pictures." (Picture of tiredness at Marc Trivier's, S. Rousselle-Tellier, in *Marges*, 2004).

Most of the time photographed in their personal space, the subjects loosen up, no longer mastering their image. The resulting unbalance reveals these figures' frailties and allows Trivier to render the unity of the intimate body and the public artworks.

"I was reading Genet; to me, Genet was letters in a book. And then one day I saw his portrait, and there was like a rupture. How could it be possible that these signs were also somebody? Making a portrait is reuniting the name and the face" (Marc Trivier).

Many items seem to oppose Warhol and Trivier. Andy Warhol is the artist of the multiple. His art was born from the metamorphosis of the consumerist artificial and mocks the proliferation of the identical. Marc Trivier is an adept of rarity, and each one of his photographs comes down to some rare prints, all differing in time and the artist's prints. Andy Warhol knows the importance of image, which even ends up replacing the individual. He knows people play roles and this is the image he captures. His various series on Elvis Presley, Marilyn Monroe or Mao show the transition to the icon status which makes these human beings immortal, and destroys their humanity to change them into pieces of art. On the other hand, Trivier's photographs strengthen the presence of an unwieldy body the artist cannot get rid of, an obstacle to sacralization.

Warhol's known photographic clichés, faithful to his spirit, represent him either as a rock-star, proudly wearing his perfecto and sunglasses as his protégé Lou Reed, or as an eccentric artist with his tousled hair, or simulating a boxing match against Basquiat. Each one of his photographs is a clever exposure of his character, pushed to excess, image of his own image, which the modern icon master fully controls.

Warhol's photography made by Marc Trivier shows a complete different person. Unbalanced by a slight low-angle view, projected on a black canvas behind him, cutting out the scene in a triptych, Andy Warhol's body seems to emerge from this dark background, whereas his legs and heavy boots, slightly oversized by the shooting, take pride of place in the foreground.

Surprised by the lengthy wait Trivier imposes to his models, Andy Warhol surprisingly stares at the viewer, as if he were caught in the act of idleness. This feeling is enhanced by the artist's crossed fingers.

Unique portrait of an artist who wanted "to be plastic" and who reveals through Trivier's eye his part of intimacy and fragile humanity of a body without artifice.

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« J'aime les hommes,
non pour ce qui les unit
mais pour ce qui les divise,
et des cœurs, je veux surtout
connaître ce qui les ronge. »
Guillaume Apollinaire