

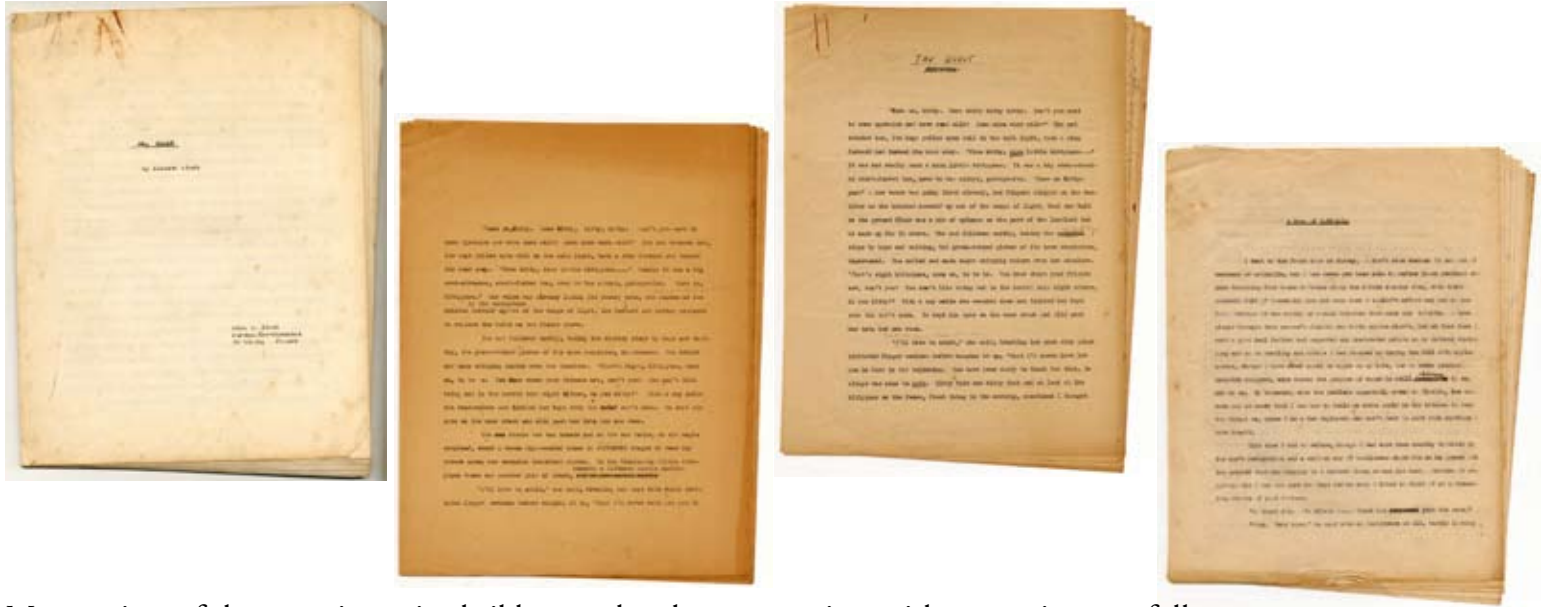
BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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Eleanor Clark. (Lotte Jacobi)

[Manuscripts of a Novella and Two Short Stories]: *Dr. Heart, A Crop of Daffodils, and The Guest*; with a portrait photograph by Lotti Jacobi

\$3500



Manuscripts of three stories, mixed ribbon and carbon typescripts with corrections, as follows:

1. [Novella]: *Dr. Heart*. 29 pages plus cover title page noting her address in Claix, France. Carbon copy. Stains from paper clips on cover leaf, crease on one leaf, very good. Several modest corrections in ink, none extraordinarily substantive. Despite having relatively few corrections, it appears to differ considerably from the published version. Signed in type. Title story of her 1974 book *Dr. Heart, A Novella and Other Stories*.
2. [Short Story]: *A Crop of Daffodils*. 8 pages. Carbon. Modest small tears and age-toning. Very good. Corrections on all but the last leaf, mostly modest but a few are substantive, rewriting whole sentences and in one case a paragraph. Signed in type.
3. [Short Story]: *The Guest* (two drafts as follows):
 - a. [Draft one]: Carbon copy. 2 pages. The cheap paper is very toned. Untitled and probably the earlier of the two drafts. Modest corrections on each page.
 - b. [Draft two]: Ribbon copy. 4 pages. The cheap paper is toned. Presumably a second or later draft with the title changed in ink from *Kitty Puss* to *The Guest*. Corrections on each page with two substantive changes: whole paragraphs written in. Signed in type.
4. Portrait photograph of Eleanor Clark by Lotti Jacobi. 4" x 5" gelatin silver photograph mounted in a thick card folder. Signed by Jacobi in the lower right margin. Slight tape remnants on the corners just touching the image, staining on the card folder, else a striking, about fine example.

Uncommon manuscripts by the National Book Award winner, who attended Vassar where she co-wrote the literary magazine *Con Spirito* with Elizabeth Bishop, Mary McCarthy, and her sister Eunice Clark. She was the wife of Robert Penn Warren, and mother of poet Rosanna Warren. Clark's Archive is held by Vassar, and manuscripts seldom appear on the market. [\[BTC#403637\]](#)



DR. HEART

by Eleanor Clark

chez M. Pivot
Farennière-Stendhal
38 Claix, France

"Come on, Kitty. Here Kitty, kitty, kitty. Don't you want to come upstairs and have some milk? some nice warm milk?" The cat watched her, its huge yellow eyes dull in the hall light, took a step forward and turned its head away. "Nice kitty, nice little kittypuss...." Really it was a big smut-streaked, short-furred tom, used to the alleys, garbage-fed. "Come on, kittypuss." Her voice was already losing its cheery note, she ^{littered with} sighed as she ^{by the bannisters} hoisted herself up/out of the range of light, the landlord not having bothered to replace the bulbs on the floors above.

The cat followed warily, taking the rickety steps by hops and waiting, the green-veined globes of its eyes suspicious, impersonal. She smiled and made chirping noises over her shoulder. "That's right, kittypuss, come on, ts ts ts. You know where your friends are, don't you? You don't like being out in the horrid cold night either, do you kitty?" With a coy smile she reached down and tinkled her keys over the ~~exist~~ cat's nose. He kept his eyes on the door crack and slid past her into her one room.

The ~~xxx~~ studio bed was unmade and on the one table, an old maple dropleaf, about a dozen high-heeled shoes in ^{various} different stages of wear lay strewn among her unwashed breakfast dishes. In the blocked-up little fireplace there was another pile of shoes, ^{beneath a littered marble mantle.} ~~and xxx xxx xxx marble xxx~~

"I'll have to admit," she said, brushing her coat with quick irritated finger motions before hanging it up, "that I'd never have let you in

THE GUEST

~~REVISED~~

"Come on, kitty. Here kitty kitty kitty. Don't you want to come upstairs and have some milk? Some nice warm milk?" The cat watched her, its huge yellow eyes dull in the hall light, took a step forward and turned its head away. "Nice kitty, nice little kittypuss..." It was not really such a nice little kittypuss. It was a big smut-streaked short-furred tom, used to the alleys, garbage-fed. "Come on Kitty-puss" - her voice was going tired already, her fingers slipped on the banister as she hoisted herself up out of the range of light: that one bulb on the ground floor was a bit of splurge on the part of the landlord but he made up for it above. The cat followed warily, taking the ^{nibbly} carpeted steps by hops and waiting, the green-veined globes of its eyes suspicious, impersonal. She smiled and made eager chirping noises over her shoulder. "That's right kittypuss, come on, ts ts ts. You know where your friends are, don't you? You don't like being out in the horrid cold night either, do you kitty?" With a coy smile she reached down and tinkled her keys over the cat's nose. He kept his eyes on the door crack and slid past her into her one room.

^{Small, shiny, green, blue, red, yellow...}
"I'll have to admit," she said, brushing her coat with quick irritated finger motions before hanging it up, "that I'd never have let you in here in the beginning. You have your daddy to thank for that. He always was nice to cats. Kitty this and kitty that and oh look at the kittypuss on the fence, first thing in the morning, sometimes I thought

Wish there was some thing to do it know
how hot between you & me. (Whisper - laughs) I have a
first-class mind - I'm not to be taken either when
I get fixed up. Tom never did it - first I was so old
and the other party - with cat's whiskers - (whisper) I was
me not - "Look at him" (phonetic) "he's looking already with
just like a baby's face - going to have you all to
myself - - - the next - I'll be out for that business -
I'll be out for that business -
I'll be out for that business -

threw a vengeful look toward the street and tightened her hold on the
cat's neck. The cat wriggled and began slowly beating his tail on her
leg - "worrying myself sick. Oh it was all right for him, he didn't
have anything to worry about, he didn't care whether I lived or died."
She sniffled. "And now nobody gives a damn what happens to me. I might
as well be dead." The tears streamed down around her nostrils and she
caught them there in a little ~~hand~~ handkerchief. "Nobody cares if I live
or die, nobody but you kittypuss" ^{Cathy gives him a savage} she lifted the cat in a sudden swoop
and clamped its head against her shoulder - "You're all I have left!"
The cat jabbed at her neck - "Oh kitty!" - squirmed free,
and trotted off to the ~~door of the~~ kitchenette. After a queer silence
she heard it pounce on a paper bag, silence again, another wriggling of
paper and a small mouse ran across the room and under her dresser. The
cat followed and stood guard, head down, tail waving. She screamed and
picked up the poker. "You beast! Running after a poor little mouse!"
She swung the poker and missed, the cat darted under the couch and spat
at her, its yellow globes burning. The mouse ran up the chimney. "Get
out, I tell you, get out of here!" She jabbed viciously under the couch.
The cat emerged and tried to jump up the chimney but its claws slipped.
She opened the door and keeping her distance tried to poke the animal
toward it - "Nice kitty, go into the hall, there's a nice cat" - but it
kept edging back to the fireplace, its ^{eyes} gleaming and quick. She crept
up on it cautiously, holding her weapon out like a blind man's stick.
"You're just a lousy alley-cat," she said threateningly, "all you want
is to eat and kill, you don't give a damn about anybody. Fawning and
meowling around when you want something to eat, I know! Well take that

Talys here first - in cat's growing beauty
(trying) I had lost my chain necklace &
Wray number 11 - well, something fishy - somebody's been
at the bottle -
Second one: wrong 10. pain, poor pictures, rage -

A Crop of Daffodils

I went to the front door in dismay. I don't know whether it was out of weakness or principle, but I had never yet been able to refuse those peddlers who came traipsing from house to house along the little country road, with their satchels full of household odds and ends that I couldn't afford and had no use for. Perhaps it was mostly my social theories that made the trouble. I have always thought that anyone's dignity was worth anyone else's, but at that time I went a good deal farther and regarded any uneducated person as my natural superior; and so in humility and sorrow I had stocked up during the fall with apple-corers, though I have never cored an apple in my life, six or seven plastic bath-tub stoppers, wire whisks the purpose of which is still ^{obscure} ~~unknown~~ to me, and so on. By November, when the peddlers apparently moved to Florida, the intake was so heavy that I had had to build an extra shelf in the kitchen to keep the things on, since I am a New Englander and can't bear to part with anything I have bought.

This time I had to refuse, though I was more than usually troubled by the man's resignation and a curious air of kindness about him as he opened out the satchel that was hanging by a leather thong around his neck. Besides it was spring, and I had had just two days before what I liked to think of as a tremendous stroke of good fortune.

"No thank you. I'm afraid I.... Thank you ~~xxxxxxxx~~ just the same."

"Nice. Very nice," he said with no insistence at all, hardly looking

I sprang up in horror. As a rule I am not one of those whose lives depend on flowers, but in that case it was hardly too much to say that my life, or at least all the use I could make of it just then, had been saved by the daffodils, and by so small a margin that I had felt ~~justified~~ ^{justified no wrong} in being rather a miser about them. They were my only treasure, and a tenuous one; a dozen times a day I had gone running out to reckon each new cluster of blossoms as they opened, and ^{had} even debated before picking a small bunch for myself. But the truth was, too, that I had been a little lonely in my delight, and now gradually as I watched the old man laboriously stooping and raising himself out there, the knees not able to straighten right away when he got up, I was forced to realize that in his inarticulate way he was offering me just the sympathy that had been missing in my salvation. I had judged him only too well. And as I reflected on the narrowness and sordid pleasures of wealthier men, ^(at this particular demonstration of taste, skill) though I winced I couldn't help feeling that ^{even the armful of daffodils the man had now gathered in was not an exorbitant} ~~price to pay~~ ^{price to pay to be justified.}

A few minutes later ~~my~~ my theories were somewhat strained. The ravage had begun to be alarming. Whatever the state of his knees my visitor was turning out to be extremely spry with his fingers; one whole side of the field was stripped and he was working now right in front of the window, having deposited his previous haul on top of the satchel. It would be to outdo the queens of France, I told myself, to refuse a poor man flowers, and wild ones at that; but as the brightness vanished snip by snip from before the window, and memories of despair began to re-emerge with the intolerable landscape beneath, some action seemed required.

It had to be tactful, of course. Even on this ~~small~~ scale a hunger for beauty was something I had to respect, and so all I could bring myself to was a tactic of embarrassment.

6.

"It really looks like spring," I said.

That was not true, but he took the trouble to look up at the mournful sky, out of courtesy, and nodded a little. "All right."

It was as if we were old friends who could understand one another through brief indications, in silence. A crow cawed and flapped away over the damp black woods, then for a while there was no sound but the quick tearing of vegetable fibers and a dead rustle of matted grass under the Greek's feet when he moved to a more rewarding spot. Once I tried to speak, and once in my helplessness I felt absurdly impelled to violence and wanted to push the man, but at heart I was like someone who has ~~been~~ lost in love, and knows there is nothing left but to close the scene decently.

"Do you like all flowers so much?"

He looked for no irony where none was intended, but glanced up responsively with his guileless smile.

"I don't like them. I sell them."

"Oh..."

~~My unhappiness flared to a high rage, and sank back at once dully into misery.~~ ^{partly of myself for not having thought of that,} My unhappiness flared to a high rage, and sank ^{back at once dully into misery.} ~~back at once dully into misery.~~ ^{by a blow dealt by the thin lance of economic injustice,} ~~by a blow dealt by the thin lance of economic injustice,~~ ^{and now there was really} ~~and now there was really~~ ^{no more to be done but to wait for the end.} ~~no more to be done but to wait for the end.~~

"If you wouldn't mind," I said at last, smiling, "leaving that patch over there... I like to look at them sometimes."

He ^{coped with that easily, as he probably did with all mysteries.} ~~coped with that easily, as he probably did with all mysteries.~~ "All right."

It was done finally. Except for the small area I had asked to keep, and some lonely blossoms here and there too scattered to bother with, the field was as it had been before, a brown limbo imaging perfectly the desolation of my