

Littell

Waste Paper

In front of these ever-hospitable windows, moored in mid-stream, there is a never failing little fleet of barges, or ought they to be called lighters? which ~~the~~ gigantic inscriptions on the ~~is~~ wharf behind declare to be the property of

Phillips, Millett &
Waste Paper Merchants (??)

These Merchants—
merchant princes judged
by their gabled premises—
~~can~~ should command
respect, for does not
their trade symbolise one
of those facts of death
and resurrection, disintegration
and reintegration, which
~~is~~ nature's most cruel
but most consoling essence?

15
14
Their business is almost
a natural force and
it partakes of the
holy miracle. I which
never ceases — of Tannhauser's
budding ~~the~~ wand. [©]
Not so, methinks, those
other 1 waste-paper
merchants, taking the
style of princes, who
deal in paper before
it is ostensibly waste
when it is usually,
quite as worthless and
often vicious, yet
soaked with no
disinfectant, quite the
contrary.

The above however is
not what I truly want
to say suggested to me
by the sight of those
lighters on Battersea
Wharf. © I do not intend

B

a diatribe & however
justified / in the style
of M. Benda's Trahisin
des Clercs © Rather I

would point out that what
I am looking upon from
this hospitable Chelsea
window symbolises the
true legitimate function
and fate of all such
paper as has been
used to write what -
as distinguished from
inventories, bills, posters
etc etc. are called
men's thoughts.

II

Not longer ago than
yesterday my learned
friend Dr A. H. was
showing me what looked
like a jigsaw puzzle,
but was really his

his patient putting together
of the shreds of a papyrus
found by the hands of
a tomb-robber, to
whom, in his sacrilegious
search for Pharaoh's jewels,
it had indeed been
nothing but waste-paper
but to the student
~~is~~ of incalculable
value, conveying as it
does the knowledge of
~~ancient~~ that Egyptians
of about 4000 B.C. used
dream books resembling
in all respects those
wherewith modern Nations
to regulate their gambling
at the Lottery. And
this leads to the reflexion
that, when all is said
and done, similar to
this is the value of much
of the literature, both
prose and verse, which
we preserve, re-print
and study. It tells us

the Superstitions, the
Blunders often the
atrocious bad taste
of past — more than
perfectly Past and
also ~~less~~ imperfect
past almost partaking
of present — generations

In so far valuable^①
like the Kitchen-middens
and broken crockery
of prehistoric men^②