

Winnie - the - Pooh

↳ A.A. Milne

Here

is Big Bear, coming downstairs now, bump - bump - bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it. And then he feels that perhaps there isn't. Anyway here he is at the bottom, and ready to be introduced to you. Winnie - the - pooh.

When I first heard his name, I said, just as you are going to say, "But I thought he was a boy."

"So did I," said Christopher Robin.
"The name is 'Winnie the Pooh'."

Archives of literary creativity :

- Form a vital record of the cognitive processes that produce literary works.
- Are made up of a series of interlinked documents.
- Should be catalogued in a way that takes account of these factors.

Manuscripts created by authors may be

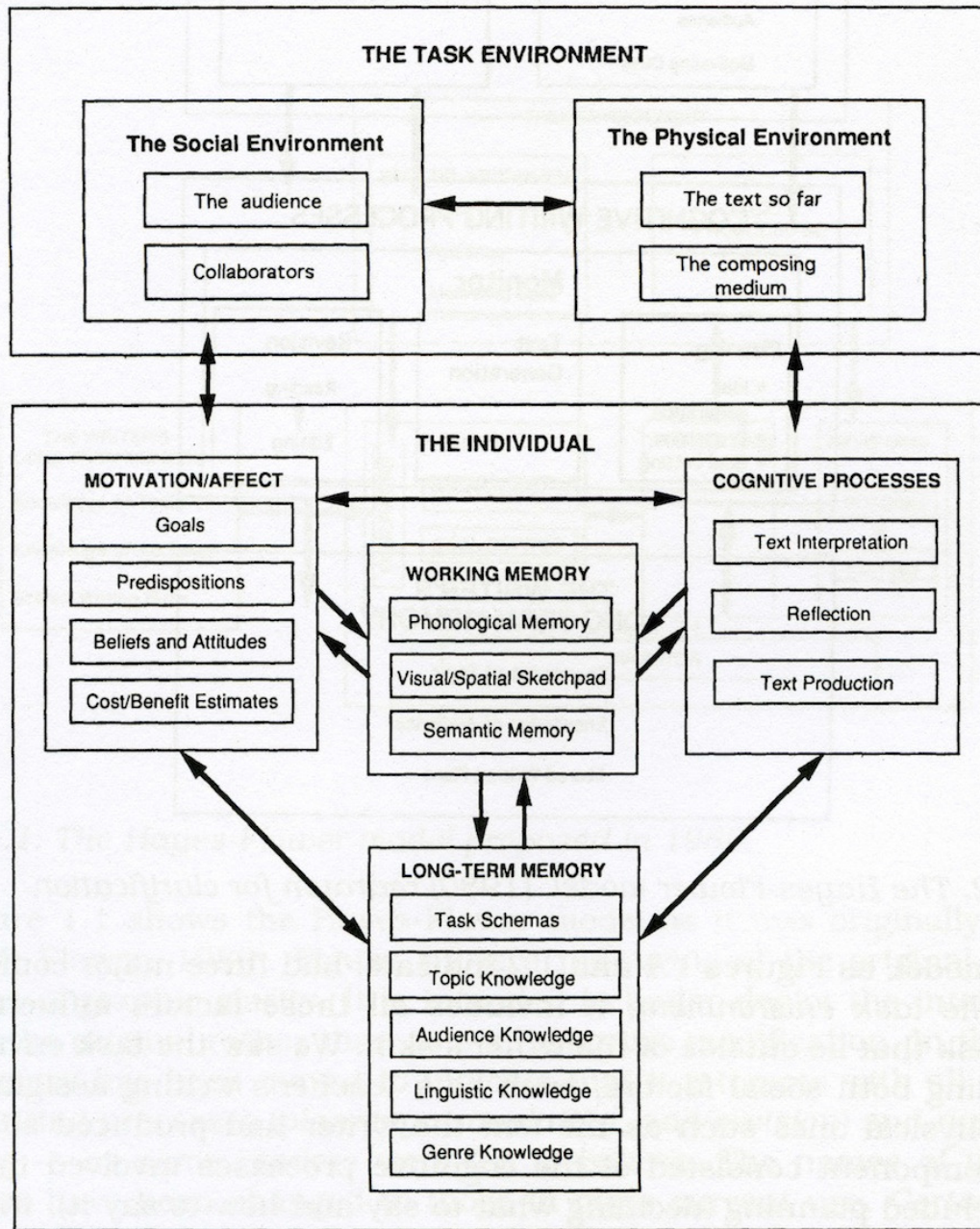
- Part of a more complete author's archive.
- Preserved separately from other archival material.
- Divided between a number of repositories.

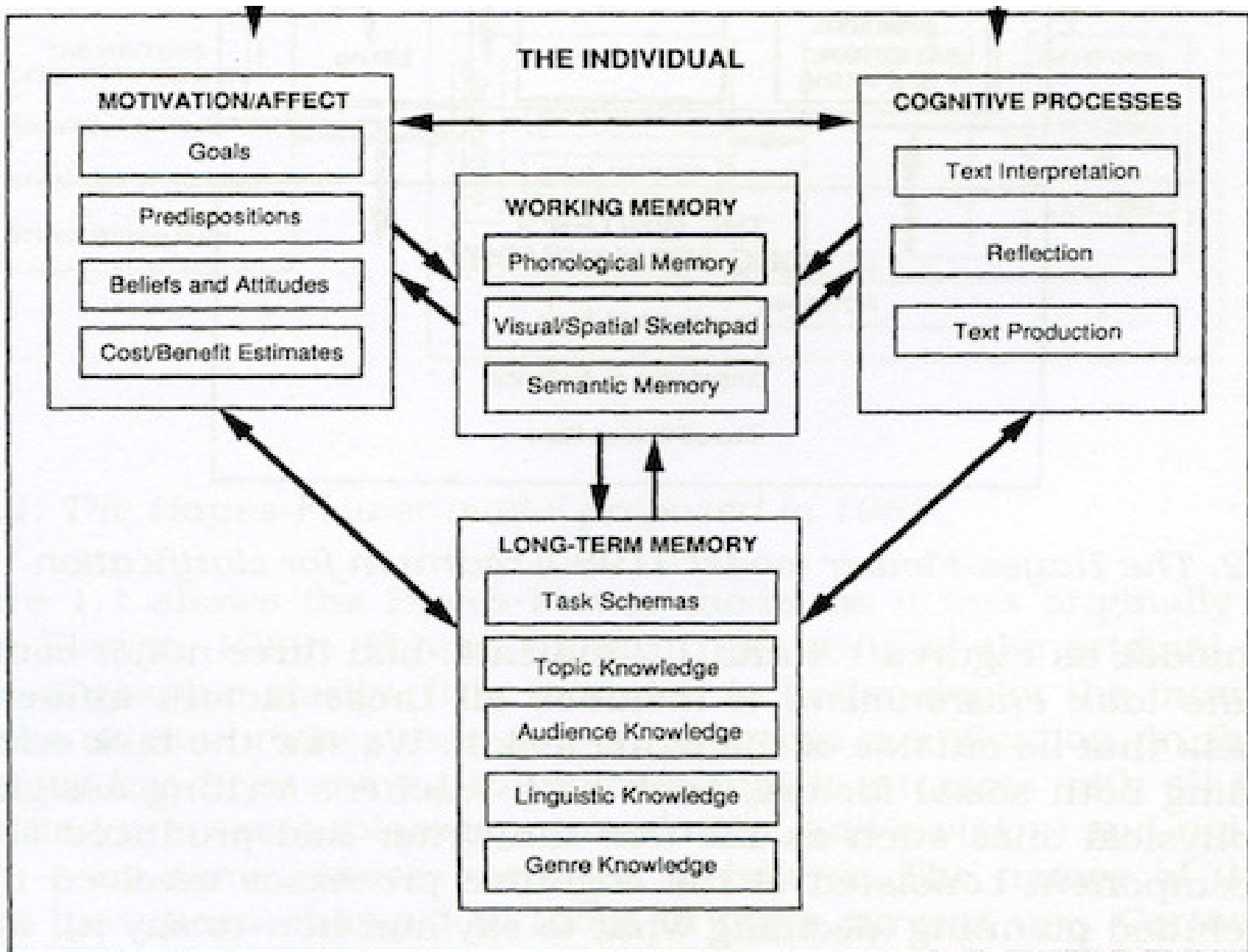
They may contain

- Rough notes and notebooks.
- Scenarios.
- Sketches.
- Rough drafts.
- Fair copies.
- Annotated proofs etc, etc.

Avant-texte:

‘... all the documents which come before a work when it is considered as a text and when those documents and the text *are considered part of a system.*’





Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough
And stands about the woodland side
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now of my threescore years and ten
Twenty will not come again,
And, take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Co. nay Ladie sit, if but wader thy round
 yo^r nerves are all chain'd up in alabaster
 and you a statue, ~~like~~ as Diaphus was
 root-bound, that fled Apollo. ^{Let fools then wonder not how}
^{they cannot touch the forehead of my mind}
^{with all thy charms, although the invisible wind}
^{thou hast in mind, I'd wish, I'd wish, I'd wish}
^{Co. why art you next Ladie, why art you}
^{fast for leave, as well no frowns, or angry, from these gates,}
 sorrow flies fast, see here be all the pleasures
 that youth's fancy fancy can ~~light~~ on youthfull thoughts
 when the ~~lunatic~~ blood returns grows lively & reforms ^{to fresh}
 brisk as the Aprill buds in primrose season

Co. Oh foolish hope of men! that lend thine eares
 to the budge Doctors of the stoick gawne of woe
 and teach thine precepts from the cynick tub
 praising the brant, & sallow abstinence
 when nature's powers her beauties forth
 2th such a full, & in with drawing hand
 covering the earth with odours, & with fruits, & flowers
 crowning the seas with spawes innumerable
~~the earth with odours, & the sea with fruits~~ but all to please & save the curious eye
 and sit to work millions of spinning worms
 that in their grims shops weave the smooth haired silks
~~the earth with odours, & the sea with fruits~~
~~the earth with odours, & the sea with fruits~~
 be vacane of her plants in her owne loynes
 she hutch't the all worshipping ore, & precious gemmes
 to store her children with, if all the world
 should on a pet of temperance feed on pulpe, fetid, pulpe
 orange the curree streaming, & nothing worse but frotise

Love trebled life within me, & with each
The year increas't.

The daughters of the year
one after one thro' that still garden past.
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower
Dance't into light & died into the shade:
And each in passing touch't with some new grace
Or seem'd to touch her, so that hour ^{day} by hour,
Like one that never can be wholly known,

~~Her beauty grows, till Autumn ^{brought} a day
For Eustace, closing with all bliss for me.~~

~~I stood behind & heard his deep I will
breathe'd, like the covenant of heaven, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: but I rose up,
And, following the pale phantoms of her eyes,
Felt earth as air beneath me, till I reach't
The wicket gate, & found her standing there.~~

There sat we down upon a garden mound
Two mutually enfolded: Love the third
Believer as in the arms of his arms.

Her beauty grows; ^{till} but Autumn ^{brought} a day
For Eustace when I heard his deep I will
breathe'd like the ^{covenant} promise of a God, to hold
From thence thro' all the worlds: ^{but} I rose up
Full of his bliss, & following her dark eyes
Felt earth as air beneath me till I reach't
The wicket gate & found her standing there

Cataloguing should allow us to present archival material to researchers in a way that preserves both its full evidential and informational value.

But the process of cataloguing also

- Allows us to offer a better service to our readers and to understand their needs on a deeper level.
- Will produce greater efficiencies in dealing with enquiries.
- Will contribute to our understanding of the skill of cataloguing, which is central to our professional lives.