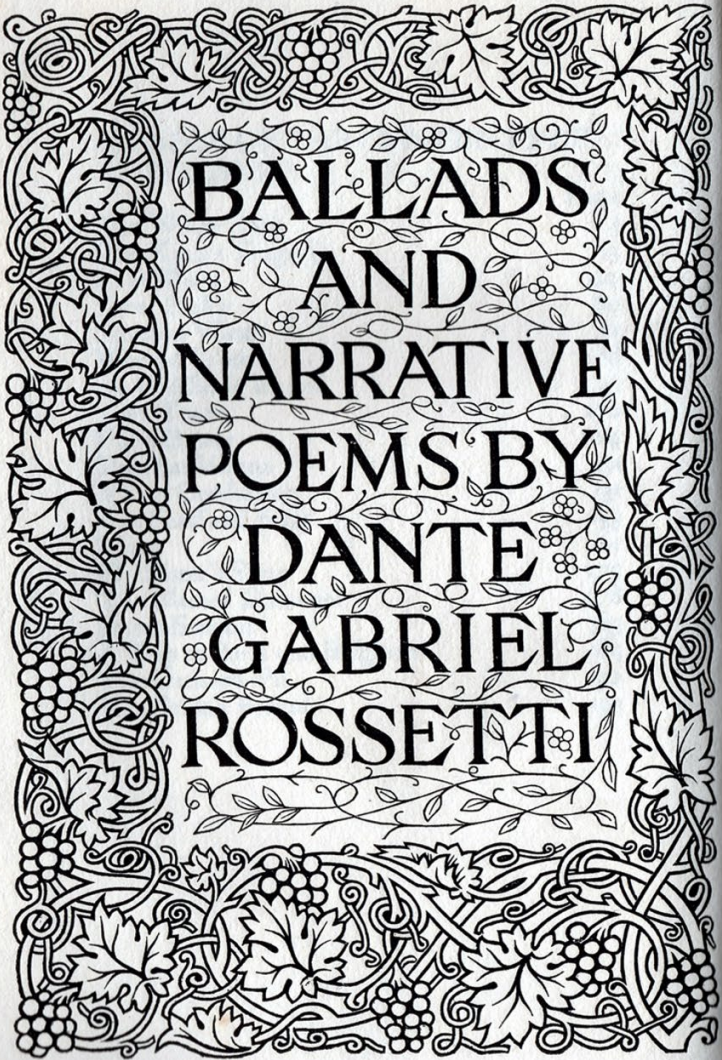




THE GROLIER CLUB

1 March 2022



BALLADS  
AND  
NARRATIVE  
POEMS BY  
DANTE  
GABRIEL  
ROSSETTI

THE WHITE SHIP.

Henry I. of England. 25th November 1120

**B**Y NONE BUT ME  
CAN THE TALE BE  
TOLD, THE BUT-  
CHER OF ROUEN,  
POOR BEROLD.

**LANDS ARE SWAYED BY A  
KING ON A THRONE.** 'T WAS  
A ROYAL TRAIN PUT FORTH  
TO SEA, YET THE TALE CAN  
BE TOLD BY NONE BUT ME.  
**THE SEA HATH NO KING BUT  
GOD ALONE.** KING HENRY  
HELD IT AS LIFE'S WHOLE  
GAIN THAT AFTER HIS DEATH  
HIS SON SHOULD REIGN. \* \* \*  
'T WAS SO IN MY YOUTH I  
HEARD MEN SAY, & MY OLD  
AGE CALLS IT BACK TO DAY.  
KING HENRY OF ENGLAND'S  
REALM WAS HE, AND HENRY  
DUKE OF NORMANDY, THE  
TIMES HAD CHANGED WHEN  
ON EITHER COAST "CLERKLY  
HARRY" WAS ALL HIS BOAST.

LYCIDAS.

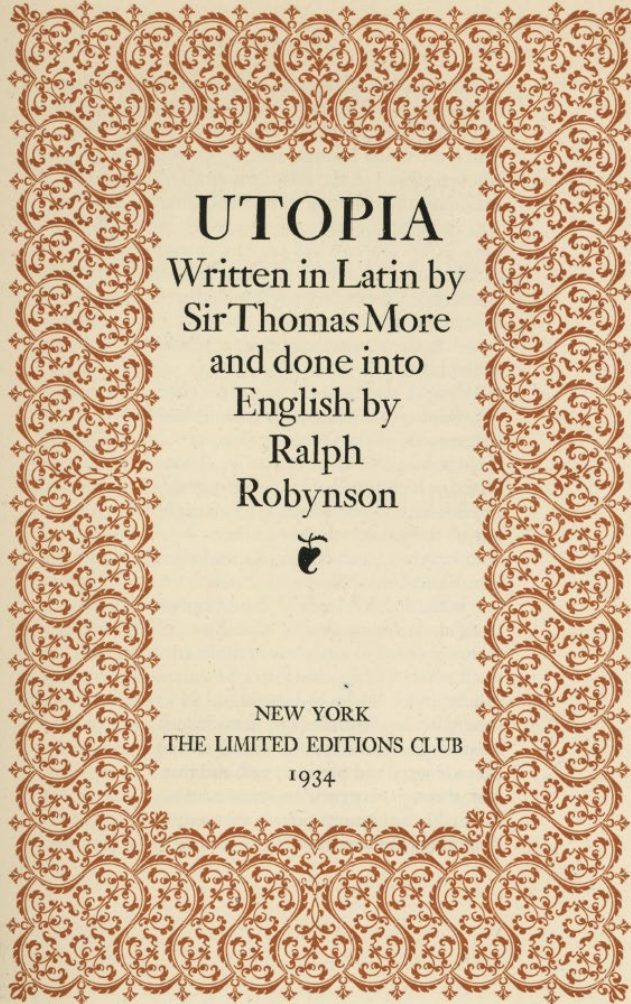
In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend,  
unfortunatly drown'd in his Passage from  
Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And  
by occasion foretels the ruine of  
our corrupted Clergy then  
in their height.

**Y**ET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more  
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-sear,  
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,  
And with forc'd fingers rude,  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
Compels me to disturb your season due:  
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime  
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
He must not flote upon his watry bear  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
Without the meed of som melodious tear.  
**B**egin then, Sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may som gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,  
And as he passes turn,



Merry/  
mount

**T**HE name of The Merry/  
mount Press is derived  
from the ancient estate of a certain  
Thomas Morton, a sturdy Eng/  
lishman, who with a company of  
friends emigrated to New Eng/  
land in 1628. Bradford, in the sec/  
ond book of his History of Ply/  
mouth, says: "Aboute some three



# UTOPIA

Written in Latin by  
Sir Thomas More  
and done into  
English by  
Ralph  
Robynson



NEW YORK  
THE LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB  
1934

SAINT MATTHEW

said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out, and wept bitterly.



CHAPTER XXVII

**W**hen the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death: and when they had bound him, they led him away, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor.

Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself. And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, It is not lawful for to put them

Canto primo.

DO  
CORRER

MIGLIOR acqua alza le vele  
omai la navicella del mio ingegno,  
che lascia dietro a sè mar sì crudele.  
E canterò di quel secondo regno,  
ove l'umano spirito si purga,  
e di salire al ciel diventa degno.  
Ma qui la morta poesi risurga,  
o sante Muse, poi che vostro sono,  
e qui Calliope alquanto surga,  
Seguitando il mio canto con quel suono  
di cui le Piche misere sentiro  
lo colpo tal, che disperar perdono.  
Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro,  
che s'accoglieva nel sereno aspetto  
dell'aer, puro infino al primo giro,  
Agli occhi miei ricominciò diletto,  
tosto ch'io uscii fuor dell'aura morta,  
che m'avea contristati gli occhi e il petto.  
Lo bel pianeta che ad amar conforta  
faceva tutto rider l'oriente,  
velando i Pesci ch'erano in sua scorta.

## xxvii.

**L**ie still my dear, why dost thou rise?  
 The light that shines comes from thine eyes:  
 The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
 To think that you and I must part.  
     Oh stay! or else my joyes will dye,  
     Or perish in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day, what if it be?  
 Wilt thou therefore arise from me?  
 Did we lie down because of night?  
 And shall we rise for fear of light?  
     No since in darkness we came hither,  
     In spight of light we'l lye together.  
 Oh let me dye on thy sweet breast,  
 Far sweeter than the Phoenix nest.

## xxviii.

**A**ship it cannot be built, love,  
 Without the help of a tree,  
 And the very flint-stone shall melt, love,  
     Ere I prove false to thee.  
 And if I prove false to thee, my dear,  
     The rocks shall melt in the sun,  
 And the fire shall freeze like ice, love,  
     And the sea shall rage and burn.



XXX  
**Q**UISQVIS ADEST, FAVEAT:  
fruges lustramus et agros,  
Ritus ut a prisco traditus exstat  
auro. / Bacche, ueni, dulcisque  
tuis e cornibus uua / Pendeat,  
et spicis tempora cinge, Ceres.  
Luce sacra requiescat humus, requiescat arator,  
Et graue suspenso uomere cesset opus.  
Soluite uincla iugis: nunc ad praesepia debent  
Plena coronato stare boues capite.  
Omnia sint operata deo: non audeat ulla  
Lanificam pensis imposuisse manum.  
Vos quoque abesse procul iubeo, discedat ab aris,  
Cui tulit hesterna gaudia nocte Venus.  
Casta placent superis: pura cum ueste uenite  
Et manibus puris sumite fontis aquam.  
Cernite, fulgentes ut eat sacer agnus ad aras  
Vinetaque post olea candida turba comas.  
Di patrii, purgamus agros, purgamus agrestes:  
Vos mala de nostris pellite limitibus,  
Neu seges eludat messem fallacibus herbis,  
Neu timeat celeres tardior agna lupos.  
Tunc nitidus plenis confisus rusticus agris  
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco,  
Turbaque uernarum, saturi bona signa coloni,  
Ludet et ex uirgīs exstruet ante casas.  
Euentura precor: uiden ut felicibus extis  
Significet placidos nuntia fibra deos?

WILLIAMS

WILL  
AND  
TESTA  
MENT

A FRAGMENT OF BIOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY BURGESS

WITH EIGHT SCREENPRINTS BY JOE TILSON



PLAIN WRAPPER PRESS

TORQUATO TASSO

# AMYNTAS

Ein Schäferspiel

Aus dem Italienischen übertragen

von Hanns Studniczka

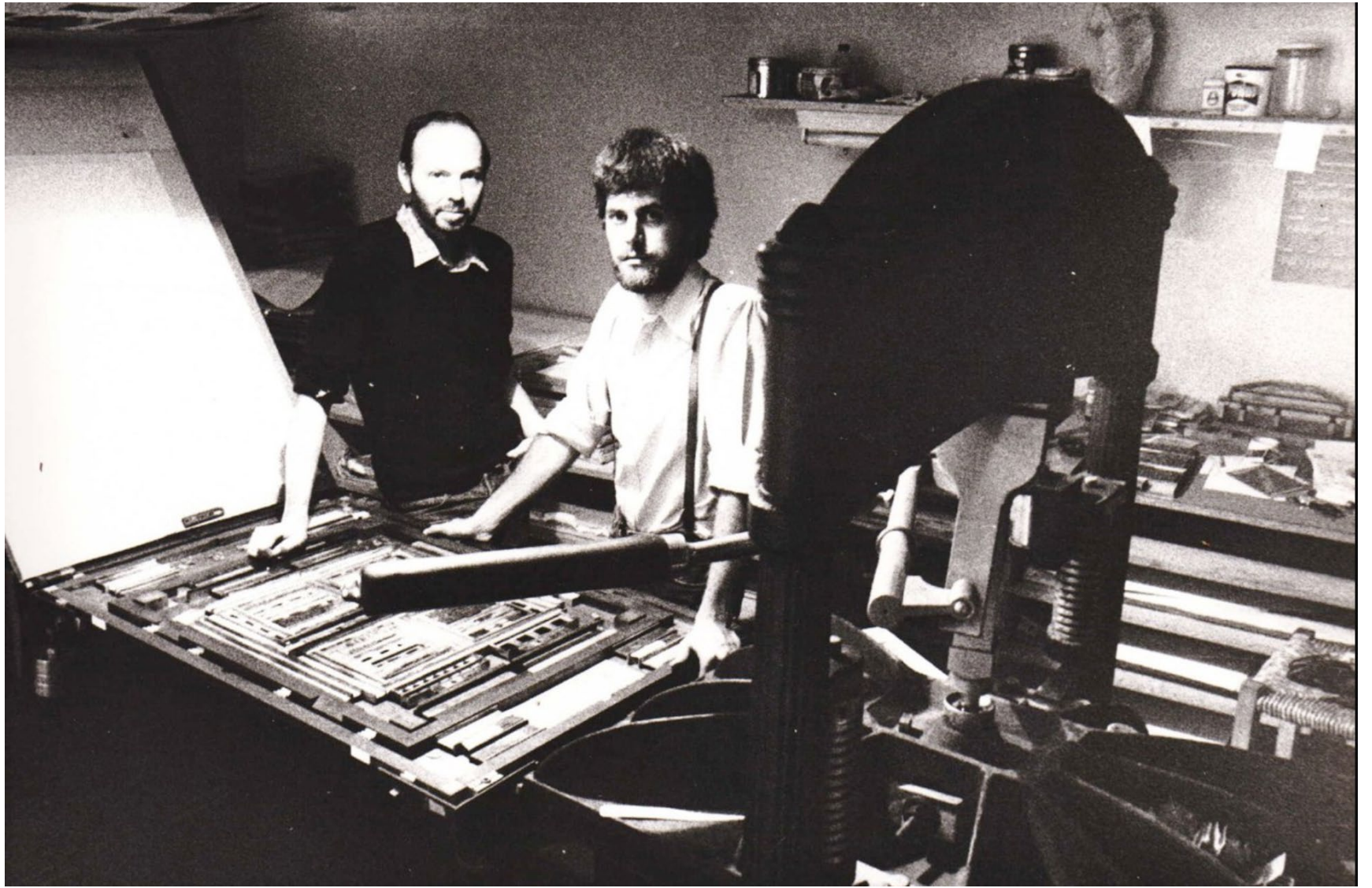
Mit acht Radierungen von

Bruno Cassinari

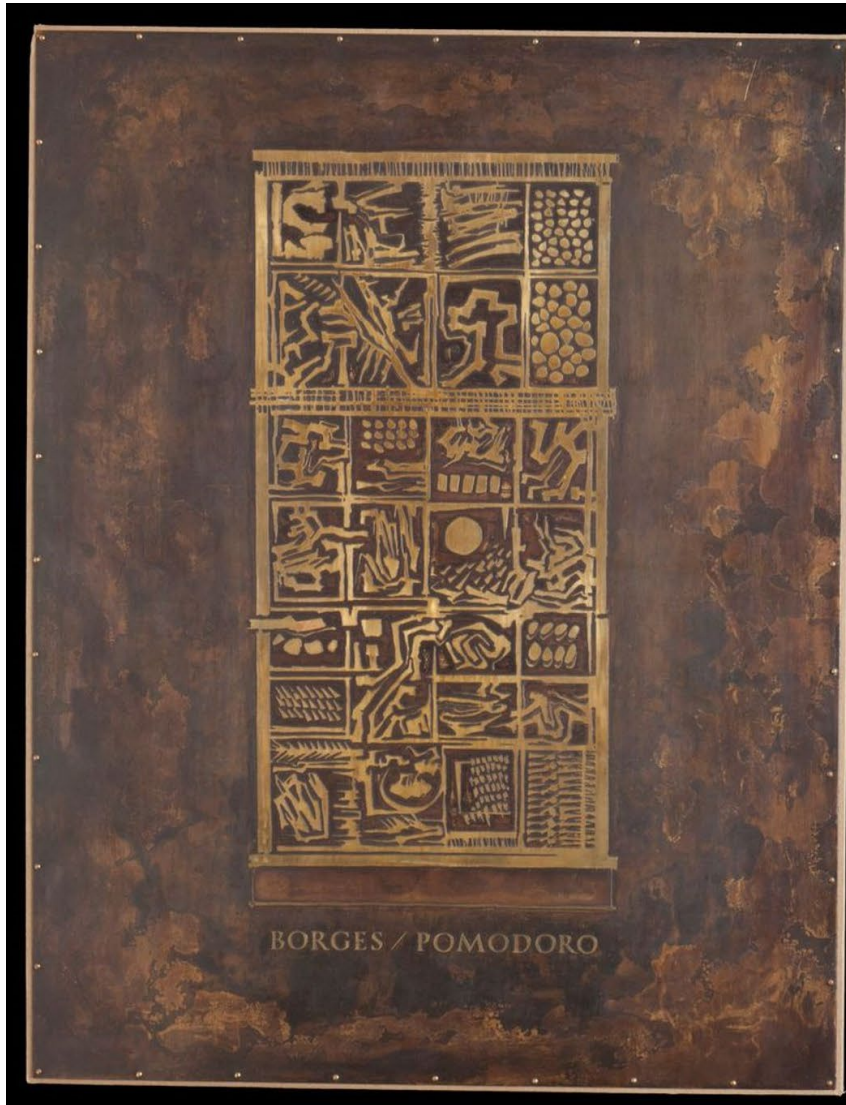
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Erschienen bei Carl Hanser

im Jahre 1966







FRANK ALWEIS

*Blue*

*Three poems in an English and a French version  
&  
three drawings by the author*



Stamperia Ponte Pietra



*The Kallima  
Butterfly*

Three Poems & a Photogravure  
by John D. Wagner



Plain Wrapper Press Redux

2021











## IMAGES & FOOTSTEPS

a poem by Paul Zweig

five etchings by Berta Moltke

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L'ÉVIDENCE

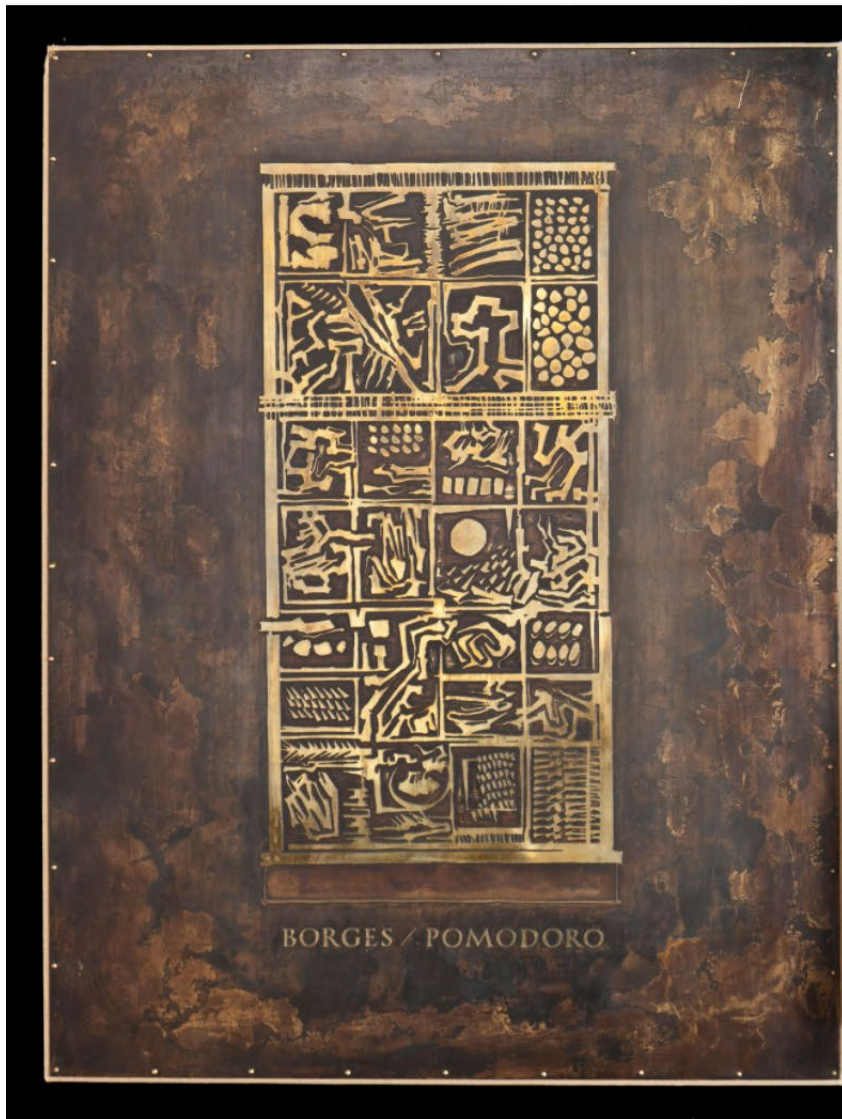
Ta main-oiseau ta main ailée  
Main trop vivante contre ma nuque nue  
Main-regard devenue l'odeur même de l'ombre  
Cri-oiseau  
Main savante main présente  
Cri-oiseau  
Nous brisons joyeux l'éclat de la mémoire  
Force lucide  
Force précise et légère  
Force indécise de la vie même  
d'où va jaillir dans sa plus simple forme  
la vie-oiseau

L'EVIDENZA

La tua mano-gabbiano la tua mano alata  
Mano troppo viva contro il mio collo nudo  
Mano-sguardo odore stesso dell'ombra  
Grido-gabbiano  
Mano sapiente mano presente  
Grido-gabbiano  
Noi rompiano gioiosi lo scoppio della memoria  
Forza lucida  
Forza precisa e leggera  
Forza indecisa della vita stessa  
che scaturisce nella sua semplice forma  
la vita-gabbiano



*Pan d'Alen*



SIETE  
POEMAS  
SAJONES  
*JORGE LUIS BORGES*

SEVEN  
SAXON  
POEMS

*Impressions by* ARNALDO POMODORO

*Plain Wrapper Press*



*Atlantic  
Crossing*

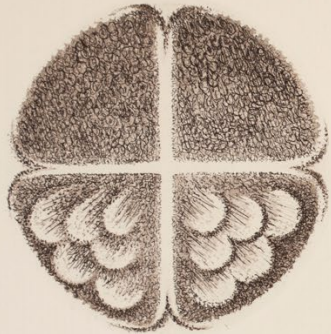
Excerpts from the Journals of

John Cheever



JACK SPICER

Plain Wrapper Press



A LOST POEM

THE FIRST PART OF THE

There is an inner nervousness in virgins  
And a sorrow of a kind,  
The pent attention of the deaf and dumb,  
The blunted sensuousness that haunts the blind.  
Virginity could summon God before -  
Not mine, not mine;  
My chastities express the hermit's act  
To go and bar the door.

## THE EMPEROR'S LION



NOLITA NOLEY and her daddy sailed to Byzantium one summer, away from Indiana where Mr. Noley had a glass factory in which glass birds were made and sold to loveless old ladies and shy young girls who made collections of inanimate things. Nolita had a very large collection; not all of it, however, was birds. There was a small fur monkey the size of a mouse from India and a miniature, stuffed white horse from Japan with its coat as well as its tail and mane of woman's hair. But favorite of all was a winged, mechanical golden lion. Before sailing to Byzantium, Nolita had wrapped each animal

## Half an Hour

I never had you, nor will I ever have you,  
I suppose. A few words, an approach,  
as in the bar yesterday, and nothing more.  
It's regretful, I admit. But we who serve Art,  
sometimes by intensity of mind and of course only  
for a short time, are able to create pleasure  
which seems almost tangible.

That's how in the bar yesterday –  
with the help of passionate alcohol –  
I had half an hour that was totally erotic.  
And I think you understood this  
and stayed a little longer on purpose.  
It was very necessary, that. Because  
for all the imagination, for all the magic alcohol,  
I needed to see your lips as well,  
I needed your body to be near.

1917





BURGESS/TILSON



WILLIAMSON

of

# CWILL AND TESTA MENT

A FRAGMENT OF BIOGRAPHY BY ANTHONY BURGESS

WITH EIGHT SCREENPRINTS BY JOE TILSON



PLAIN WRAPPER PRESS



## LIKE FIRE



Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, big-headed and dwarf-bodied, stood with his hunchback to the great fire. Papers, papers everywhere. He said:

"I am glad to be acquainted with the man. The plays I know. What is this story?"

Will told him. "And Master Jonson fears for his life now. He deserves, if I may say this, my lord, very well of you."

Cecil picked up a letter from his desk. "This has but now come to me. You know of a certain Francis Tresham Esquire?"

"His name is, I think, on the list I gave."

"He has a brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle. Lord Monteagle has sent me a letter from this Tresham, and it says nought but this: 'They shall receive a terrible blow this parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. The danger is past as soon as you have burned this letter.' As you see, it was not burned, nor will it be. I am conveying it at once to His Majesty. So what you bring from Master Jonson conjoined with this does but confirm what the King will say he knew all along, that he hath enemies." Cecil smiled very thinly. "Moreover, it would seem that his dreams are often charged with what may be termed a *memoria familiaris*. Blowing up comes much into them, Master Shakespeare. His father, the Lord Darnley, was, as you will know, blown sky-high at Kirk-of-Fields in Scotland, while his royal mother was dancing at some rout or other. So, I thank you for this loyal work -"

"It was nothing, my lord."

"- And will have Master Jonson out of the jail where he languisheth as soon as the conspirators be apprehended." Cecil gave his hand, very crusty with rings, to Will. Will was not sure whether he was meant to kiss it. But he shook it sturdily and left.

When Ben Jonson was let out of jail he went straight to William Shakespeare's lodgings in Silver Street and said:

"Let us drink."

"Ben," Will said, "if you mean we are to go to this low papist tavern full of vomit -"

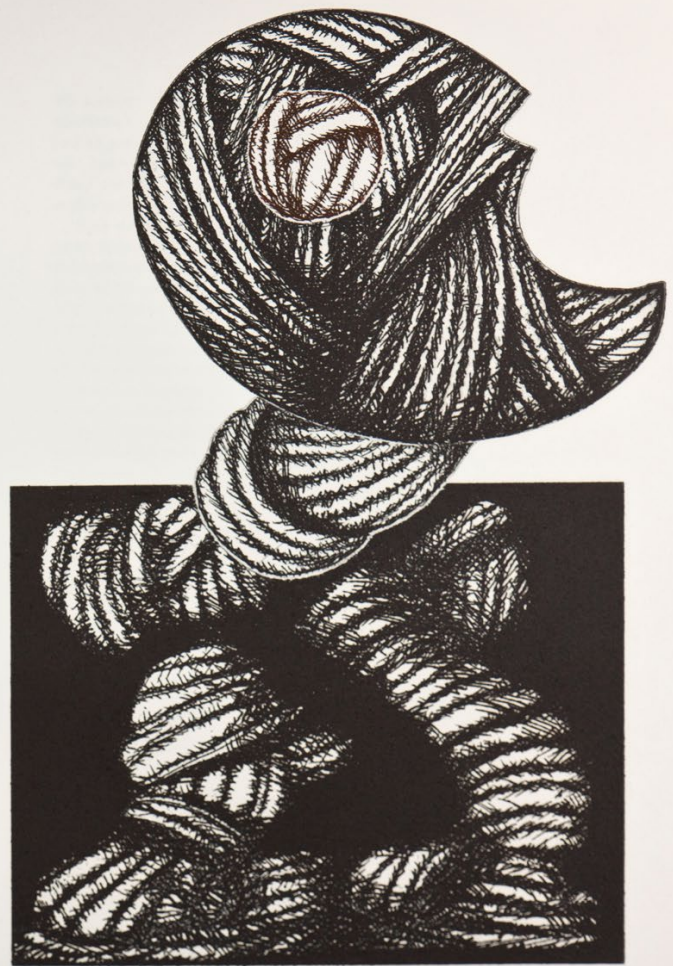
"Nay, show sense, man, that was but show. That was part of the part I played and played well. I am as good a son of the English Church as any that was fried under Bloody Mary and will prove it Sunday by drinking





*Canto 1*  
Metaphysical  
anguish

At what point does life begin?  
At what point does death begin?  
My palaces, my tapestries,  
my armors, my verses,  
my poor monsters of stone,  
immobile through the centuries.  
And those whom I loved and who still kindle their fire  
in my veins, veins made of dreams and of ashes.  
I have everything and I have nothing.  
At what point does death begin?  
What am I? What am I? From the top  
of the terraces of time,  
I lean out and I see a light,  
tenuous in the distant mist,  
yet I don't know where life,  
nor where death, begins.  
I don't know, from behind these tears,  
if that light is a specter,  
or the twinkling of a star,  
or if it is a page with a torch  
going in and out among the fountains.





## CIRCUS—COCÒ

Sweetness. Caress. Little hushed slaps.

Cold fingertips on the windowpane.

Banners little intense winds/windows.

Banners, interests clear and just.

They caress unfettered restless. Tied on agile.

They banners, how-ever? How-here?

Distant battles. Battles in albums, in the medal box.

Towns. Very ancient. Young excavations, to excavate in the sky. Banners.

Cupolas/circus. Banners that are jumping, jumping high.

Whip raised for me, they whip the blue and the sky.

Tensioactive songs/foam fill frighten the wind. Banners.

Heavenly box office. Ticket sales. Real entrance.

Latches, latches in ready supply.

Key of circus-colors-coach circus. Banners.

In the toyed with fresh town, toy circus.

Tiny little circus. Tonguelings that lick. Inguens. Bifed,

trifed banners, battles. Billiards. Bottles.

Oh that like a stream of streams banners bounces all the circus-cocò.

Billiards bowling alleys slot machines tring tring are caught

in the gleaming [ ] mob trap of March—

as always mortal

as always in torture-laughing

as always in burning-laughing laughing.

And he goes on motor scooter along the wire stretched up to the top

of the bell tower, of the indigoed azure absence.

And tosses into the air. Banners. But also builds coffins, or marks cards.

Cheats in the damp in the dry. Carillon of banners and banns.

Falls in love, makes circuses of evenings.

It scissors up, March. Catch traps. Cutting banns. *Befehle* like rays and quarterings.

Early next day the circus left—

furtive, with lambkins' scuffle.

I, because (it's my business), was of sleep bereft.

I knew of the dawn's departure, of the

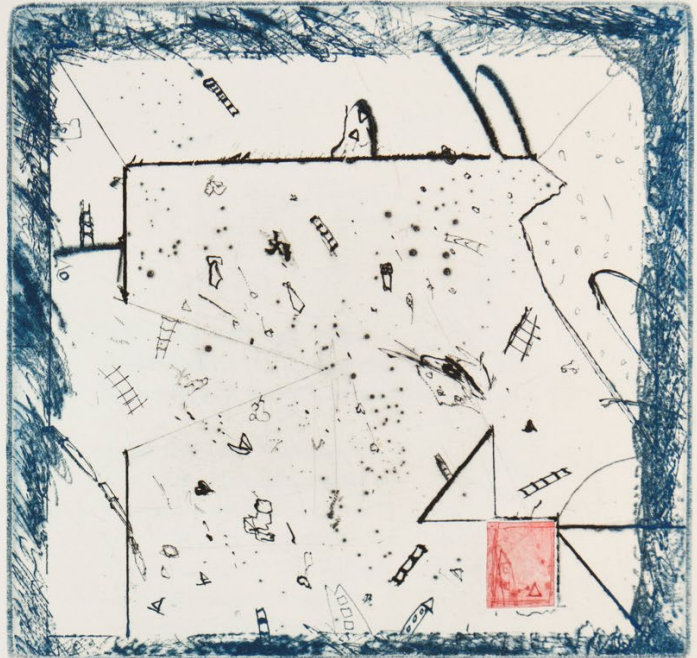
circus lambkins' star-watched shuffle.

Departure the 15th, San Giuseppe

closely skimming the forest, the hoarfrost, the cracks.

From my high window,  
I watch the sawed-off shells of freighters,  
Pleasure boats churning white wakes,  
Oil barges washed with rubbery pleats.  
Everywhere, man: cars skirting the river bank;  
Ball fields in the park,  
The swollen pistil of the pitcher's mound,  
The foul lines' beige petals narrowing to water's edge.

Sea gulls hug the air,  
Their underlit, teetering bellies  
Curved and white as a dancer's hand.  
Below, the city's stuttering, interrupted miles:  
A desert rank with life,  
Like a mouth with no tongue,  
Always ready to speak, never speaking.



*The River*

a poem by Paul Zweig  
with an etching by Roger Selden

Plain Wrapper Press

for each other lies the beginning and the end of everything; of each other we will never know more than this rustling that fades and is lost along the line. A vain tension of the ear concentrates the charge of passions, the furors of love and hate, such as I - during my career on the staff of a great investment firm, in my days regulated by a precise utilization of my time - have never had the leisure to experience except in a superficial and absent fashion.

Obviously at this hour it is impossible to get through. Best to give up, but if I renounce speaking with you, I must immediately return to considering the telephone as a completely different instrument, like another part of myself to which other functions correspond: I have a series of business appointments in this city which I must confirm urgently, I must detach the mental circuit that connects me with you and plug into the one corresponding to my periodical inspections of the firms controlled by my cartel or in partnership with it. In short, I must perform a switching not in the telephone but in myself, in my attitude towards the telephone. Before that, I want to make a final try, I will dial one more time that sequence of numbers that by now has taken the place of your name, your face, you. If it works, fine; otherwise, I give up. Meanwhile I can continue thinking things I will never say to you, thoughts addressed more to the telephone than to you, which concern the relationship I have with you through the telephone, or rather the relationship I have with the telephone using you as a pretext.

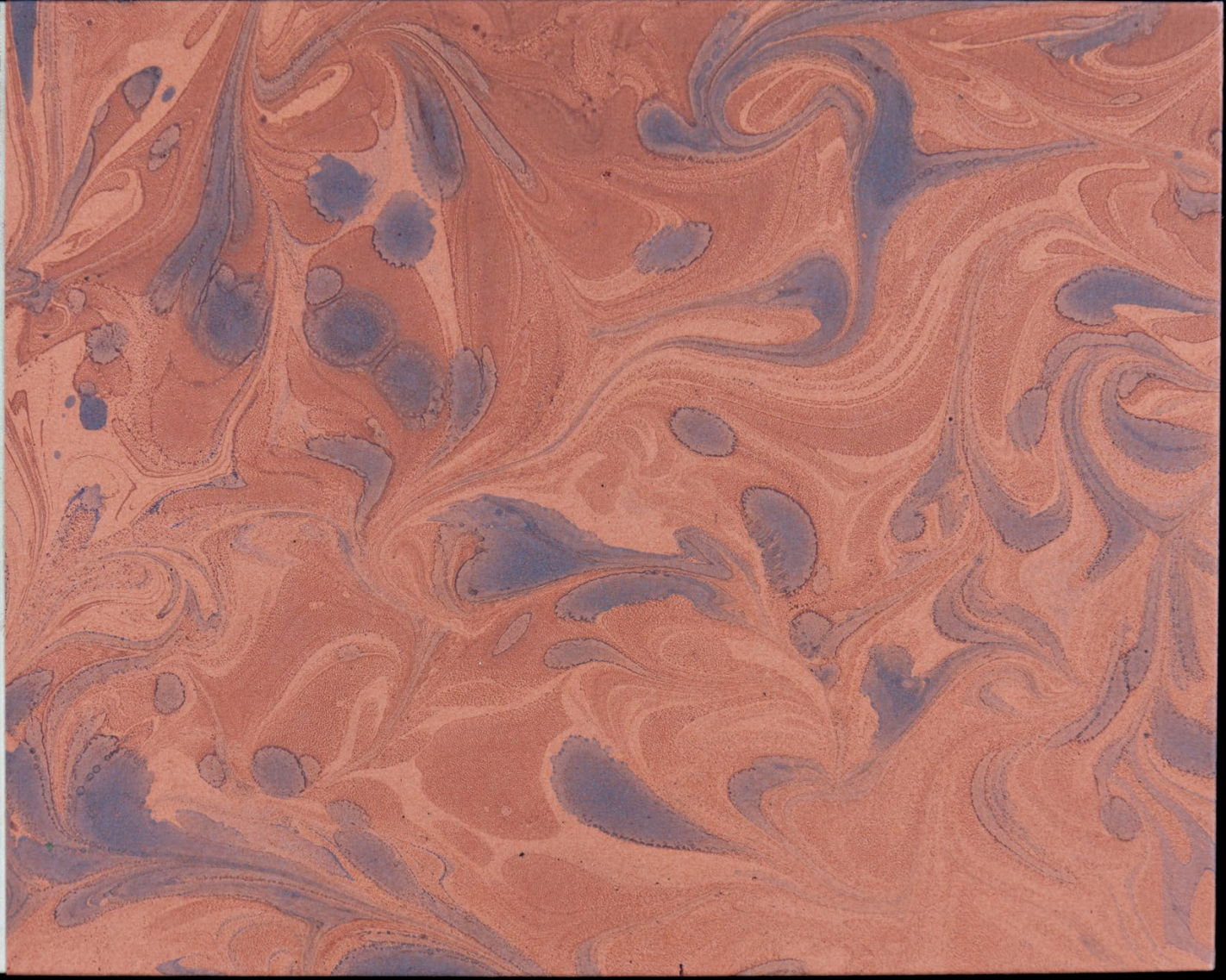
In the spinning of thoughts that accompany the spinning of distant mechanisms I recall faces of other women, recipients of long-distance calls; voices of various timbres vi-



brate; the dial forms and breaks up accents, attitudes, and moods; but I cannot establish the image of an ideal recipient for my yearning for long-distance connections. Everything begins to blur in my mind: faces, names, voices, numbers of Antwerp, Zurich, Hamburg. Not that I expect more from one number than from another: neither in the probability of making contact or in what - once I reach the number - I might say or hear. But this doesn't dissuade me; I persist in my attempts to get through to Antwerp or Zurich or Hamburg or whatever other city might be yours: I have already forgotten it in the carousel of numbers I have been dialing alternately and in vain for an hour.

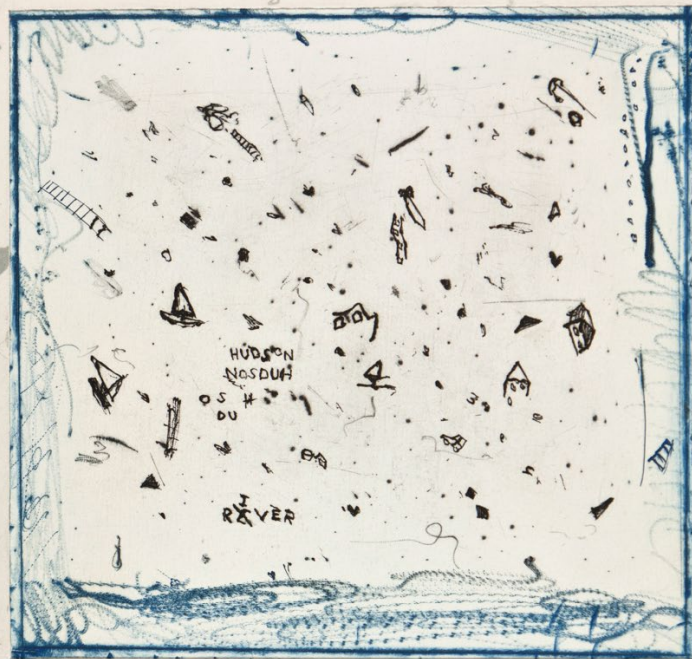
There are things I feel impelled to say to you, without

DA















DUETTO E VOYEUR  
(secondo il titolo di un libro mai letto)

Per due che si ritrovano in una  
domenica dopo la guerra  
allora può  
rifiorire il deserto del mare?

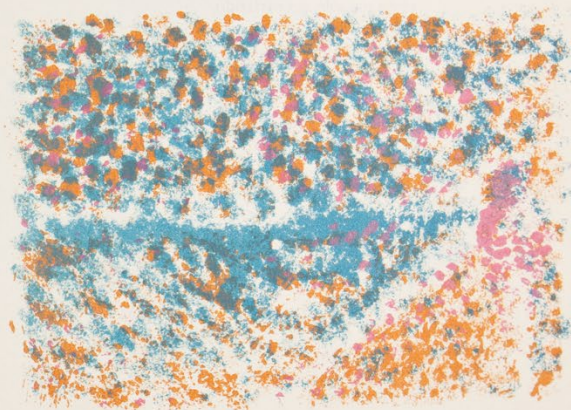
... amami—lui dice—di ritorno  
amami a tutta forza con forza  
di rivalsa per tutti questi anni...  
Ma

... nei primi tempi di guerra  
quando le domeniche non erano  
che blanda disperazione, stordimento  
di campane, rimasuglio  
di fumo attardatosi al largo  
dell'ultimo postale da Amsterdam...

E si divorano con gli occhi, si  
cercano si tendono le mani  
di nascosto sulla fiandra del tavolo.

... mare per anni solitario  
di anni computabili in onde  
braccio di mare divenuto attonito  
di tempo pietrificato in spazio  
di mutismo...  
Rifiorire può dunque il deserto del mare?

Ma no che si annusano e studiano  
gentili e teneri quasi  
—britannico lui lei fiamminga—  
e poi si buttano a trattare l'affare  
oggi che nemmeno è domenica.









4 1/2  
7 1/2

ST

# Dal Vero

Portraits by Saul Steinberg

Text by John Hollander

The Library Fellows of the Whitney Museum of American Art  
New York 1983





She was drawn to the image of her that was taking place—drawn on, really, by the certain knowledge that information was somehow accumulating. At the same time, one might have been eyeing the end of an episode in one's life, or waiting for a defining moment to put its stamp on a subsequent phase. But one shall assume that one was a few miles away, at the very most, on a nearby beach. One would have been taking the measure of his own distance from the far line of horizon, where gray of sky and gray of sea played put-and-take with each other's phenomena. One sat, a column of sand and shadow, surmounted by his own gazing. Even now as one writes this, one seems to be half-here, half-there.

Seven Aspects of Solitude

*A Miscellany by Gabriel Rummonds*

across the grass? or, perhaps, of the cloudy sky? And then the most frightening thing happened. He must have twisted a dial because I heard a tick, tick, tick, tick . . . The young man ran to the spot where he had dropped the quince branch on the ground. He stood solemnly on this windy, sunny day with his hands hanging loose, but together, in front of him. With one foot slightly forward and with an intent, but un-registering face, he stood motionlessly as we both listened to the bearily audible tick, tick, tick—and then—click. As meticulously as he had set up, and probably completely unaware that anyone had watched him take a picture of himself on a Sunday of cherry blossom viewing, he disassembled the camera, tripod, and the rest of his paraphernalia, put on his topcoat, strapped the camera and bulky accessories to his small, thin body and walked away.

## Photos of Innocence

One day, while looking askance,  
I saw my hands outstretched  
and realized that I had grown old.  
Now, at fifty-six, sickly with dissipation,  
I am trying to remember—  
while flipping through my photo album—  
what it was like when I was sixteen  
and still afraid of all things intimate.  
Looking at the black and white photos  
secured by their corner fasteners,  
I see a sweet young boy, myself,  
radiating a chaste and tense sensitivity.  
He was, of course, incapable then of projecting  
what he would later recognize as sensuousness.  
Dare I admit now that I have fallen in love  
with that boy who is slyly frowning at the camera,  
that innocent boy I was then?  
Obviously neither he nor I can still claim virginity,  
since the subsequent decadence of our lives  
eventually came together in a single existence.  
But the remembrance of that lovely innocence,  
the one caught in the photos  
of that very, very distant past,  
has made the present a little easier to bear.

Quinti Horati Flacci

---

EST MODUS IN REBUS

*Libri prioris sermonum primus cum*  
ARMANDI GALLINA  
*præfatione Italarum Anglorumque linguis et*  
FULVI TESTA  
*duabus imaginibus*



Stamperia Ponte Pietra



## SERMO

QUI fit, Mæcnas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem  
seu ratio dederit seu fors obiecerit, illa  
contentus vivat, laudet diversa sequentis?  
“o fortunati mercatores” gravis annis  
miles ait, multo iam fractus membra labore; 5  
contra mercator navim iactantibus Austris:  
“militia est potior. quid enim? concurritur: horæ  
momento cita mors venit aut victoria læta.”  
agricolam laudat iuris legumque peritus,  
sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat; 10  
ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
solos felicis viventis clamat in urbe.  
cetera de genere hoc — adeo sunt multa — loquacem  
delassare valent Fabium. ne te morer, audi,  
quo rem deducam. si quis deus “en ego” dicat 15  
“iam faciam quod voltis: eris tu, qui modo miles,  
mercator; tu, consultus modo, rusticus: hinc vos,  
vos hinc mutatis discedite partibus. eia,  
quid statis?” nolint. atqui licet esse beatis.  
quid causæ est, merito quin illis Iuppiter ambas 20  
iratus buccas inflet neque se fore posthac





*The Kallima  
Butterfly*

Three Poems & a Photogravure

by John D. Wagner



Plain Wrapper Press Redux

2021

## As It Was in the New-Spring Wind

Always careful  
on the Lee River Road  
for animals at dusk who charge  
from the stand of pines to the water,  
I swerved today to avoid hitting  
what turned out to be just a leaf,  
yet still chose, even knowing that,  
not to hit it anyway, dancing so  
beautifully as it was  
in the new-spring wind.

## Launching Infinity

As a child,  
because my little voice  
echoed right back to me  
from across the near water  
—and knowing this was  
maybe as far as that voice  
would ever carry—instead I  
reached beyond  
by launching light beams from  
my flashlight, blasting them  
into forever just by turning the light  
on and off and on and off and on,  
aiming at the summer night sky.  
Those beams are out there now  
and will be traveling longer  
than I'll be alive, longer  
than I'll be dead, moving  
away from me hopefully, someday,  
surely among the far stars.



QUARTUS IV

Eighty numbered copies, signed by the author/photographer, were printed on a 219 Vandercook Press at Sandy Tilecock's lone goose press, with assistance from Mark Fischer. John D. Wagner assisted in the pulling of the photogravure. The book design and calligraphy are by Jerry Kelly. The type is handset Centaur. The handmade Prague paper is from the Velké Losiny Mill. The binding is by Jace Graf at Cloverleaf Studio. Publisher Emeritus Richard-Gabriel Rummonds oversaw the project.

The poems were previously published in *Fake Cities* (Ex Ophidia Press, 2016).

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LOSIN

A photograph of a book spine with a purple crystal resting on it. The book spine is green and has a white label with the text "WAGNER · THE KALLIMA BUTTERFLY". The crystal is a rough, purple, translucent stone. The background is a dark, textured surface.

WAGNER · THE KALLIMA BUTTERFLY

# Uncle Umberto's Orchard

*A short story and two lithographs by*

Frederick Tuten

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THE TUG eased into the slip. I had seen it go down river two hours earlier with the same marmalade cat sunning on the prow. Now he held a quivering mouse between his teeth.

"That's horrible," Marie said. "Why do cats always have to torment the poor mice?"

"I don't know if they think of it that way."

The tug's captain came to us straightaway. The gold shield on his hat shone like a baby sun.

"Hi, Dad," she said, giving him a cheery smile. He cradled a harvest of wild irises he had just cut from a swampy cove off Governors Island, cut for her, he said, without looking at me.

"There's a sweet dad," she said.

"They're beautiful," I said. "The irises."

"Have you been at sea much these days?" he asked in a not too interested way. "Have you been out there in the vast?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, not too truthfully, thinking how brief were my voyages, now that I had left off the oilers, finding in them nothing but great floating steel hulks run by computers. How few now were the great cargo freighters with their slow passages, and how few of them remained for me to sail.

A fireboat swept by with a fierce blast of its horn. The marmalade cat at the tug's prow yawned and let drop a gray smudge with a tail into the river. I heard a rooster crow.

The captain's first mate limped down the tug's gangway. He sported one gold earring and nestled a rooster in his arms. The man was singing an ancient sea chantey that was heard long ago on many oceans

Press Book Series XIII

One hundred and twenty copies, signed by the author/artist, were printed on a 219 Vandercook Press at Sandy Tilcock's lone goose press. The book was designed by Gabriel Rummonds with lettering by Jerry Kelly. The 14-point Walbaum type was cast by Winifred and Michael Bixler and run through the stick by the printer. The handmade paper is from the La Papeterie Saint-Armand. The lithographs were pulled by \_\_\_\_\_. The binding is by Jace Graf at Cloverleaf Studio.

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